

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

February 1907

No 5



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EYE AND EAR BOOK FREE

Dr. Curts' Free Eye and Ear Book tells of a Method by which people from every state in the Union as well as Canada were cured of Chronic Eye and Ear Troubles at their own homes by Mild Medicines. Most of these cases had been pronounced incurable by other doctors, but they wrote for this book, followed its advice, and today are cured. Tells how all diseases and defects of the Eye, such as Failing Eyesight, Cataract, Granulated Lids, Scums, Sore Eyes, etc., may be successfully treated by the patients in their own homes. No necessity of seeing a doctor and absolutely no interference with their daily duties.



This book, written by Dr. F. G. Curts, the famous Eye and Ear Specialist, tells how deaf people, except those born deaf, may be restored to perfect hearing. Tells how to quickly relieve and cure Distressing Head Noises, Ringing and Buzzing in the Ears, Discharging Ears and Catarrh (which causes most cases of deafness). This book tells all about the Mild Medicine Method used by Dr. Curts, which has restored sight and hearing to scores of supposedly incurable patients in every state. The Mild Medicine Method makes it entirely unnecessary to submit to an operation for any Eye or Ear trouble whatsoever.

A Letter of Thanks

Lapine, Ala.
Dear Doctor: I will drop you a few lines tonight. This leaves my little girl cured of her eye trouble. I certainly thank you for what you have done. You will find her on the group. I will close giving you my best wishes.
Yours truly,
J. E. DAVIS.



DR. F. G. CURTS, EYE AND EAR SPECIALIST.

Under Many Obligations

Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Dr.: I feel under many obligations to you. My eyes are well. I can see to attend to my business. I can see to go anywhere with my hat off the brightest noon-day. I boast to the boys that I can beat them shooting.
Very truly yours,
JOHN R. BAKER.



Cured in Three Months

Wilson, Minn.
Dear Doctor: I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for the good your Mild Medicine Method has done for me. I had been troubled more or less with weak and painful eyes for the past eight years or more, and after taking your treatment three months I feel entirely cured. I will be very glad to recommend it to any one as a safe and certain cure.
MRS. JULIA COLLITON.



Catarrh of 20 Years' Standing Cured
Dear Dr. Curts: I am so glad to tell you that you have, with your Mild Treatment, cured me of that loathsome disease, catarrh of the head, of twenty years standing, which rendered me at times almost totally deaf and life hardly worth living. Now, after using your treatment only three months, I find myself completely cured, and can now hear as good as I ever did.
REV. P. C. NEWELL.



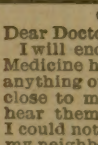
Modoc, Ill.
Dear Dr. F. George Curts: I am writing to you today to tell you that my wife's eyes are now all right. We cannot thank you enough for what you have done for her. She is 41 years old and does her own work and can see to go anywhere she wants to. Thanks to you, doctor, she can say that she is entirely well. C. H. WAHLMANN.
R. R. No. 1, Prairie Du Rocher, Randolph Co., Ill.



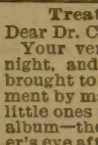
LaSalle, Ill.
Dear Doctor: About four years ago I noticed that my eyes were going to the bad, and I tried a few doctors, without satisfactory results, till last winter, when I decided to try your treatment. I will recommend your treatment to anyone suffering with eye disease.
Yours very truly,
CHAS. OHLIGSCHLAGER.



Columbia City, Ind., Oct. 12, '08.
Dear Doctor: I will endeavor to tell you what your Mild Method Medicine has done for me. I was so hard to hear anything or anyone talking. They had to get right close to me and then speak loud, or I could not hear them, or anyone talking in an ordinary tone. I could not understand a word and now I can hear my neighbors across the street.
Yours truly,
MRS. J. M. HAPNER.



Bancker, La.
Dear Dr. Curts: Your very thoughtful letter reached me last night, and I now write from an eye that you brought to light in less than three months' treatment by mail. It would be quite an honor to my little ones to have a picture of Dr. Curts in their album—the man who brought light to their father's eye after twenty-nine years of blindness.
WM. CADE.



Wheaton, Minn.
Dear Dr. F. Geo. Curts: It affords me much pleasure to tell what your Mild Medicine Method has done for my eyes. I thank you with all my heart for the good results I have obtained. The trouble was that of the optic nerves. I took treatment for four months and am now glad to say that the eye trouble is gone. I know this has all been done through your Mild Medicine Method.
ANNA NEUMANN.



Nearly Deaf—Cured in Sixty Days
MR. JOHN JONES, a railroad employee, of Ninth Street and Strom Avenue, Kansas City, Kas., was almost totally deaf, with incessant head noises, caused from catarrh, when he began the use of my Mild Medicine Method. Cured in sixty days.



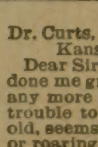
Pittsfield, Mass.
My Dear Doctor: I feel that I cannot thank you sufficiently for what you have done for me. My eyes had been giving me serious trouble for four years. Spots and specks constantly moving before my vision, dizziness, and my hearing had become very much impaired. I also had a continual buzzing in my head. I used your treatment one month and I am entirely cured.
HENRY W. WARREN, 34 Penn St.



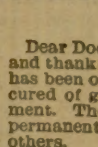
Connellsville, Mo.
Dear Dr. Curts: Kind Friend: As a physician I have met with and conquered numbers of cases of granulated lids, but my own eyes I could not cure. I had a bad case of granulated lids, although trying every remedy known to the old school of medicine my eyes got worse. I was well pleased and surprised to find my eyes cured with less than one month's treatment of your remedies.
S. G. WRIGHT, M.D.



Lovilia, Ia., Nov. 8, 1905.
Dear Dr. Curts: Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir: Your medicines are all right, they have done me great good. My head does not trouble me any more and my right ear, that has been a great trouble to me ever since I was two or three years old, seems to be entirely cured, no more head noises or roaring in the head. Yours respectfully,
C. L. HIBBETS.



Kansas City, Mo., March 5, 1906.
Dear Doctor: I feel it my duty to write to you and thank you for what you have done for me. It has been over two years since my eyes have been cured of granulated eyelids by your Mild Treatment. The cure has thus far been perfect and permanent. I hope you may live long to benefit others.
OTTO PEUSCHEL.



Langhorne, Pa.
Dear Dr. F. George Curts: Before I commenced your treatment my sight at times seemed almost to leave me, everything would get black around me, but now I can see quite clear. It has now been four months since I have been under your treatment, and my eyes are feeling splendid—I believe they are entirely well—my hearing seems clear—no more ringing in my head.
Your friend,
MRS. SARAH GARREN.



Dr. Curts Makes The Following Statement To The Readers Of This Paper:
MY entire professional life has been devoted to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear. I have probably treated more cases and been more successful than any other living doctor. The larger portion of my patients I have never seen. By the aid of the Mild Medicine Method I am able to treat my patients as successfully as though they were to come to my office. I believe that any person having any Eye or Ear trouble should read my book, which I will gladly send free to any afflicted one. It will bring to them tidings of great joy. It will show how easy it is to regain perfect sight and perfect hearing.
Every statement Dr. Curts makes is backed up by proof—proof that will stand the closest investigation. These pictures and letters are all genuine. He has hundreds of letters just as strong and convincing as these. His reputation is so firmly established that there is scarcely a town or hamlet where he cannot point to a cured patient.

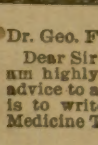
Blue Mound, Kas.
Dr. Curts treated me two years ago last May, and performed an operation successfully, straightening my left eye. My eye is now as straight as anyone's.
The operation was performed without pain. I can very cheerfully say to you that if you are troubled with cross-eyes you will make no mistake in having Dr. Curts treat you.
NAOMI CRAIG.



Meridian, Miss.
Dear Doctor: I today take pleasure in thanking you for your skill in straightening my eye. My eye had been crossed since a child, but can say by your wonderful method of straightening eyes my eye is as straight as anybody's. Thanking you again, I remain,
Yours truly,
T. J. GIPSON.



Vivian, W. Va.
Dear Dr. F. Curts: My eyes have gotten all right, and I am highly pleased with your treatment, and my advice to all who may be suffering with cross-eyes is to write to Kansas City and take your Mild Medicine Treatment. Hoping much success,
Yours truly,
W. E. MYERS.



Pleasant View, Idaho.
Dear Dr. F. G. Curts: I feel thankful to you for your medicine last winter. The eyes of my little girl, 11 years of age, were so bad that she could not attend school, and with two months' treatment I think her eyes entirely cured, as they are all right now.
Yours truly,
MRS. C. R. THOMAS.



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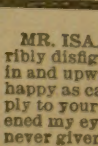
Hegins, Pa.
Dear Dr. Curts: I have now used your Mild Medicine Method four months, as prescribed for inflamed eyelids and inflammation of the optic nerve. My eyes feel greatly improved and are also looking well. I heartily recommend your treatment to those suffering with any disease of the eye, and thank you for the good you did me.
(MISS) CARRIE A. KAUFFMAN.



Ledyard, Ia.
Dear Doctor: I can truthfully say that I do think that I can hear just as well as I always did, as far as I know. I would not hesitate to use some more treatment if I thought it necessary, but as far as I know I don't think it any use for me to spend any more money for that.
Yours very truly,
MRS. WM. CHRISTOPHEL.



Quincy, Ill.
MR. ISAAC HOFFMAN, Quincy, Ill., was terribly disfigured with cross-eyes, both eyes turning in and upward. I straightened them and he is as happy as can be. Mr. Hoffman writes me: "In reply to your letter will say that since you straightened my eyes in May, 1900, six years ago, they have never given me any trouble whatever, and are in perfect line. I am entirely satisfied."
ISAAC HOFFMAN.



For twenty-five years I have been a sufferer with one of the worst cases of granulated eyelids ever known. I have doctored for years. I was totally blind in my right eye and so nearly blind in my left one that I would get lost in my front yard. In all I had enough to make me wish I had never seen the light of day. I wrote to Dr. Curts for treatment. My eyes began to improve at once, and now I can see to read and write. The granulations and swelling are entirely gone; the growth is disappearing rapidly; my drooped eyelid is raising; my eye lashes grow natural. And to whom is the credit due for all this? To Dr. Curts and his Mild Medical Treatment, because he has made practically a new man of me. No wonder I think Dr. Curts the greatest man living.
CHAS. R. DAVIS, 765 A Street, Washington, D. C.



Cross-Eyes Straightened In One Minute

Five hundred dollars will be paid by Dr. Curts for any case of Crossed or Turned Eyes that he fails to straighten in one minute without pain or chloroform. No matter how serious your affliction—no matter what other treatments you have tried—no matter what other doctors have told you—write for my book; it will cost you nothing, and will tell you how you can be cured at your own home.

DR. F. G. CURTS,
262 Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Arlington, Iowa.
Dear Friend: I never shall forget your kindness to my wife. Mrs. Wheeland's suffering was something awful and I know that she would have become insane had it not been for you. As I told you before, my wife had Glaucoma in its worst form; her eyes and head gave her pain every minute, and we all expected the eye to burst. Every eye specialist we went to said nothing could be done, that her case was hopeless, but thanks to your great knowledge of this awful disease and to your Mild Medicine Treatment, her suffering was relieved and her eyes cured. If any person doubts that you can cure Glaucoma, send them to me and I will guarantee to satisfy them that you did all and more than you claimed to do.
C. J. WHEELAND.



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Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Hope lives until love dies.
A good man does good merely by living—*Bulwer.*
Parading a cross is no proof of possessing a crown.
Round and round the old world goes;
Ain't she hard to beat?
Gives a thorn with every rose,
But every rose is sweet.
—Frank L. Stanton.
God often comes to visit us, but generally we are not in.—*Abbe Roiz.*
God's silence may be long, but they are never the silence for forgetfulness.
It is no sign that a man is riding to heaven because he is driving others there.
"Yesterday's yesterday while today's here, Today is today till tomorrow appear, Tomorrow's tomorrow until today's past, And kisses are kisses as long as they last."
—Oliver Herford.
Better the service without the sentiment than the sentiment without the service.
No grip is so hard to shake off as that of early religious convictions.—*Maurice Thompson.*
Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose.—*William M. Taylor.*
Get leave to work.
In this world 'tis the best you can get at all; God says "sweet" for foreheads, men say "crowns."
* * * Get work, get work,
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.
—Elizabeth Browning.
If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of rich thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give.
Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.
Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need,
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends,
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave,
Open the door of your heart!
Look on the bright side of all things. Believe that the best offering that you can make God is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good, and bear what he allows of evil, like a child who believes in all his father's dealings with it, whether he understands them or not.
The day is coming when the great ship of the world, guided by the hand of the Son of God, shall float out of the clouds and storms, out of the shadows and conflicts, into the perfect light of love, and God shall be all in all. The tide that bears the world to that glorious end is the sovereignty of God.—*H. Van Dyke.*

A Few Words by the Editor

All nature feels the renovating
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost contracted globe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer rivers flow, their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze
And murmur hoarser at the biting frost.
—Thomson.

HERE are people who will not read a story paper. We regret such people do not read COMFORT, and they would then no doubt against their will, be compelled to change their views. This is not a religious journal, but we believe we are well within the bounds of truth, when we say, that COMFORT's influence is all for good. And we also believe there is not a religious journal in the land that exerts a better influence upon the home life of the household than does COMFORT.

In all our stories it is virtue that is lauded, it is vice and wrong-doing that is execrated and punished. Every story conveys a moral, and proves forcibly that sin is wrong, that falsehood and crime do not pay, and honesty, purity and virtue are alone worth while—the only roads to happiness.

No paper in the land tries to help the sick, and unfortunate, and put in action the practical works of Christ-like charity as does this publication. Certainly no religious magazine does as much of this work as we. If every publication were as clean and wholesome, uplifting, and in sympathy with poor humanity as COMFORT is—this would be a better world. COMFORT is all right, and its readers know it.

President Roosevelt's visit to Panama was one of unusual interest, not only because it was the first time the chief executive of this nation ever went outside the boundaries of the United States during his term of office, but it also draws the attention of our people to this the mightiest engineering work of modern times.

We would like every reader of COMFORT to take an interest in this work, which, when finished, will add immensely to our power and influence in the world's affairs, and will bring by water the products of the Pacific slope to Eastern markets, and supply our people with the luscious fruits of that section at a much lower rate than they can be procured at the present time, as ocean freight rates are always very much less than the cost of cartage by railroad.

CHANGE IN POSTAL LAWS

The Postal Commission, which has been in session for some time, has recommended a bill to Congress which, if passed, will take away many of the privileges now enjoyed by people living in the rural sections. By this bill the SAMPLE COPY PRIVILEGE IS PRACTICALLY DONE AWAY WITH, and the rates on second-class matter will be raised on papers over a given weight. As the bill will have to come to a vote before the first of March the question will be settled in short order, and if Congress passes such a measure it means that the people will be obliged to pay more for their newspapers and magazines in the future, and RECEIVE NO MORE SAMPLE COPIES. We urge all of our subscribers to RENEW or EXTEND their subscription to COMFORT at once while the PRESENT LOW FIFTEEN-CENT-A-YEAR RATE IS IN FORCE and all subscribers must keep paid up in advance all of the time in the future or else the paper must be stopped. If anyone receives this paper as a sample copy it means that it is sent to you that you may read it with the view that you will subscribe while the rate is only Fifteen Cents per year. The price will soon have to advance, but if you subscribe now, or get up a club of subscribers, you can all have it for only Fifteen Cents for the next year, and thus enjoy for a small sum of money the many good things we are now able to give you at this extremely low price.

We have no doubt that every American will strive, once at least in a lifetime, to make the New York, San Francisco journey via the Canal. Fast and palatial steamers will be placed upon this route, and we know of no more delightful and enjoyable trip than this promises to be. The voyage will probably not take more than two weeks. The Canal will also shorten the distance by sea, between San Francisco and Europe, by many thousands of miles, and we have no doubt that the benefits that will accrue to California, and the coast generally by drawing our Western shores closer to the teeming cities of Europe, will be of incalculable advantage to this country. The Canal will also double the strength of our navy, as it will permit us to concentrate our battleship line, on either ocean, within a couple of weeks. For this advantage alone, the Canal is well worth while. The present long journey round the Horn practically isolates our Pacific Coast cities, and leaves them without sufficient naval protection. Strategically then, the Canal will be of enormous advantage, and in view of the uncertain state of things in the Orient, the growing power of Japan, the awakening of China, and the struggle that must inevitably come for the mastery of the Pacific, we can not but help turn our eyes longingly to Panama, and hope for the completion of that mighty work in the shortest possible time.

The distance from Colon to Panama is forty-six miles. Of this distance sixteen miles was excavated by the French. The French idea was to dig a sea level canal, but our engineers have decided that the lock plan is much the cheaper and better way. This plan will permit the work to be completed in seven or eight years instead of sixteen required by the French plan.

When the work first began, the Americans employed in the undertaking were very much disheartened by yellow fever outbreaks. This is all altered now. A sanitary force of 2,300 men under Colonel Gorgas has made the Canal Zone as healthy as an American city, and American mechanics can go there with the certainty that by proper care, they will return alive. We know of no better field for capable, energetic, enterprising skilled labor, as the wages are considerably higher than those paid at home. By applying to the Isthmian Canal Commission, Washington, D. C., the rates of wages for various grades of skilled labor can be obtained.

The National Civil Service Reform League has just celebrated the twenty-fifth year of its existence. In 1881, when the League was incorporated, only 14,000 out of the 100,000 persons employed in the Federal service, were under Civil Service rule. At the present time the Federal Government employs 329,000 people; 184,000 of these have passed the Civil Service examination, proving that they are competent employees and are sure of retaining their positions as long as they faithfully perform their duties. The old spoils system is fast dying out. Under the old system, no sooner

had a man become competent in his work, than he was obliged to vacate his office, and hand it over to a man who had absolutely no experience in the work he had to perform. This did incalculable injury to the public service.

We advise all the bright and ambitious among our readers (especially those who have graduated from High Schools and are of a naturally studious bent) to study Civil Service requirements, with a view to entering government employment. Uncle Sam is an excellent employer, and the army working for him constantly increases. The positions are for life, the hours are easy, and the sense of security and freedom from worry is an advantage that all will recognize, who lead the hand-to-mouth existence, which is an unavoidable feature of all employment in the business world.

Your friend,

Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Oklahoma has adopted Alfalfa, which bears a small blue flower, as a state emblem.

Commander Peary will make another search for the pole. He has already made nine trips to the arctic.

A badge is to be given to every American citizen who for a given time participates in the work of building the Panama Canal.

The last reports from Shanghai tell of increasing horrors of the great famine in Central China. The appeal made by the President for contribution to relieve them should have a generous response.

Professor William James after 35 years' service in the chair of Philosophy at Harvard will retire. His rare scholarship is known the world over, and from American, British, Italian, and French institutions he has received high honors.

Oliver Dyer, who is said to have introduced stenography into the United States, died in Boston, January 13th. He was the first shorthand reporter of the United States Senate, and later was ordained into the Swedenborgian ministry.

The Shah of Persia, Muzaffer-ad-Din, a progressive ruler, died January 8th, in the 54th year of his age. The late Shah will be succeeded by his eldest son, Mohammed Ali Meiza, who is well educated and in sympathy with his father's liberal ideas.

According to the reports from Russia, the distress in the famine districts is steadily growing. In the government of Kozan the peasants have been driven to desperation, and are selling their daughters into slavery. The ages of the girls sold range from twelve to seventeen years.

Among the important recent discoveries is that of intercepting wireless messages, by the Rev. Frederick L. Odenback of St. Ignatius College. The discovery was made by accident, and the apparatus is simple, consisting of a copper roof, two common steel pins, known as the black-headed pins, and four or five lead pencils.

Among the marvelous inventions is an instrument that can be attached to any telephone and will receive messages mechanically, recording the voice on flat sheets of magnetized steel. The records are made simply by magnetism, and the steel sheet shows no indentation or marking of any kind. One can talk upon one of the steel sheets, inclose it in an envelope, and mail as you would an ordinary letter. The receiver inserts the tin sheet into his instrument, and the letter is spoken with every inflection of the voice of the sender.

One of the most remarkable women of the last century, Baroness Burdett-Coutts died recently in London at the advanced age of ninety-two. She was the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, adding the name of her maternal grandfather, from whom she inherited a vast fortune. It is believed she gave away nearly five million dollars. In 1871, Queen Victoria elevated her to a baroness in recognition of her great philanthropies. At the age of sixty-seven she married Mr. William Lehman Ashmead-Bartlett. He assumed the name of his wife.

Fuller accounts from Kingston indicate that the earthquake was more severe than at first reported. The number of killed is estimated at nearly 1,000, while the number injured is placed at thousands. The fires that followed proved stubborn, but were happily confined to the docks and warehouses. Fortunately the quake seems to have been within a radius of 10 miles; the destruction wrought is terrible in its details. The prompt despatch of the American war vessels to the succor of the city has been a matter of gratification to the American people, and gratitude from England, despite Sir Alexander Swettenham refusing help from Admiral Davis. His action has angered Great Britain, and indignation against him is intense.

TOLD AROUND THE STOVE



Concerning Champagne

"Next after the English, the Americans are the greatest consumers of champagne," remarked a gentleman with a red nose, "and we import 4,500,000 quarts a year, half of it in pint bottles. Champagne is called the gentleman's drink, and it certainly calls for a gentleman's purse to pay for it, because it usually sells at from \$3.50 to \$5 a quart and most champagne drinkers can get away with a quart apiece and not think they are taking an overdose. But everybody in the United States doesn't drink champagne for the imports represent a bottle for every nineteen persons. To produce a bottle of champagne requires the work of forty-three men, and the juice of four and a half pounds of grapes worth twenty cents a pound. The consumption of champagne has increased thirty-three per cent. during the past five years, and manufacturers say that it is a sure sign of prosperity and progress in a country when the demand for champagne is stiff. The cost of the corks in the four million and a half bottles we drink cost \$200,000 and the bottles cost \$650,000 and can not be again used for champagne. Age does not improve champagne, and it is at its best at about five years after it has been bottled. The Russians are the third on the list of champagne consumers, and the consumption per capita is greater in Belgium than in any other country. We make a very good champagne in this country, but it is not popular with champagne connoisseurs and only those who are not regular champagne drinkers call for it. To the uninitiated champagne seems to be the very limit of superiority in drinks. However, it is the most popular of all wines for dinners among those who like to do 'swagger' things and make a display."

Something about Canary Birds

"Nearly everybody knows the pretty song of the bright little bird known as the Canary, and some households are not considered complete unless there is at least one cage in the house, with a bird or a pair in it," said the New York drummer. "Nobody knows how many canaries are hatched and caged in this country, but it is estimated that 200,000 a year are imported from Germany where the best ones come from. Others are brought from England, Scotland and Belgium, but while they may be showier birds than the German singers, they are not sold here, most of them going to Canada. There is no reason apparent why the German bird should be better than the others, except that the Germans look after their birds because they love them and care for them tenderly. No one German raises more than seven or eight hundred a year, but some are raised by all German families, and nearly the whole product comes from the Hartz mountains. They originally came from the Canary Islands, and there they still fly about wild in the woods, but they are not shipped from there. It is estimated that the Germans raise a million birds a year. The first birds are sent to this country in August and the shipments continue until March. Dealers do not like to receive young birds that have not been taught to sing, but many are shipped young and they are sold to persons who are willing to teach the youngsters. They are taught by the Germans either by raising the young ones with an old bird which is a high-class singer, or by letting them hear the canary organ, a little musical whistle kept going day and night by water power. The birds we raise in this country from German stock are about equal to the German birds, and a little better suited to the changes of our climate. Prices of birds vary according to their singing qualities, health, color, shape, size, some selling as low as a dollar a bird. But Hartz mountain birds range from \$2 to \$2.50 for a fairly good bird, and running up as high as \$50.00 for the very choicest specimens. The English 'Manchester Topknot,' larger than the German bird, but not so melodious a singer, ranges from \$8, to \$10.00 for fair, and up as high as \$100.00 for a high-class, fancy bird."

Progress of the South

"At the close of the Civil War in 1865," said the political looking party with a campaign document in his hand, "the South—meaning by that, the states which had seceded or tried to—the states in which slavery existed—was about as poor a proposition as could be found on earth. The land was devastated, property was valueless, the men nearly all killed off, or invalids, government overthrown, states in debt, nothing doing anywhere, and worst of all an entirely new sociologic condition presented in the freedom of the slaves. It was a good deal worse than beginning with a wholly new country. That was forty years ago, and the South began to pull together right away with the true American spirit. It took fifteen years at least to get things going at all right, and now let me read you some figures of what progress has been made within the past twenty-five years. From \$257,000,000 invested in factories she has gone to 1,500,000,000, an increase of over 1,200,000,000 dollars with an increased product of over twelve hundred millions annually; from 21 millions in cotton mills to 225 millions; from 225,000 bales of cotton used in Southern mills to 2,163,000 bales; from 39 millions yearly product of lumber to 250 millions; from 397,000 tons of pig iron a year to 3,100,000 tons; from 660 millions of farm products a year to 1,750 millions; from 20,000 miles of railway to 60,000; from 170,000 barrels of petroleum a year to 43 millions; from 45 cotton mills to 780; from \$800,000 capital in cotton-seed oil mills to 54 millions; from 211,377 tons of phosphate mined to 1,100 millions; from 397,000 tons of coke to 6,300 millions. Isn't that an imposing array of figures of progress for a people and a section that were double and twisted bankrupt only forty years ago? The South today shows an assessed value of property of 6,500 millions, an increase in the last twenty-five years of 3,500 millions, or a yearly increase of 138 millions. In other words, for the past twenty-five years the South has been growing richer at the rate of two and a half millions of dollars a day."

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. plect; r. p. roll plect; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. plect; l. p. long plect; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. plect and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Another Fancy Work Competition

Valuable Prizes for Home Workers

First Prize \$5.00 Third Prize \$2.00
Second Prize \$3.00 Fourth Prize \$1.00
Also one hundred special consolation awards.

The above prizes are offered for the best original articles of home work received by us before April 30, 1917, and the awards will be announced in June or July COMFORT.

We want all kinds of articles suitable for birthday or holiday gifts, church fair, bazaars, etc., useful and attractive things which can be made at home by the woman of limited means, and especially novel ideas which can be made with cardboard as a basis; anything in this line will be especially welcome.

Think out some new way of developing an old idea, or devise something new for which you have a use; it may also just meet the needs of another, but do not copy; we want original articles; also new designs for crocheting, knitting, netting, tatting, cross-stitching, patchwork, teneffie and drawwork, Hardanger etc., etc.

As we assume a large expense to carry out this plan, devoting space and time as well as money for illustrations, we want every lady reader to consider this appeal directed personally to her, and for her to send in her needle-work whether she "thinks" it will win a prize or not. Your own work may be better than you know. Where the designs are worked in colors have as much contrast as possible. Black and white make the best illustrations for the paper.

If your article sent in is not a prize winner, remember we may be able to use it in these columns; and if so will pay you for the privilege. So send in your designs anyway.

The only conditions are the following:

1. Each sample must be of original design and not copied from other papers.
2. Full directions (written on one side of the paper only) must accompany each sample, showing how it is made.
3. Your return address must be on outside wrapper of both package and letter. Send separately.
4. All samples must be received at this office before April 30, and be addressed COMFORT, Home Work Competition, Augusta, Maine.

On account of many submitting work requesting us to withhold their full address we have decided to discontinue giving the name and address of persons to whom we are indebted for fancy work articles, which we use on this page. COMFORT's circulation is so large, many of our subscribers have been besieged with requests for samples or further particulars in regard to work which has appeared, and to answer these letters takes time and money for postage, and it is impossible for one to send samples or directions to so many.

Whenever publishing any particular piece of work, we endeavor to give the plainest possible directions for making, besides illustrating it. So it is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, samples, or patterns of anything, unless stated that they can be supplied. Fancy work of an inexpensive nature we gladly receive at any time, and if available for these columns will be used and paid for at current rates, and samples are returned, but we seldom purchase anything outright.

Knitting, crocheting, netting and tatting, to be acceptable, must be accompanied by full directions for making, written plainly on one side of the paper only, and in accordance with above abbreviations.

Novel or original ideas for utilizing ordinary material are especially desired.

Hardanger Embroidery

IN the past year we have illustrated and given directions for making several pieces of this work, but as numerous questions in regard to the stitches employed continue to come in, this month we will endeavor to be more explicit, and illustrate the work in such a way that any one ought to be able to do it.

Hardanger embroidery is the national needle-work of Norway, and is really very simple when the principle of the work is understood.

The different patterns are all geometrical, and formed by counting the threads as in cross-stitching, hence, the necessity of having a fabric woven in a square mesh.

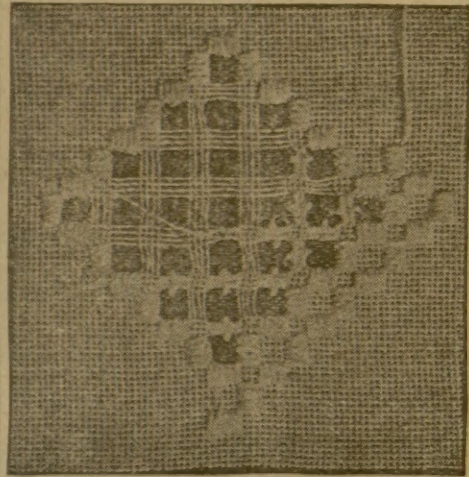
The principal stitch is SEAM STITCH. FIG. 1. a very old one, and is known as the seam stitch, see Fig. 1. This consists of going over a certain number of threads a given number of times, and then repeating, only doing the work at a right angle.

For example in Fig. 1, beginning at the bottom, four threads are crossed five times, working up and down, then working from side to side, cross four threads five times; repeat again, working up and down. At first only this stitch was used, and large articles were almost entirely covered by patterns worked out in this way, then later the threads were cut away, and in the open squares fancy stitches were worked.

For this work one needs a blunt needle, and hoops for holding the work may be used or not

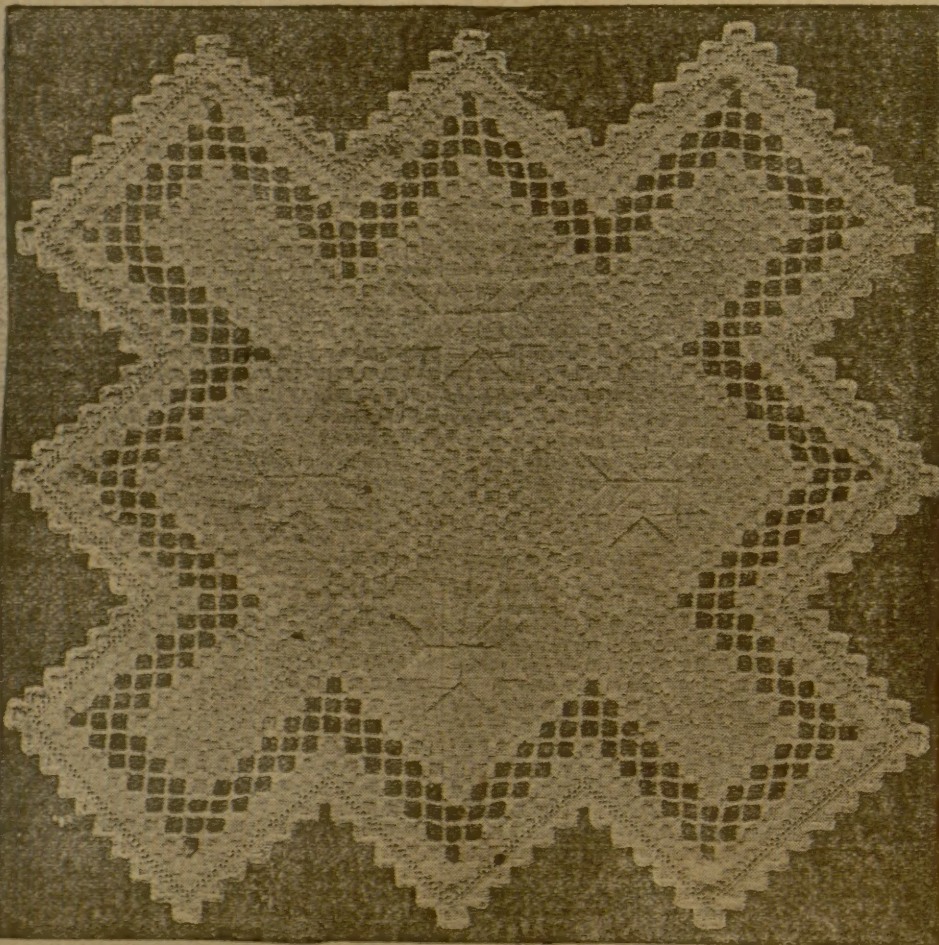
as is most convenient. Never put a knot in the thread, but begin from the wrong side, and weave the thread in and out through the mesh of the goods, then cover with the seam stitch, which is always worked on the right side of the goods.

Most all designs are defined with groups of this stitch, see Fig. 2, and should always be taken over an even number of threads, usually either two or four. This square is outlined with a double row of seam stitches the same as are shown in detail in Fig. 1.



SEAM STITCH IN GROUPS. FIG. 2.

In working out any design remember that the corner group is never counted. By referring to the illustration it will be seen that there are six groups of stitches on each side of the square



HARDANGER CENTERPIECE.

By Mrs. Lizzie Warner.

in the inner row, while in the outer there are eight, without the corner groups.

As has been before stated, each group of the seam stitches is taken over four threads of the canvas, one group across the canvas, and the next group with the length. This point must be remembered if one is to follow the designs intelligently.

After both rows of seam stitches are finished, the threads should be cut inside the inner row, as shown in the illustration. When all the groups of threads have been cut and pulled there will be alternate squares of open spaces



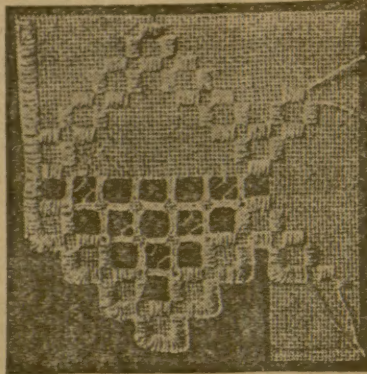
FANCY WOVEN BLOCK. FIG. 3.

and groups of four uncut threads as are shown in the unworked part of Fig. 2.

The uncut threads are to be woven first across the square and then from the opposite direction. Weave over and under two threads each time.

To make the plect on each side of the woven bars, bring the needle up between two threads,

that is, in the center of the four threads of the canvas. Wind the thread around the needle



FILLED SPACES. FIG. 4.

twice, hold firmly with the thumb, pulling the needle through, and proceed to weave. All weaving should always be done on the wrong side of the work.

Fig. 3, illustrates a way of filling in fancy woven blocks, which is much used in centerpieces, and as motifs for shirt-waists, or collar and cuff sets. In this block the seam stitch is taken a little differently from that shown in Fig. 2. The block is made across twenty threads of the canvas each way. Beginning at one corner four stitches are taken over four threads, four stitches over eight threads, four stitches over twelve threads, four stitches over eight threads, four stitches over four threads. This completes one side of the square. Repeat for the remaining sides. Cut seven threads, leave six threads, cut seven threads and pull out. Start in the center of the six threads on one side of the square, and over and over around three of the six threads. When half the distance to the center block has been wound, loop the silk to the three sides of the small square, and back to the starting point, then proceed to wind until the center of the square is reached. Repeat this in each quarter section of the large square. Four of these blocks placed together make a very handsome figure.

This way of filling in the open spaces can also be used in alternate spaces, as shown in the Hardanger Scarf, and in the edge illustrated in Fig. 4.

from the center, until the four points are complete as shown.

A fancy stitch which shows just inside the edge of both scarf and centerpiece is known as back stitching. To do this one works diagonally over the threads of the canvas, over six threads as follows: Bring up the needle at the point on the canvas representing the top of the first right-hand side stitch; count two holes in the canvas down and two across towards the left, this being for the center of the three stitches. Repeat this stitch twice in the same holes bringing up for the side stitch on the left. Bring needle back to bottom of the first side stitch made, and repeat the length desired. See Fig. 6 for detail of this stitch.

Hardanger Centerpiece

Hardanger goods eighteen inches square will be needed to make this piece.

Begin by measuring in four inches from any corner diagonally, then count twenty-four threads, and begin to define the open work border with a double row of seam stitches, as shown in Fig. 2. Work over four threads in each direction five times as heretofore explained, continue all around the four sides.

Now, count sixteen threads towards the edge, and work the buttonholing all around as illustrated in Fig. 5. To have the work come out perfect great care must be exercised in counting, or one will come out wrong.

Between the edge and the double row of seam stitches work in the fancy back stitch illustrated by Fig. 6. This should be about half way between the edge and double row of seam stitch.

Now count for the open spaces, and work in another double row of seam stitches, then cut out and pull the threads, and work as has been explained, and is illustrated by Fig. 2. Weave over the threads either with or without the

picot, as one prefers.

The center of the piece is further decorated with cross rows of seam stitching and four stars in the opposite squares. In the narrow strips in each corner a fancy stitch is worked in by crossing two threads each way to form squares.

Hardanger Scarf

(See illustration on opposite page.)

This can be used for either a bureau or side-board scarf.

One and one half yards of goods was required for the one here illustrated.

Measure in four inches from the corner, diagonally, then count twenty-four threads and work all around a single row of seam stitches.

Next count and work seam stitches around the four open-work groups in each corner. Then count off threads for the open-work border all around, but before cutting and pulling the threads work a row of straight seam stitches by working over four threads in a straight row, after this is completed finish the ends as shown by working in the fancy stitches illustrated in Fig. 3 in every other square. Along the sides this is omitted.

Next work in another row of seam stitching across each corner and then complete another row of straight seam stitching, working over four threads across the scarf from the upper corners of the corner squares as shown in the illustration.

Then comes a row of fancy back stitching and another line of straight seam stitching.

Using this as a base line count off the squares for the open-work point and along each side put a double row of seam stitching.

The two smaller points of open work are defined with rows of straight seam stitching and then a row of fancy stitching the same as that worked in the corners of the centerpiece.

Now finish the double row of seam stitching around the space occupied by the star, then find the center of this space and work the star by directions given and finish the opposite corners with the groups of four eyelets.

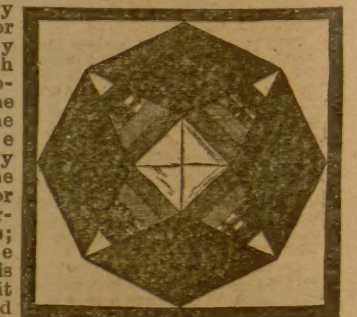
The fancy row of stitching between the first two rows of straight seam stitching can be easily done from the illustration simply by working the desired forms with the seam stitch and placing eyelets as shown for a finish.

Illinois Star

This hexagon pattern, with a star in the center, has for its background material of one

color. It may be of red or blue, or any color which will harmonize with the points of the star. The center may be cut of one solid piece or of four different colors; when the hexagon is completed it is then basted on a square of white. Narrow strips of the same color as the hexagon are used around the square, and when the quilt is finished it will not only be attractive, but the pieces which will accumulate have been used to advantage.

MRS. J. RICE.



ILLINOIS STAR.

Perfume Sachet

Cut two leaf-shaped pieces of taffeta silk,

baste on white lawn, work veins, and button-hole edges. When finished, place perfume in wadding and lay between, and over-stitch together.

This one is made of olive green on one side and tan on the other, worked with white. Any kind of plain material, which suits the fancy of the worker may be used in these little sachets, showing as they will how one's taste and ingenuity may

develop not only in the design, but in the various ways they may be ornamented. When completed it makes an acceptable gift, particularly if a handkerchief of one's own work accompanies it.

MRS. E. J. BRITTON.

PERFUME SACHET.

PERFUME SACHET.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which your first appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange columns, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DEAR SISTERS:

I have just a word or two to say this month before we turn to the many interesting and instructive letters.

Mrs. M. E. Peebles. Maybe later we can publish some of the poems you suggested. Many thanks for your kind words of appreciation.

Mrs. Jennie Huff. Have you consulted physicians in regard to your little one's condition? Mrs. H. B. Jones, Indiana. Your letter was interesting. I am sorry you have had such an experience, but you are only one of many, hence the above rules which we hope will prevent such impostors from using these columns in the future. The letter you inclosed is only a sample of the hundreds which I receive.

The sister from Ford, Va., forgot to sign her name. Write us again, all will be glad to hear how you make the pretty puffs and bookmarks. Will Carleton's poem received and it will appear as soon as we have the space to devote to it.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

"If I knew you and you knew me, And both of us could plainly see, And with an inner sight divine—The meaning of your heart and mine, I think that we would differ less, And clasp our hands in friendliness, And we should pleasantly agree If I knew you, and you knew me."

I want to say how much I appreciate "our" corner. For though we have a "corner" in COMFORT, yet that corner doesn't "corner" all the comfort, but spreads it abroad to all. Those who have not visited Kansas City, at least recently, will be surprised at the progress this great city is making. I cannot say too much in praise of our park and boulevard system, which is a source of much beauty to the city in summer. Come and see.

My home is just about a block from a boulevard which connects with Penn Valley Park, which is not a place of amusement, but one of great beauty. We have quite a number of amusement parks here, which are very attractive.

We are buying our home now, and are very happy in what will be our new home before a great while, we hope. I have a dear little boy twenty-two months old, and I wish you all could know him. To me he is the brightest and sweetest of all babies. How natural it is that we mothers should think our own are the dearest and best in all ways. How human it is to feel so. And yet all babies are so dear.

To me a baby especially appeals because of its absolute purity and innocence. Just think! perfectly pure and stainless in the sight of God. Oh, how grand it will be when in that day those worthy ones shall stand before Him and be thus pure! How we should strive for that end! And with this thought comes to me one I have often thought, and that is, how helpful it would be if we sisters in COMFORT had a motto at the head of our columns. What do you all think of it? I would suggest one that has always appealed to me, these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Or just simply these words of Isaiah: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Now, sisters, write and tell us all what you think of this idea. I think it would be a good idea to head our column with a few words that would prove an inspiration every time we picked up our paper.

I am sending a recipe for a fruit salad; also I am going to tell you a simple remedy which my mother used in our family for many years. It is the common burdock plant, with which many of you are no doubt familiar. It has big leaves as large as pie plant, and is commonly called a weed by those who do not know its value. The stems bruised and wet are good as poultices for sores, hurts, etc. The water from the bruised stems (after soaking) is good to take daily for the blood as a general tonic. Take three times a day. For eczema, salt rheum, or chapped hands, etc., it is just the thing. It is good for babies, but must be weaker. It can be purchased at the drug stores in the form of bitters, or essence. I hope some of you will try this. It is mild and perfectly harmless. Good for fever also. I think many of Nature's remedies are unknown, or ignored by us when we might be benefited.

I was pleased to read Mrs. A. Pitt's letter in which she happily told of her little home in Texas. Those who are dissatisfied with their homes, should feel ashamed, when they read her cheery, happy letter. Thank God for such contented hearts! Would that we had more like hers. So many of us are not satisfied, but always want more. We should better appreciate our blessings. When I read some of our letters from the "about-ins" I wonder that I ever complain and think I have any troubles, and when I breathe a thankful prayer to Him who has spared me to care for my loved ones and home. If we could only realize what those suffering ones have to bear, it would revolutionize the world. I had quite a siege of illness once, and

was an invalid for some time, so I understand what it is, and I realize how we should appreciate our health—we who have it.

I will be glad to answer any of the sisters' letters, who will write. How far COMFORT extends! But then the "comfort" spirit should encircle the earth. Mrs. PRUDENCE MORAST, 3119 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

Are you reading "The Shadow of a Cross," the new serial? It is a delightful story and will appear serially in COMFORT for some months. Only 15 cents for a full year's subscription, if sent at once.

DEAR SISTERS:

Since my last Hardanger work appeared in COMFORT I have received so many letters asking for directions and samples it has been impossible for me to supply all, so I send in two new pieces of work for illustration, and think with the directions given you will all be able to work out these designs.

Many who wrote me forgot to give their addresses, and some letters which I wrote were returned, this was the case with Sophia Collins, Oronor, Ont., and Mrs. J. W. Welch, Downings, Va., so if both of these parties will send stamped self-addressed envelopes, I will remail the samples.

Now I will answer a few of the numerous questions which so many ask. This work should be done on the regular Hardanger goods which can be purchased at most dry or fancy goods stores, and costs from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents per yard according to quality and width.

Use any good make of the silk flosses, No. 1, which come especially for this work, for the seam stitching, fancy back stitching, stars and eyelets, use heavy linen thread No. 25, for buttonholing all edges, and linen thread No. 50 for weaving and working fancy stitches in the open squares.

An inexperienced person had better begin on some small piece, as a beginner is very apt to make mistakes in counting, and if this is done a piece will not be perfect, so great care should be taken.

I find this work very fascinating, but so tedious to count the threads that one can work at it steadily only a short while. It is especially hard on the eyes and back as it takes a long time to do a large piece. I am working on a piece now which I have put all my spare time on for the past two years.

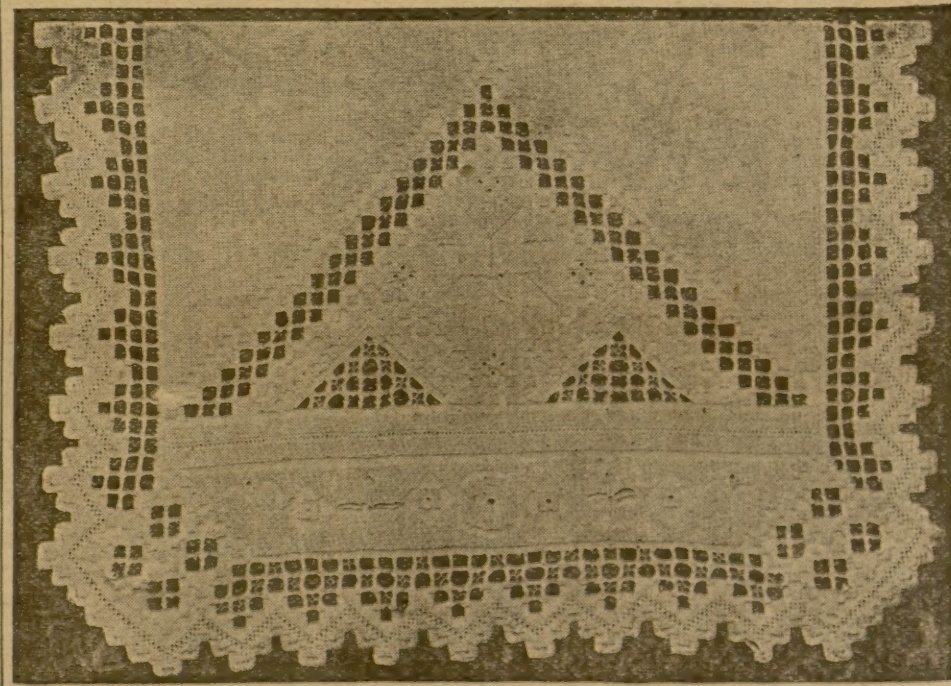
Well, dear sisters, now I will close. I was glad to hear from you all, and would have complied with all requests for samples if it had been possible, but all who undertake to do this work will soon find out how much time it takes to make so many samples, even though each is small.

Thanking you for the many kind words and wishes, I remain,

Mrs. LIZZIE WARNER, Cedar, Iowa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

After reading the interesting letters written by Mrs. B. E. Ward of British Columbia in the November, March and July issues of COMFORT, I have wanted very much to write to her, but I note in her last letter she said she had already received more letters than she could reply to, so just allow me to throw her a bouquet, and beg her to write often.



HARDANGER SCARF END.

By Mrs. Lizzie Warner.

I have wondered many times, if there was a girl or woman who had tastes exactly like myself, and after reading Mrs. Ward's letters I came to the conclusion there is. I am a lover of Nature in her dainty beauty and grace as well as in her majesty and grandeur, and I believe as Shakespeare said: "Our life exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

It would be an untold pleasure to me to visit Mrs. Ward in that deep solitude, and together tour the woods in search of specimens for her studio. Such a collection as she writes about would not only afford much pleasure, but would offer an excellent opportunity for the study of geology, mineralogy, natural science and history. I would indeed love to help search for shells, for I am a great admirer of these wonders of the ocean. Anyone who loves the beautiful in nature cannot help admiring seashells, and the most inexperienced person who does not know the name of a single one of the many thousands of varieties will take up any specimen he sees, carefully examine it, and hold it to his ear and listen to the fancied echoing of the wild waves still lingering in its deep recesses. The ocean holds thousands of curiosities in its depths, but few of which are ever brought to light. Is it not strange that such beautiful objects as seashells, and other marine curiosities are at the bottom of the deep, where man cannot see and admire them?

I, too, think it would be a treat to live away off from everybody, excepting of course, one other, for about six months among the birds, flowers and trees, and have plenty of leisure time to enjoy them; to chase the butterflies, and forget the very existence of everything while listening to the birds, and wonder if their songs were translated into words what it would all be about, and I should be storing beautiful pictures in my mind that would make an artist famous if he could transfer them to canvas, with their exquisite bits of color. And were I in Mrs. Ward's place I should want that little cabin near the stream of which she writes, so like Elizabeth in her German garden, I might wash the dishes among the flags. Now that she has moved to a different part of the island, and has new fields to explore she must write and tell us all about it; a book about her life on the island would be of interest.

I want to tell about some caves we have here. While visiting an uncle at Perdue, Okla., I went with my cousins and several of their friends to explore a cave, which was about one mile through. At the mouth of the cave (which was about ten feet across), hung large rocks on which were chiseled about twenty-five different names and dates, some of them dated fifty years back. This cave was supposed to have been the hiding-place of outlaws. Through one of the caves runs a small stream of water, and pieces of driftwood were found, also the tracks of cougar and other animals. Several of the crowd explored the cave from one end to the other, taking a lantern, as it was very dark; they crawled over big rocks, coming now and then to another cavern leading off in a different direction, keeping straight ahead they finally came to the

end of the cave. Some places were so small they had to crawl through.

If this finds its way into the corner, I will write again about Oklahoma, and describe some of our beautiful sunsets.

If Mrs. H. A. Lowden of Lynbrook, N. Y., sees this, I wish to thank her for the belt and collar I received for the cake I sent her.

ADA L. WALKER, Cestos, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

There was a mistake made in publishing my caramel filling, so I will send it again for I want all the sisters to try it. I'll also send in my recipe for making Light Bread which is the best bread of all and easiest to make.

The Best Bread

Scald about two quarts of milk, take from the stove and add five teaspoonfuls of sugar and a heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter, when this gets cold add a couple of teaspoonfuls of salt, a yeast cake and a half which have previously been dissolved in lukewarm water, then stir in flour till very thick, let stand over night, then work up good with flour, knead and let this rise two hours, then knead thoroughly again, form into loaves and let raise about a half hour; bake and when done rub the crust over lightly with butter and it will not harden.

Caramel Filling

One cup of white sugar, one cup of light brown sugar, melt with cold water, boil until it threads, then beat in two tablespoonfuls of cream, and one tablespoonful of butter, and one teaspoonful of vanilla, take from the fire and beat until quite thick and spread between the layers.

Mrs. ELIA SIDELL, Phoenix, Ariz.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never visited you in your corner before, and now I come for information. Do any of you know what will relieve or cure ulceration of the bladder?

My dear mother has been a sufferer of that disease for over four years and has tried everything we could hear of, or find, that she thought might help her.

If any sister, who knows what will cure her positively or even relieve her to a great extent, will write her or me, I will return postage. By doing this you will place me forever in your debt, unless I can repay you sometime by sending in something some other sister needs and wants.

Hoping to receive the desired knowledge in a short while, I am

IRIS MCKENZIE, Homer, La.

My mother's address is Mrs. FANNIE MCKENZIE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

It is a long time since I wrote you. I have been busy answering the six hundred or more sisters who wrote me after my letter describing my Cuban home. Now I am traveling for pleasure and am bound for the home of my grandfather in Bartow, Kissop Co., Washington, where I will go canoeing, trout fishing, salmon fishing, etc. The white house on the hill surrounded by the beautiful royal

ness, the more "long-green" it means to the farmer.

I have noticed the past few days, the mistletoe berries are fast forming and soon the branches will be covered with the little wax-like fruit.

Did any of you know a strong brewed tea of mistletoe is a fine cough remedy? It must be well sweetened.

Now I would like to ask a bit of advice in regard to taking the best care of matted and Linoleum. What can I use to prevent or lessen the wear and tear on both, making them durable and keep the original colors? I will appreciate the kindness of any sister's advice.

I would like to hear from any of the sisters, interested in instrumental music. I would dearly love to see more of such kind in our COMFORT pages, also would someone who has "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," send it to me. I had it but lost or misplaced it. Now in conclusion I will give my way of keeping granite cooking utensils bright and clean without much washing and unsightly hands. I grease the bottom and sides of my pots, etc., when using them over a fire, and when cooking is over, take some old paper, or tissue paper, rub off all the smoke and soot that you can, and your pot will need very little washing to make it look like new again.

With best wishes to one and all, I remain as ever an old friend of COMFORT. May its life be long and useful.

Mrs. E. R. BEHRENS, Brady, Texas.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 221 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months during 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I am sending in my subscription for one of the best little magazines, COMFORT, on earth. I want to thank all the readers, who have written to me, for their great kindness.

What a great, big, round world we are living in, and how kind and thoughtful most of the people are. No matter how discouraged and sad hearted we may be, if we will just look up we can behold life's sun still shining, and we may find that each cloud, no matter how dark it may be, has a silver lining.

I was feeling very sad and lonely, and as I was reading COMFORT, I became interested in the Sisters' Corner, so I thought I would write and ask some of the readers to write to me. I expected to receive as many as five or six letters. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when the letters and souvenir postal cards began coming six or seven a day, and some times more. Many were so kind as to send me the quilt blocks I desired, and I was so thankful for all favors. The letters were all just fine, and I am sorry I cannot answer each one personally. I would like to, but not being a rich man's wife, nor a millionaire's daughter, I find it impossible to do just as I would like in all cases. I have returned all favors and postal cards as far as I can, and have written to many, but not to all. I am sorry to disappoint any, but trust all will understand the situation, and accept my thanks for all their kindness. You have taught me a lesson, dear sisters, and I shall ever try in the future to look more on the bright side, and less at the clouds.

I also received several copies of those "endless prayer chain letters," quite enough in number, as to place me in need of a stenographer were I to try to fulfill the requirements of them all, and if I were suspicious enough to let them cause me uneasiness of mind I might be caused greater trouble; but truly, dear sisters, I think that it is very unwise for us to pay any attention to them. Just as if they had any power to cause us trouble or calamity. The prayer itself is all right, and I believe in it, but I think it will do us more good to pray, that prayer individually, to God in the privacy of our own rooms, than to spend time and expense to copy and send to others to whom it may cause a world of trouble, especially, if some might be of a suspicious nature. So please, dear sisters, when such letters come to us, let us remember to think twice and consign the letters to the flames, and pray that God will ever watch over and care for us as His own dear children.

MISS ESTELLA FREELAND, Sandusky, R. F. D., 3, Mich.

DEAR EDITOR:

I noticed some little time ago there was a request for a cure for Dropsy; about two years ago I was quite ill with it, two doctors said that I would have to be tapped, but a lady told me a simple remedy that I believe cured me. Take black currant leaves and make an infusion, and drink it freely, if there is any trouble in getting the leaves I will be glad to send some upon request, and receipt of self-addressed stamped envelope.

Mrs. D. WIGGINS, Fairdale, N. Dak.

Don't fail to promptly renew your subscription to COMFORT while the present low 15-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time, but if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and extend your subscription for two years from the time of expiration.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT since I was a wee girl and knew nothing but the happiness of childhood's sunny days, and I have often thought of writing the club, but have failed to do so.

I hope you have a welcome for a Tennessee sister. I will pass along what has proven a great blessing to us inexperienced young parents. A remedy for croup. Take soft flannel, and cut a chest protector to come down well below the lungs in the front and below the shoulder blades in the back, cut a thin lining for both, and have ready two teaspoonfuls of pure pine tar, and four of hog's lard mixed well, apply evenly to the flannel, sew on the lining, and put on the little body, and fasten by means of tapes under each arm. It should be stitched together on each shoulder, when this wears thin make a new one. My little one, five years of age, wears this from early fall until late spring. We have come very near losing him with croup three times, and other mothers will not wonder that we feel like passing a tried and true remedy along.

I should be pleased to receive letters, and pieces of silk, satin, or velvet, and will try to return all favors.

Mrs. A. M. LEE, Harriman, R. F. D., 2, Tenn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have missed but few copies of our paper in years gone by, although not always a subscriber. I have not seen anything from this part of the country. The snow lays on the ground about eighteen inches deep up here where I am today. We are over nine thousand feet above sea level, so we have considerable snow, the first coming September 13, when it snowed for three days. My home is about twenty miles down below in the valley, about seven thousand feet above sea level. Some of the finest fruit ever grown is raised here. One man took the gold medal at the Chicago World's Fair for Baldwin apples. Peaches and pears are also fine.

Cleared land sells from one hundred and fifty dollars to one thousand dollars per acre, and uncultivated can be bought for much less. We have fine soft water, and the climate is very healthy. The lack of water makes the land costly as everything has to be irrigated. My husband is superintendent of a large Irrigation Company, and is obliged to stay up here all the time. I have been here most of the time. I will describe the place so the Eastern sisters may know how we get our water.

The lake lies right on the top of the divide with the water going to the west. The lake is over a mile long, and a half mile wide, and is raised by a dam over the natural height, so they can draw off ninety million gallons of water. Where the natural overflow to the west used to be they built a dam twenty-six feet high with a gate at the bottom, so they can let out the water that way if they want to. On the eastern side they cut a tunnel under the mountain twelve hundred feet to bring the water to the eastern slope. There is a head gate at the end in the lake, and a large bulkhead of logs and cement inside the tunnel about three hundred feet. There is another gate in this, it is very strong, and held the weight of the whole lake this spring as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

The tall athletic figure of a young man is seen leaning against the trunk of a tree. Half aloud he soliloquizes, and wonders what is keeping them. He asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. The service ends, and Theta Rosslyn meets her lover, Gene Warfield. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hidden there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us," Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. WARFIELD—THE PARTING.

IN the clear starlight Eugene Warfield went up the maple-bordered driveway which led to his home. The house stood on an elevation somewhat off the main road, and belonged in architecture to the early colonial period, modified, however, by a great porch that extended across the front, the tall white columns of which, running up to the second story gave a suggestion of the Parthenon.

In the shadow of the pillared porch he found his mother waiting for him. As she heard his step she arose and held out her hands, at her heart the little flutter of delight his near presence never failed to bring there.

Gene took the toil-worn palms tenderly into his own, and bending down he kissed her sweet old face, and the soft folds of snow-white hair that framed it:

"You have been waiting for me, little mother?"

"Yes, Gene, you are late tonight," then as she looked into his face, and saw there the white stricken look, it went straight to her heart, and an exclamation of pain broke from her: "Dear lad, what has happened?" For a moment they regarded each other in sorrowful silence, but in that space she guessed at the cause of his trouble. The intuitive perception of a mother is something that is half divine.

With gentle force he made her sit down on the bench, and threw himself at her feet.

"Mother," he said, the pain in his heart quivering in his voice, "will you pet me as you used to do, and let me be your little boy just for tonight?" and his head fell heavily upon her knees.

"Is it as bad as that, laddie—is it so bad as that?" she said as her fingers softly patted and smoothed his chestnut curls, then she continued in that soothing tone one sometimes uses to a fretful child:

"Maybe it isn't so very bad after all, Gene, maybe it isn't so very bad. Do you remember, years ago, when Theta was a little girl, and you were a big boy in knickerbockers, and how you had it all planned to take her to the child's party they were going to have at Mr. Warren's house? Do you remember it? And then you came down with the measles, and because you couldn't go, your heart was broken—you felt you just couldn't stand it to lose that party. But the loss doesn't trouble you any now, does it, laddie? I think all our troubles are like that. At first they hurt us cruelly, and we feel that we just can't stand the pain, and we don't even know they have begun to heal, because they burn and torture us so; but the wound closes over at last, and by and by not even a scar remains!"

She felt his head lean heavier, and heard a suppressed sob.

"My scar will remain with me always, mother. I shall carry it to my grave. Somehow, I feel tonight that all is lost save ambition. That is all I have left to live for—that and you, mother." He added the last words with a little feeling of shame.

"Eugene!" He felt rather than heard the pain in his mother's tone. "My boy, you break my heart when you speak so—you do indeed," she gently chided. "Ambition will never make you happy. Even though you climb the highest round, and reach the glittering bauble of success you will find it crumble to ashes in your grasp—I fear you will—I fear you will. Listen, Gene! Could I have had my way I would have you a simple farmer, satisfied to marry and settle down here on the homestead to a long and happy life. But you are determined to have your own will—you would study law—our simple life could not satisfy you. Brother John has abetted you in it, too. John has been a good manager since your father died, and has kept up the farm and put money in the bank, and cared for all things well, but he has spoiled you for a contented life, laddie, he has indeed, with all his foolish free thought ideas, and his permitting you to have ready access to all those books that have fed your mind with atheistic theories. And tonight, I find a bitter thought in my heart for my only brother, loving him though I do. Oh, my boy, why can't you settle down here at home? I fear that great West which is calling you. It seems to me like some monster standing ready to devour my only child. And how I fear for you, Gene—you with your headstrong disposition and your powerful will! You were ever a willful lad—so hard to control—you pained your mother's heart many a time. Believe me, if there had been any truth in old folk lore tales, and some good fairy had presided at your birth, and had told me to make three wishes for you, and they should be granted, I wouldn't have wished wealth, nor fame, nor great power for you, laddie. No; I would have wished for you a contented mind, a simple, helpful life, and a peaceful death. And in wishing these things I would have gained for you all the good that life has to offer. And oh, Gene, when I hear you say you are going to make ambition the ruling principle of your life—it just—breaks my heart—" she broke off suddenly with a low cry of anguish.

Gene lifted to hers a face white and quivering.

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

"Mother—little mother—are we never to understand each other? You say you would be satisfied to have me remain here always a simple farmer. Can you not understand that like a caged eagle I should beat my wings against the bars—and die. Even Lincoln himself might have continued a rail-splitter to the end of his days if he had been satisfied to remain on the farm. Satisfaction! To me the very word smacks of moral starvation—mental stagnation. If a man once reaches the point where he is satisfied, he reaches also the state of decay, and there is no further advancement for him. Mother, would you have me sit always and gaze at the play being enacted on the great world's stage? Would you have me live all my life, in a dull, dead level calm, never to know either the sorrow of defeat, or the joy of victory? Much as I love you, and much as the parting from you will cost me, I cannot, must not do the things you ask of me."

She put her arms about his neck, and drew his head to her breast.

"My boy," she said tenderly, "if I felt sure the forces of your nature were always to be arrayed on the side of the right I should not mind letting you go. But can I feel sure of this? Think for how small a price men are selling their souls! For the sordid luxuries gold will bring to feed avarice and pride; for the gratification of the appetites and passions, which indulged to satisfy soon fail to yield sensual

old mother has scolded you a little tonight? You are going away—so soon—she won't have many more chances to lecture you." And she broke down again and cried softly.

"Please don't, mother!" his tone was imploring. "I haven't minded about the lecture. Your lectures are always tender—and I know I need them, and I shall miss them—when I am far away. And there—don't cry—any more."

They stood for a few moments silently holding each other, neither speaking, then they started a little, and their arms fell apart as they heard behind them the sound of an opening door, and both turned to see Maggie, the stout Irish servant girl standing there holding a lamp in her hand.

Maggie had been Mrs. Warfield's faithful and efficient helper ever since her advent on New Hampshire soil fifteen years before. She was a good soul, and she was pretty, too, in her way; she had suitors and might have married, but she kept them all at a distance, and the wages she earned went regularly to bring comfort and cheer to an old mother and several younger brothers and sisters in a little sod cabin across the great water.

Maggie had a sincere respect and love for her mistress, and as for Gene, he had been at once the joy and torment of her existence from the first day she had set foot on the threshold of the homestead.

"And is it you, master Gene," she called out



"THE TIME HAS COME, MOTHER—KISS ME GOOD BY."

pleasure. Yet these I do not fear. No. I feel assured my boy will never yield to the power of gold. But I fear because of your one weakness, Gene—your insatiable appetite for power. And I fear in some hour of strong temptation you will sacrifice all for sake of a short period of gratified ambition, the empty honors of this world. And the thought which is tearing my soul tonight is that your manhood may be sacrificed to fill the pockets of the greedy. Dear lad, do you know why this fear has come to me tonight? Listen! It is because you have broken with all religious traditions. You have cut away your last prop, and at some future time when you feel your moral forces tottering you will—"

"Mother," he broke in impatiently, "you must not suppose that because I have broken with the old beliefs my mind is not reaching out, striving continually to force its way through the portal of the unknown in the hope to reach something more intelligent, something which can harmonize with twentieth century progress and ideas. There is no denying the fact that as we remove much of the old creeds which have been outgrown, so we remove from the less intellectual, the less cultivated mind, much of its comfort. Yet after all, as the child grows up it must give up its belief in Santa Claus, and so, as the intellectual human being advances along the stages of life it, too, must relinquish its early ideals in hopes to progress, and to offer the future generations something better, something more worthy, something more truthful than that which was given to the world in the first century."

As he ceased, his mother looked down at him, her eyes misty with sorrowful feeling.

"My boy, these thoughts are all new and confusing to me. I am anchored to the rock-ribbed past, but you have sailed away across an unknown sea—and my heart is breaking because I know that the width of poles lies between us."

Gene arose, and took his mother tenderly into his arms.

"We can span the distance with our love, mother—surely we can do that. And there—don't cry—see—I'll kiss all the tears away." And he did, very tenderly.

She looked up and tried to smile through her grief.

"Yes, Gene, we will span the distance with our love. And you won't mind, laddie, if your

as she held up the light with one hand, and shook an admonitory finger at the young man with the other, "and is it you that's out there all this long while, and me keeping the meal waiting till my heart is just gray wid you? Arrah! come on in now and ate your supper."

Gene smiled. Perhaps if the truth were told he was a trifle glad of the interruption, for no man likes the sight of a woman's tears.

"You shouldn't have waited supper, Maggie. I don't wish anything tonight."

Maggie opened her blue eyes wide.

"Indade!" she exclaimed, "and that's a purty way to trate a body, ain't it? After a woman makin' a perfect slave of herself to cook the dishes ye like the best? Quit your foolin' and come in and ate your supper like a good b'y."

Maggie's good nature was irresistible, and Gene allowed himself to be coaxed out to the dining-room, where, if he did not eat with quite his accustomed relish he partook of, at least, enough to satisfy Maggie's honest Irish heart.

At the top of the stairs he bade his mother a tender good night, and then sought his own room.

The pain of his so recent sorrow kept him awake a long time, and hearing his restless tossing, his mother's heart ached in sympathy, but when she went in to throw a light quilt over him—for it turned cool along toward morning—she found him sleeping, the moonlight shining on his face and giving to it the innocent trusting look it had worn in his boyhood. She laid a soft kiss on his forehead and then returned to her own room to spend the hours till dawn in prayer for him.

Youth slumbers calmly on but only the watching stars know the lonely vigils mothers keep.

Gene and his mother were standing at the beginning of the maple walk where she had accompanied him to bid him farewell, for the time had come when he was to leave the old roof-tree which had sheltered him all the days of his boyhood.

Uncle John was bustling about, getting out the span and loading Gene's trunk and the box that contained his books and the geological specimens he had so long been collecting.

There were tears in his mother's eyes and tears in her voice, as they held each other close in that hour of parting.

"Here is my chain, Gene, and here is my watch," she said, as she placed them in his hand, "and here in the front of the case I have put my picture—the one you like with the kerchief about my neck—and when you see it there, dear, you'll remember your mother, won't you? And you'll remember always that she loved you, laddie, and that she wanted you to be a clean, honorable and manly man. And Gene," her voice broke into sobs, "when the time comes, as come it must, although it is now dim, afar off, but when the time comes when you must choose between honor, wealth, ambition, all the world has to offer, and doing the right, you'll choose the right, won't you? Yes, in that supreme hour of your life, when Christ offers you His cross—for believe me, He offers it to all of us, whether we believe in His divine origin or not—you'll take it, though in bearing it you lose all the world beside! And in that hour you'll remember your mother's words, and you'll do this because she loves you. And I want you to carry with you the thought, laddie, that there is not an hour of the day when your mother will forget to pray for you." Grief racked her and she could say no more.

"Mother, mother, I'm not worthy of such a patron saint as you, but I will remember your words and try to be what you would have me be, even though I cannot settle down here at home. And I shall miss you, mother—how I shall miss you—" his voice broke into strangled sobs and he left the sentence unfinished.

His uncle drew up the bays under the maple. The old man was wiping the tears from his own eyes, for he dearly loved the lad whose dead father's place he had tried for so many years to fill.

Gene's clasp tightened about his mother.

"The time has come, mother—kiss me good by."

"My boy, my boy! God have you in his care!"

They kissed each other very tenderly, then he loosed her and was driven away. He looked back once and she smiled at him, and that was the last memory of his boyhood's home he carried with him—his mother with the tears running down her cheeks and the brave smile on her lips.

Yes—they smile—these mothers—while their children are watching—but after—ah!

She watched till she could see him no longer, then her grief found full vent.

"God pity me—I didn't know it would be so hard!" her pale lips murmured.

As she stood with unrestrained passion, noiseless footsteps stole to her side, and a sweet voice murmured words of comfort in her ear.

Theta Rosslyn had been up in the hills gathering strawberries that morning, and from her vantage ground above had witnessed the tender leavetaking, and now that the mother was alone she stole to her side.

"My boy! my boy!" the mother sobbed.

"How can I ever bear it to have you go away into the great wild West!"

Theta laid her hands softly on the mother's shoulders.

"God will take care of him, Mrs. Warfield, be sure of that. And sometime—I feel it here in my breast, my heart would break else—sometime He will go out into the mountain and bring home His lost sheep." Tears strangled her, and she ceased to speak.

"Theta! Theta!" murmured the other chidingly, "why couldn't you have married my boy and kept him at home? You could have, if you would."

The girl turned away with a cry of anguish.

"If I only could have," she said, with a passionate intake of her breath. Then she turned back and held out her arms to Mrs. Warfield, and together they wept out their grief.

CHAPTER III.

JUDGE BLODGETT.

Years have passed. The years! how swiftly they go!

In New Hampshire we count them by the growth of our children; in the West they are measured by the growth of cities.

The West! What boundless possibilities are summed up in those two words! Her rolling prairies that are the granaries of the world; her mighty rivers that are the channels through which the commerce of a continent passes; her hills, whereon the myriads of cattle graze; her mountains which are the source art draws upon for all the trifles in silver and flint, which add grace to the refinement of our daily life, the gold, the lifeblood of nations.

The West! The golden West! And as yet she is but in her first awakening—a young giantess arousing lazily from a sleep of centuries.

In her valleys lie acres untouched by the plow, which in future ages will feed unborn millions; undiscovered in her mountains lurk the riches of Golconda. And her cities are as yet in their infancy.

Those cities of the West; how they take up their march in endless procession!

Where the turbulent waters of the Missouri lave the eastern shore of Excelsior, one of those typical Western cities lay basking in the sultry rays of a September sun on the day on which we write.

It was crude—that Western city—it would have offered scant education to the aesthetic sense, yet it was wideawake, and the inhabitants of those showy turreted houses were as eager as any to catch the tone of the great outside world, with its refinements and its humanities.

It was a busy place—the mart to which all the produce of the rich farming district around it was brought. The river brought also its freightage, and great railway systems contributed to its prosperity. It was the home, or rather one of the homes, of the Harvester Trust and several lesser industries.

Such was Excelsior, that growing city to which Warfield had come, a young and unknown lawyer, three years before.

He was no longer an unknown lawyer as that modest sign on a doorway half way down the long Court House corridor gave evidence.

EUGENE WARFIELD.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

It is a big bare room filled with the musty (CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To love our country and protect its flag. To be kind to dumb animals. COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

A H there my Valentines! Look at 'em, thousands of 'em, and growing every day. Did you ever see such a bunch of beauties, and one little rosebud resting in the middle is 89 years young? Oh, I just tell you we are a swell crowd, and I'm very proud of you. I thank you for all the affection you lavish on me, and if I had a billion I would do a lot for you all, but I'm only a bald-headed old pen-pusher working for a salary. I am not the proprietor of COMFORT, though I find that erroneous impression prevails amongst most of you. The proprietor of COMFORT is an honorable, upright, dignified, truthful gentleman, with natural teeth and an automobile. I regret to say I have none of these accomplishments. Above all things I am not upright. It is a sad confession to make, but alas it is true—I'm horizontal, and not upright. The only thing in our family that was upright was the piano. We had an upright piano once, but it took sick with liver trouble and died a violent death some ten years ago. I have no natural teeth, and the store teeth I once possessed I have given away, they ate too much. Those teeth were always hungry. One night I put 'em on the floor, and in the morning I found they had eaten my rubber overshoes. That was where we parted company. I used to be dignified, but I couldn't keep it up. I have no automobile, but there is a strong affinity between gasoline buggies and myself—we both have the same sort of perfume, and we're known and loved chiefly for our scents, and not our sense.

Yes, my dears, I am just a poor old ink speller, and all of COMFORT that I own is the January issue which Billy the Goat is trying to eat. Oh, there is something I do own though, and that something I would not part with for all the money in the world, and that is the love of the readers of this department, and the members of the C. L. O. C.

Now for a few don't's. Don't expect to get your names on the letter list unless you write them with your age and address on a separate slip of paper.

Don't think that because you join the C. L. O. C., you are entitled to have your letters in print. I print the letters that I think will entertain you most, and I can only print one in every thousand I receive. I fill my space, that is all that I can do.

Don't expect your photographs back, for they will not be returned. If you place such tremendous value on your pictures, keep them at home. I only want pictures that are sent to me to do as I please with.

Don't write and tell me your button is lost and you want another. Buttons are not given away to careless people, but will be supplied on receipt of five cents, and stamped addressed envelope to League members only.

Don't send two cents and ask for personal replies to your letters. You must think my time is mighty cheap, when you do that, and it is a poor compliment to me. I'm paid to write in this page, but not outside of it.

Don't write one month and think your letter will be published in the next issue. My page is in print weeks before you see it.

Don't send subscriptions to our Secretary in Brooklyn. She does not publish COMFORT. COMFORT is published in Maine.

Now for a few Do's after the Don't's.

Do write your letters in ink; when possible. Pencil writing is hard on the eyes, and half of the pencilled letters are too faint to be read. If you have no ink catch a black cat, and soak her tail in water for ten minutes, and you'll get dandy black ink. If this fails buy a bottle of ink.

Do send me in fifty thousand new League members, and remember there are autographed sets of my books of poems waiting for all those who send in seven one year subscriptions at 15 cents each. If you don't try and win these books you will miss the treat of your life. I'm modest but I can't help it. An hour's work among your friends will do the trick. Remember, every COMFORT reader gained, is a help to the cause of humanity and civilization. You are doing your friends a service when you show them an issue of COMFORT, and don't forget to tell them they are getting the greatest bargain in the world—a dollar magazine for fifteen cents a year. Explain to your friends you have only to get seven subscriptions for COMFORT and you can get a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems, and you will get it, and get it quick. Go right out and do it now, don't wait and put it off or you'll forget it. Every home should have its COMFORT, and every American family should know of the good work we are doing in this League. I look to everyone of you to win this premium, and I shall be deeply disappointed if you don't.

Here comes a breezy, dashing Western girl on her wild-eyed cayuse, to entertain you with tales of far Idaho.

TROY, IDAHO, NOV. 24, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am five feet ten and one half inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, light complexion, blue eyes, and long golden hair that you read about. I was born and raised here. My father was one of the early frontiersmen in Idaho, and many a time I have fainted dead away at the sight of the red men going into camp by a small stream near our house, but we never suffered a great loss by them. When it comes to chicken, they will steal the last one in the coop and cook and eat it before the eyes of the owner.

I can do all kinds of housework, and enjoy out-of-door sports, the best of which is fishing, hunting, camping out, and riding horseback, and, Uncle Charlie, you ought to see me when I am ready for the mountains. I have a heavy buckskin suit made to my order by a squaw of the Nezperce Indians. It is trimmed with beads, and has different designs worked all over with beads. At the waist there are two pockets, or pistol scabbards, which can not be noticed only when they contain the pistols, and there is also a belt which looks like a ruffle when empty, but when in use is a cartridge belt hard to beat for neatness and appearance.

My riding horse is a jet black, weighing 1,150 pounds and my brother says he is of good stock, and I guess he is for when we have races, he always comes out ahead, but I never run him hard, only when some tenderfoot comes in with a new horse that can beat anything in the country.

I have two brothers at present but I guess John will marry soon; he is working in the mines and is making money so he says, but we don't see any of the money. Enos, my other brother, is a fiddler by trade and a dancer by religion, and don't do anything much only have a good time, and tells what he is going to do.

Our house is a story and a half, rough rock building with a basement and cellar, it is thirty by twenty feet, with a porch extending half way round, which in the summer is covered with roses and all kind of flowers.

Most all fruits and garden sarvia berries are the only wild fruit that grow to an excess.

Well, dear Uncle Charlie, I will not trouble you with too much this time, but if this finds its way to print I will tell of the wonderful settlement and development of this country in the last few years.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins and I will try to answer them.

Your loving niece,
EVA SHEPHERD (No. 9,439).

Eva, quit trying to ride that old cayuse upon my lap. You can sit there if you want to, but I don't want any bronchos on my knees, makes me unkeensy. Eva, you remind me of little Eva in Uncle Tom, because you are so different. Five feet ten and one half inches, that is quite a lot for a man to hold in his lap all at once, but I'm equal to the job. I had a letter from your cayuse this morning, and he says he would rather carry you a yard than a mile, and I believe him. He says there ought to be a law compelling all women over five feet ten inches tall to walk, and I'm half inclined to believe there is something in that, as the monkey said when he put his hand into the hornet's nest.

Anyway, Eva, you are a magnificent sight sitting astride sideways on your pony, with your golden hair floating in the breeze. I don't think a girl of your physique ought to have been afraid of a band of Indians, for I'll bet if you got good and mad you could clean up every Redskins that ever wore paint. I'm grieved to hear about your brothers. I think it is terrible for young men to have gone astray as they have. You say John is making money in the mines. Ah, I suppose he thought no one would see him making it if he went down into the bowels of the earth to do the job. If the Federal Authorities knew he was making money he would get ten years right away on the jump. It is only the U. S. Mints that are allowed to make money and anyone else caught doing it is in for ten years, if the cops get wise to their game. I suppose the reason your brother does not show you any of the money he's made is because he is afraid you would give him away, and sic the cops on to him. He's a wise gazaboo. Enos may find fiddling a good business, but dancing is not much of a religion, it is too unsteady to build much faith on, and fiddling is not a very good business either as it keeps a man scraping for a living all the time. I am sorry your house is only a story and a half. I hate half a story, for it leaves you guessing right at the most interesting part how the story is going to finish, whether she marries the gink with the glass eye, or freezes onto the guy with the club foot and the fat wad. I hope some day you will get the other half of the story of your house finished, and then you must tell us how it ends. You might buy St. Elmo, and put it on the roof, and then you'd have a complete story. Try it, dear, I won't charge anything for the advice, as you're a niece of mine. I should like to go for a ride in your garden truck. I am getting too stiff in the joints to do much horseback riding. Eva, I thank you for your letter, and if you will send me a picture of yourself attired in that buckskin suit it will go slap bang into this page where millions of American people can gaze admiringly at one of the earth's fairest daughters, a Pearl of the Golden West.

P. S. Tell John that if he makes more money than he knows what to do with, and it is made good and right and looks like the real stuff, he can send a bunch of the goods, and I will see what I can do with it—when no one is looking.

A romantic young lady of Kansas wants our opinion of her rhymes, and she wants our honest opinion, and I've no doubt we can manage to give it to her. Ida sent several poems, but as some of your lives may not be insured, I will only spring one on you at this meeting, and this is the best of the bunch. Billy the Goat, has read two of the others, and the doctors are trying to restore him to consciousness. They do not give much hope.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANS., OCT. 28, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a silent though a very contented reader I must say, of COMFORT for some time, and thought I would write and send you a few of my compositions (that is, poems, if I might use the word) and see if they would oblige me by printing them if they are worth it. Now, Uncle, I want you to give me your honest opinion of them. You can criticize them and pick them all to pieces if you want to.

Well, I guess I had better give a little pen picture of my "little" self. I am five feet five inches high, weigh one hundred and four pounds, am seventeen years of age, have brown hair and dark eyes and fair complexion. How's that? Well, I will cut it short with best wishes. Success to you, Uncle Charlie. I would be glad to hear from the cousins.

IDA TRUEBLOOD (No. 5,179).

The Fickle Soldier

In a country far away came a soldier bright and gay
To a little village nestling 'mong the hills,
Where dwelt the village belle,
The fairest one that fell, a willing captive to his iron will,
But one summer's day he left and she slowly faded 'way,
And some has heard her softly, sadly say.

CHORUS.

His broken vows and a broken heart,
Was all he left behind,
Oh, what were they to the soldier gay;
But a pleasant hour of time.

Long years have slowly passed away, since came the soldier gay.

Sweet Nell is laid to rest beneath the pines,
And her children gently say,
As around her grave they stray, the wind seems to echo back her sigh.

CHORUS.

The years sped on again he came and vainly tried
To win her eldest daughter for his own,
But she spurned him from her side
With a voice that trembled cried
Go your way; I seem to hear my mother's moan.

CHORUS.

Ida, you have certainly composed a beautiful piece of song poetry, but my dear, you must not call these effusions poems. Common, ordinary, every-day folks, like Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Tennyson, Byron and all that crowd of dubs wrote poems, but not one of them could ever write poetry, only the "Pots" of the C. L. O. C. can do that. I have looked over your effusions, Ida, and I regret to say there are a few kinks and bumps in it that want straightening out. In the first verse you have six lines, in all the rest four. I don't know if you intended that or just did not notice it. Of course it don't matter much, that is, I mean no one is liable to lose any sleep over it—but Toby thought he would like to set this to music, and he got worried about there being two too many lines in the first verse, but I told him he could cut those two lines out, and hang the wash on them—so that is all right. Your second line does not rhyme with your fourth. It gets near it, but if I am to send you a check from Toby's pants we must have it correct, my dear. Now suppose for your second and third lines you substitute this, and see how much better it sounds:

Where dwelt the village belle, who wasn't feeling well

P. S. She was taking castor oil and liver pills.

Now that rhymes, while iron will does not rhyme, and what's more, I don't see why he had his will written on iron. Paper is the conventional thing for one's last will and testament. This soldier was a foxy guy. He showed the girl this iron will, and I'll bet you he jollied her into thinking he'd made it out in her favor, and was going to leave her a wad as big as a cow barn. I'll bet he sprung this gag on a bunch of easy marks before he'd struck this poor gink, then when the girls thought he was going to marry them and die, and they almost felt they had their hooks on that iron will, he handed them a lemon, and hit the pike for the next burg. Well, it is the girl's own fault, they should not let these fresh guys in pants pass it to them so easy. They should cut out his heart and see if it's a real heart and not a lemon, and they should chloroform him some night when he comes to rub noses with the flower of the flock, and see whether the wad he carries in his breast pocket is the real stuff, or only a one spot wrapped around a bunch of fake green goods. Well, Ida, you say your heroine slowly "faded way."

You wanted to say away, I suppose, but changed your mind. My dear, you can fade away (all song writers ought to do that) but you can't fade "way." You try it and see.

Then you say someone heard her "softly say."

I've looked through thirteen dictionaries and I fail to find softly. Maybe you mean saltily.

Perhaps she got fresh and the soldier boys salted her down, but Toby thinks that maybe she shed so many briny tears that she talked salt.

All the song heroines cry and die, they are the most mournful, mournful, weeping goops, that ever disgraced humanity. If ever I meet one of these weeping, melancholic misanthropes, instead of falling in love with her, I'd bat her over the nut and tell her to go and chase herself. But to continue with the song.

Ida I don't think your chorus will ever enthrall the singing public. You rhyme "behind" with "time." That may do in Texas, but won't go in New York, and if that soldier left a broken heart behind and ran around without one, he is the medal taker, for no man ever did it yet, and lived. Oh, it was the girl's heart he left broken behind was it? Well, I don't believe that story either, for in the next spasm, this frail, broken-hearted, fade-away heroine, is the mother of a bunch of healthy brats, that you couldn't count with an adding machine. Now where, oh where did this progeny come from? Evidently your broken-hearted heroine consoled herself with another lover, though you do not mention who he was or where he came from, or what he did for a living. Your heroine's name is Nell, ah, Ida, all song heroines are Nells, because Nell rhymes with farewell, belle, well, dell, sell and a lot of other dead-easy words, and Nell rhymes with something else Toby says, but it is not fit to print here.

You make pines rhyme with sigh—that's dandy, it takes genius to do that. You also say "Since came the soldier gay" I guess he'd been sitting on a cane-bottomed chair and got caned, well he deserved to be caned for he was a bad lot anyway. In the third spasm you have the gay soldier boy come back and make love to his old sweetheart's "edest" daughter. Well, of all the diabolical villains I ever heard tell of, he's the knook out. Why didn't the "edest" daughter get her Pop to come and knock his eye out, the sassy brazen piece, he ought to have been hammered into a jail. No wonder the poor Mommer started to moan in her grave. I suppose if you'd have had a fourth spasm, you'd have had the gay soldier boy coming back, and eloping with Nell's granddaughter. Ida, you have a great imagination, but my dear, this old story of man's baseness, and woman's credulity has been done a million times, and it has been done in good rhyme, rhythm, and meter, and they are something you have only the crudest ideas about. Amateur song-writing is all right for a fireside amusement, but when hundreds of thousands of people take it up with the idea that they can quickly get rich at it—and have wild ideas that the world is longing to hear their effusions, then it becomes a disease, and at times almost a tragedy, for often the last red cent in the family purse is taken to have these crude and rhymeless rhymes set to music and published. Then people, otherwise sane, neglect their daily work, and live in a golden castle, where they see millions floating for song royalties, while as a matter of fact not one cent in all the world's history was ever paid in royalties on these brain phantasies, for they never reach the public market, and no one would buy them if they did, and the man who tried to sell or sing them would be slaughtered. I've tried to point out the weak spots in your lyric, but don't think your work is inferior to the work of the average amateur song writer, for it isn't; as a matter of fact you are away ahead of most of them, so you can

get an idea how ferocious most of the song poetry is that reaches me. It's the only thing Billy the Goat won't eat, and yet the writers think the public will swallow it and pay for it. How foolish!

A little married cousin from way up in Maine, just where it gets ready to butt into New Brunswick, Canada, wants to join in the chin music.

ASHLAND, AROOSTOOK CO., MAINE, NOV. 23, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please brush a few of those fat cousins off your lap and give me room for a few minutes.

Would you like to hear something of this great potato country? In this country, many of the farmers are buying eggs, butter, oats, meat and vegetables. They will also buy turkeys or other fowls for Thanksgiving. Most of them keep only one cow, no sheep, very few pigs, and a barn filled full of horses. They seldom raise beans, wheat or buckwheat. The staple crops are potatoes and children. Mind, I am not writing of the State, only of the county which is well known as the "Garden of Maine." In this garden, the potatoes are the vegetables, and the children are the flowers. Here where I live sixty miles north of Houlton, there are carried on big lumbering operations, from sixty to seventy million feet of lumber being cut each winter. There is a large sawmill here owned by the Ashland Lumber Co. Our meat don't cost us much and it is of the best. It is running wild in the woods and fields everywhere—all we have to do is to shoot it. My man brought home a fine buck deer the other day. Besides having the two hundred pounds of nice meat for our own use, he has the head with beautiful antlers, that will sell for several dollars. Open time on game here lasts till the 1st of January. We are allowed one bull moose, and two deer of either sex, from the 15th of October until close time. The farmers are allowed to kill deer in the summer if they are found destroying their crops, but every one he kills then, counts against the number to his credit in the open time. I don't think there are many farmers that go meat hungry out of respect for the law. Wild ducks and geese are plentiful on the rivers. Help is scarce, and a common laborer gets two dollars per day and board.

Uncle Charlie, I wish to thank you for that handsome book of your poems, it is worth its weight in gold and many times over the price I paid for it. It is a sure cure for the blues. There now, I must bid you all good by, for I have a long cold ahead of me, and I must go. Your affectionate niece or cousin.

MRS. M. DELILAH YOUNG.

Thanks, Mrs. Young, I am always tickled to death to have young matrons butt into our magic circle. When the young girl cousins come to sit in Uncle Charlie's lap—they usually approach timidly as maidens should, but when the married cousins come, they come in a way that proves they have never squatted on anything but a male lap in all their life. Well, it is good squatting, and beats a Morris chair to fits, if your hubby is the real goods, and knows how to appreciate a good thing. I've kinder neglected Maine, and I'll try and make amends by doing the square thing by Mrs. Young.

Funny, but the name of Young recalls some rather painful memories. I put up fifty dollars some years ago with a matrimonial agency, and the man who ran it guaranteed to put me next to a young lady with a pile of chips that would make the U. S. Treasury look like a kid's savings bank. After a deal of corresponding and a pile of postponements, it was arranged that I was to meet the rich young lady in the office of the marriage bureau. With my heart in my mouth, and my shoes in my feet, I stepped into the reception-room of the bride bureau, and the guy who ran the joint, and had my fifty salted in a burglar proof safe, introduced me to a lady that I will swear had lost all her teeth before Adam and Eve got chased out of the Garden of Eden. "Where did you jig it up?" said I, "and is that what you call a young lady?" "This is a young lady," said the manager, "she was born Young, and she'll be Young if she lives to be a million years old, for her name is Miss Young." "Well," said I, "she misses being young by one million years."

Then I brought suit to recover my fifty dollars, in fact I brought several suits, a whole wardrobe in fact, but I got it where the boy got the boll, right in the neck. Mrs. Young, you are young by name as well as by nature, so this yarn does not reflect on you. I am greatly interested in what you tell us about business developments and agricultural products in your section. I am glad you can raise potatoes, children, and other vegetables of that kind. I never eat venison, much as I would like to, for I am too poor to afford it. No matter how low the price goes it is always deer meat. Cousins, write to Mrs. Young—it is pretty lonely way in the woods, and she will appreciate your cheery letters.

A little hoosier girl wants to say howdy.

REMINGTON, JASPER CO., INDIANA, DEC. 22, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have received my membership card and button. I think they are fine. Thank you, Uncle. I will tell you about myself. I am a girl fifteen years old, gray eyes and dark hair, light complexion. I weigh one hundred and seven pounds. I am five feet one inch in height. I have not been able to go much to school, as in our family there has been so much sickness, but we will not look on the dark side of things. Uncle, I milk and harness the horse, and hitch up and do all kinds of housework. I do all kind of work. I can play a French harp, and guitar. I like music of all kinds. Uncle, I hope you will excuse a poor scholar. Everything that is on this earth was put here by God our Father, for us to use, and we must be good to them all. I love my country and its flag. I like to wash and iron all our clothes, and they look like they had come from the laundry.

Your loving niece,
MISS ARKANSAS SIGMAN.

I am sorry, dear, that sickness has kept you out of school, and on those conditions I will readily excuse the little slips I have found in your letter. What I cannot excuse is the fearful onslaught on our mother tongue, by those who have been going to school for years, but your case is different, dear, and anyway, I have found very few errors in your letter. I would like to see you hitching up the horse, Arkie, dear, but for the land's sake, child, you don't mean to tell me that you actually milk—but there, you say you do—but I won't, positively will not believe it. You've got the cow and horse mixed. Milk the one and hitch up the other, but for Heaven's sake don't get muddled and reverse it. You are quite right, dear, never to look on the dark side of things. I looked on the dark side of things once, and it will be the last time. I got corresponding with a young lady in Alabama, her name was Hyacinth Johnson. Our letters took on a very affectionate tone, as letters always do when passing between susceptible people. In course of time Hyacinth said she was coming North, and I went to Pensadelpia in the State of Phillapania to meet her. We were to meet at the depot, and I was to wear a shirt, collar, and shoes, so she could distinguish me from the ordinary mob of Quakers, who dream their lives away in Scrappletown on the Smellkill River. Hyacinth was to wear a skirt and a picture hat, and an expressive smile, and a mole on her teeth, so that I could know it was Hyacinth and not the other girl. It was agreed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nerol Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup hangs the form of a horseman. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. He tempts the man with money, and the Indian, reticent by nature, and Dick Clarke, occupied with thoughts of his own, travel in silence. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is about to close for the night, and sees only the Indian. Dick Clarke comes forward lest he be denied the shelter he seeks. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together. Dick Clarke retires for the night.

Squire Parkhurst's home is well chosen—two stories high, with a rustic piazza. Mable Higgin lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the years. In her secret heart she is jealous of Mabel Parkhurst, her young mistress. Jerry Blue, the bound boy, annoys Mable. If Hitty were Miss Mabel she would make him study six instead of two hours.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. It is the saving of distance to go through the woods. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he is in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail, and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke has the power to replace him in his old position, and promises nothing he can not perform. Chance has thrown it in his way.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

"WHEN you left the city a few years ago," commenced the lawyer, "you sold a large part of your furniture at auction."

"All, except the little that you see in this room, with a few other articles," answered Joseph Parkhurst.

"So I understand. Among those who were attracted to the auction by curiosity or the desire of making purchases was myself. I was not tempted to purchase until a desk of an antique pattern was put up by the auctioneer. Finding it going at a low figure, and having need of an article of the kind, I ventured to bid upon it, and it was knocked down to me."

"Then you were the purchaser?" said Mr. Parkhurst, looking up suddenly.

"I was," returned the lawyer, a little surprised.

"It was one of the few articles," explained Mr. Parkhurst, "which I had intended to reserve, but owing to some misunderstanding between the auctioneer and myself my direction was not followed. If either my daughter or myself had been present we should have forbidden the sale, but, for reasons which you will readily guess, the thought of being present was a painful one, and we were both out of the city. When I returned the next day I desired to obtain it even at a large advance, but found that the auctioneer retained no recollection either of the name or person of the purchaser, and entry had been made only of the amount for which it sold. If you would be willing to sell it at any reasonable valuation, I should be glad to purchase it."

"I will set no valuation upon it, Mr. Parkhurst, but without consideration of any kind will with pleasure forward it to you when I return to New York, if indeed I am not favored with your company thither."

"I acknowledge your courtesy," said Mr. Parkhurst, "but I should prefer at least to pay you the sum you gave for it."

"That was so trifling that the use of the desk has already reimbursed me."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst, "it only remains for me to accept your obliging proposal. But you will pardon my interruption, and proceed with your narrative."

"For a considerable time," resumed the lawyer, "I made use of the desk without feeling any special curiosity about it. But one day curiosity led me to examine with more particularity the numerous little drawers and compartments that it contained, and while thus engaged my finger chanced to press a secret spring which at once revealed the presence of a drawer whose existence I had not before suspected."

"Indeed, this is news to me," said Mr. Parkhurst with surprise.

"Then your father never communicated to you that the desk contained such a drawer?"

"Never."

"I need scarcely have asked the question, however, as otherwise you would have made the discovery it was reserved for me to stumble upon."

"A discovery!"

"Yes, and one of importance, as you will admit."

"Its nature?" questioned Mr. Parkhurst, fixing his eyes eagerly upon the lawyer.

"The drawer, which was a small one, contained a closely written paper in which your father went on to say that in the troubled state of the period—you know at his death the revolutionary struggle was not decided—I say in con-

sideration of the unsettled state of politics he had decided as a measure of proper precaution to conceal in a secure hiding-place one half of his property, which he had with that design converted into gold."

"Indeed," said Mr. Parkhurst with an air of surprise, "I had not suspected it. It was in relation to this, no doubt, that my father desired to speak to me when he was so suddenly seized."

"You are no doubt correct."

"However, it has not been allowed to remain a secret. I suppose the place of concealment was mentioned."

"It was," answered the lawyer briefly.

Mr. Parkhurst looked expectant, awaiting the revelation. But the lawyer was not inclined to speak.

A little surprised, he said after a pause, "And this place?"

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "I may as well be frank with you. I consider this document as a sort of treasure-trove, to which the finder is not without claim."

"Would you lay claim to my inheritance?" exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst with indignation.

"Pardon my bungling mode of expression," said Clarke. "You have misunderstood me, but it is my fault. I mean that it is only to be expected that I should expect to reap a little advantage from this windfall of fortune."

"In other words you think you ought to receive some reward for your agency in the matter?"

"You have expressed my meaning, Mr. Parkhurst. You know, sir, we professional men are apt to regard such things from a professional point of view, and, however, it may be with others, I do not pretend to be above the weaknesses of humanity."

"Of that, sir, I have no disposition to complain. I trust I am too much of a gentleman to be guilty of the meanness of leaving you without compensation for so essential a service as this."

"Thank you, sir. I felt sure that such would be your sentiments."

"The only thing that remains, then, is to fix the amount of that compensation. Would you regard two thousand dollars as sufficient?"

The lawyer cast down his eyes, and was silent.

"I see that you do not so consider it," pursued Joseph Parkhurst. "Although I do not absolutely promise to accede to your proposal, yet I should wish you to be satisfied. Will you therefore have the goodness to name the compensation which you yourself would consider sufficient?"

Again the lawyer hesitated, as if in doubt.

"The compensation which I desire," he said at length, "is perhaps of a different nature from that which you anticipate."

He paused again, and Mr. Parkhurst, though surprised, signed him to go on.

"You have a daughter, Squire Parkhurst?"

"Assuredly, though what she can have to do with this business is more than I can understand."

"I remember your daughter as she appeared in the city. I used to meet her every day on her way to school. She is very beautiful."

"I think, Mr.—ahem, Mr. Clarke—that it is a business matter we are discussing," said Mr. Parkhurst stiffly.

"Very true, sir. I have by no means lost sight of that. As you are evidently impatient for me to come to a conclusion, I will state as explicitly as it is in my power that the only reward I seek is the hand of your daughter in marriage."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst, rising in indignant surprise, and looking down upon the attorney, with infinite astonishment blended with scorn. "Do I hear aright! Is it the hand of my daughter that—that—"

"That I seek in marriage," suggested the lawyer coolly. "You are quite correct."

"Who are you, sir? What is your pedigree, that you should have the presumption to make such a proposal?"

"As for my pedigree, I take it that it corresponds with yours when you get far enough up. We are both, I believe, descended from Adam, or, if you want to come nearer, I think it probable that Noah is our common ancestor."

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" said Mr. Parkhurst hotly.

"It certainly would not be very decorous to insult a man whom I have invited to become my father-in-law."

"Probably this is a jest. I regret that it should prove such a sorry one. I am willing to forget it, and will now ask you again to fix upon some compensation which you would be pleased to consider adequate."

"Squire Parkhurst," returned his visitor firmly, "I am not in the habit of jesting, and I am in the habit of saying what I mean. I repeat, then, that I am willing to put you in possession of this sum of fifty thousand dollars—a sum that will enable you to return to the city and resume your former style of living on this condition alone, that you give me the hand of your daughter in marriage."

Joseph Parkhurst paced the room in no little agitation. He was of what is conventionally designated as a high family, and his pride and prejudices revolted against the proposed union of his daughter with an obscure lawyer of no lineage. It is to be feared that this consideration weighed with him far more seriously than the thought of incompatibility in important respects by which his daughter's happiness would be likely to be imperiled. Like many of that day he considered love to be but a secondary matter in a marriage contract, and considerations of family and fortune of paramount importance.

The lawyer watched him narrowly as he paced the room, and easily penetrated the nature of the struggle through which he was passing. At the same time he thought he perceived that Mr. Parkhurst was a selfish as well as a proud man, and it was on this that he counted for the ultimate consent which he fully expected to gain.

"I know what the old fellow is thinking of me," passed through his mind. "He no doubt regards me as a mere nobody—as a vulgar adventurer perhaps—and considers it probably as a piece of the most flagrant presumption on my part to aspire to the hand of his daughter. The pride of these old aristocrats is perfectly measureless. Strip them of everything else,

and that remains. Well, I can wait till he has made up his mind in my favor. I have no doubt that he will do it sooner or later."

By this time Joseph Parkhurst had made up his mind to another appeal.

"I think," he said, addressing the lawyer, "I understand your motive in proposing my daughter's hand as the condition of revealing the information of which you have come into clandestine possession."

"Allow me to correct your phraseology, sir," said the lawyer mildly. "The word clandestine conveys a suspicion of my honor to which, as a matter of course, I object. Suppose you substitute the word 'accidental' as more befitting the actual circumstances."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst, biting his lips. "I repeat, then, that I think I comprehend the motive which prompts you to make application for my daughter's hand. You think thus to extort from me—"

"Extort!"

"Obtain, then, from me a larger sum for the information of which you have come into accidental possession."

"My dear sir, you greatly underrate your daughter's attractions, if you think that I have introduced her in this way."

Not heeding this disclaimer, Mr. Parkhurst proceeded: "This being the case, I yet feel that I am to a certain extent in your power. You have, honorably or otherwise, I will not say which, obtained a hold upon me. If you choose to demand an extravagant price for your information, I am compelled to submit to your terms."

"You do accept my terms!" exclaimed the lawyer eagerly.

"You are too fast, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst coldly. "I so far yield to your demands that I will agree to give you the marriage portion which I should design to bestow with my daughter, this being, as I conceive, what you really are aiming at. That portion will be ten thousand dollars, or one fifth of the property of which I expect to come into possession."

"I regard the marriage portion as liberal, Mr. Parkhurst," was the lawyer's reply, "but in one point I grieve to disappoint you. I should of course expect to receive a marriage portion with your daughter, but I must insist on her going with it."

Joseph Parkhurst drew back haughtily. "Sir," he said, "I regret to find you so persistent in refusing what I regard as an unusually favorable offer on my part. You must be aware that in respect of birth and station my daughter is no suitable match for you."

"I frankly admit it," was the unexpected reply, "and perhaps it is for this reason that I feel a strong desire to mate myself with one who possesses what I lack. I desire to elevate myself by marriage, and circumstances have pointed to your daughter as the one to whom I can with the most propriety look as a member of such a partnership. Her uncommon personal attractions of course recommend her further, and therefore I shall continue to insist upon this point."

"And if I break off the negotiations peremptorily, and forever?" demanded Mr. Parkhurst. "You will then have gained nothing by your discovery."

"Pardon me," said the lawyer coolly. "You appear to forget one very important circumstance."

"And what is that?"

"I know where the money is concealed!"

"Good Heavens! You would not possess yourself of it to the exclusion of the true owner?"

"I certainly would. Indeed I take credit to myself for not having so done without speaking to you on the subject at all. You must allow that you at least would never have been the wiser, nor have had the slightest suspicion that you had met with a loss."

Mr. Parkhurst groaned and covered his face with his hands, as he realized the truth of these words and the extent to which he was in the power of the man before him.

"However," pursued Dick Clarke coolly, "I did not do as I have said I might, for more than one reason, perhaps, but certainly not least because I hoped to become your son-in-law, and I have the good taste to value youth and beauty above the mere dross of gold, which, however, is a very good thing in its way. But, sir, I see that in an event of this importance you are naturally unable to decide at a moment's notice. I will therefore retire for the present and take another opportunity of calling upon you. In the mean time I shall take up my residence at Hill's Tavern, where you can readily hear of me, if you should desire to confer further on this important subject. I have the pleasure of wishing you a good morning."

"Good morning, sir," was the stiff reply, and a moment later Dick Clarke was out of the house, leaving Joseph Parkhurst a prey to conflicting emotions.

"I think he'll come around in time," the crafty lawyer told himself. "He won't want to lose that money, and when he sees he must either give up his daughter or lose it, he'll give in."

Although Dick Clarke did not know it, two persons watched his departure with interest. These were Mable, who gazed forth eagerly from a kitchen window, and Jerry, who was lurking behind one of the tall rose bushes.

"A handsome man," thought Hitty. "If only he had stopped around for a drink of water or something. I'd like to talk to him. I don't think he's married."

Jerry's opinion was not so favorable. From the start he noticed the crafty look on Dick Clarke's face.

"That fellow is a sharper if ever there was one," thought the boy. "I don't believe he is up to much good. What brought him away out here, anyway?"

"Jerry!" called the spinster.

"What do you want now?" asked the boy, coming around to the kitchen door.

"Did you see the gentleman go?"

"Yes."

"He seems like a very nice man."

"Would you marry him, Hitty?"

"What questions you ask! Go and get me a pail of water this minute."

"But would you?"

"Time enough to answer that question when he asks me to."

"Was the squire glad to see him?"

"I don't know. I don't play the eaves-dropper, Jerry Blue. Now go and get the water, or you'll get no dinner."

And then Jerry went, for his appetite was good and he could not bear to think of missing a meal.

But for a long time after seeing Dick Clarke he could not get the lawyer out of his mind.

"Pears to me I've seen him before," he mused. "At Dan Cass's or the poorhouse, or somewhere. I wish I knew for certain."

CHAPTER XI.

JERRY HAS SOME FUN.

All through the dinner hour Jerry failed to get Dick Clarke out of his mind.

He ate with Mehitable, so he saw little or nothing of Mr. Parkhurst or Mabel.

"Hitty, did you ever see that gentleman before?" he asked during the meal.

"Never. Why do you ask?" returned the spinster.

"It's in my mind that I have seen him somewhere—but where I can't imagine."

"He has never been to this place. Perhaps you met him at Hill's Tavern."

"No, I think he's a stranger in these parts."

"Then you think you saw him before you left New York?"

"I ain't sure of it; but his face looks familiar."

"He had a long and earnest talk with the squire, and once they spoke so loud I thought they were quarreling. But what it was about I don't know," went on the spinster, after a pause.

"Perhaps he come for money."

"If he did, I guess he went away disappointed. The squire is hard pushed and has none to spare. The crops weren't half as good last season as he expected them to be."

"It's queer the squire came away out here. He was too proud to stay in the city after he lost the most of his money."

"Then he used to be rich?"

"Yes, and his father before him."

"Wish I was rich," continued Jerry, with a sigh.

"Perhaps you will be some day, Jerry. How would you like to find out that you are the missing son of a millionaire?"

"That would suit me to death."

"I think it's awful to be roaming around this world not knowing who you be," went on the spinster, regardless of how she might hurt Jerry's feelings by the remark.

"I think so myself. But what am I to do?"

"Do? Don't ask me. If the squire and Miss Mabel couldn't find out anything about you, it would be pretty hard for anybody to do it."

"I believe you. But I am going to find out some day, and don't you forget it."

For two hours after dinner Jerry worked in the garden and hoed the corn patch, and then slipped away to do a little fishing at the upper end of the pond near the house.

As he walked along the edge of the pond he saw a handsome-looking young man coming toward him. This was Henry Davenport, and a great admirer of Mabel Parkhurst.

"Hullo, Jerry!" called out the young man pleasantly. "Where are you bound?"

"Fishing," answered Jerry with a grin.

"Good enough. I trust you get a good haul."

"So do I, Mr. Davenport. Don't you want to go along?"

"I can't spare the time, Jerry. Is Miss Mabel at home?"

"She was at home half an hour ago. But I think she went out for a walk."

"In which direction?"

"Off that way," and Jerry jerked his thumb in the direction.

"All right, I reckon I can find her."

Henry Davenport started to go on, but Jerry stopped him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Davenport, but have you been to Hill's Tavern lately?" he questioned.

"No, Jerry, not for the past ten days or two weeks."

"Oh, all right then."

"Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering if you had met the gentleman who called on the squire today. I think he is stopping at the tavern."

"No, I haven't met any strangers lately. Some friend of Squire Parkhurst?"

"I don't know if he is a friend or not. He spent a couple of hours with the squire."

There was a pause, and then the two separated, Jerry to fish in a hole that was a favorite spot with him, and Henry Davenport to go on a hunt for Mabel.

If there was one thing Jerry could do well, it was to fish, and ere long he had a mess of sixteen finny beauties to his credit.

"There, I don't think anybody could do better than that," he told himself with much pride. "Sixteen of 'em, and hardly a one less than three-quarters of a pound. Now we'll have fresh fish, even if we don't have fresh deer meat."

In the mean time Henry Davenport hunted, at first in vain, for Mabel Parkhurst. But at last he found her not far from the wilderness home. She had just picked a wild rose when he came up. Their greeting was a cordial one.

"I have been looking for you for over an hour," he explained, as they sauntered off together. "Jerry told me you were out for a walk."

"Where is he?"

"I left him getting ready to fish. I don't know where he is now," answered Henry Davenport.

He was very much smitten with the beautiful girl, and presently he begged her to make him a gift of the wild rose she had plucked, and which she now held just out of his reach. She shook her head playfully.

"But why won't you give it to me, Mabel?" pleaded the young man.

"Why won't I, sir? Because you are altogether too acquisitive. Why should you deprive me of my poor little rose when there are so many others on the bushes close by?"

"But they are not the same to me, Mabel."

The lively girl pretended to misunderstand him, while his persistence really pleased her.

"You mean that I have helped myself to the best one. For shame, Henry, to accuse me of such selfishness."

"Well, Mabel, I will make you a proposal."

"Hadn't you better make it to Mehitable?" said Mabel slyly.

"Pshaw! I was going to say that I would

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

if we liked each other, we were to go to the minister and get divorced at once. The train arrived, and my heart throbbed so wildly with blissful expectation, that I had to take my teeth out of my face, and hold them in my hand. The passengers alighted, I watched 'em alight. Did you ever watch passengers alight? It is terrible to watch them alight, for it is only by a miracle they don't burn to death. It was arranged that Hyacinth should wear a sunflower pinned in the middle of her back, so I'd know her if her face was turned to me. I saw the sunflower and rushed up to the wearer and said "Hyacinth, darling!" and then Hyacinth turned her head, and I shall never forget that face—it was as black as soot and fourteen times blacker than ink. It was a warm day, and the perspiration that dropped from Hyacinth's brow was the color of stove polish. "Man, dat you?" was all she said, and made a dive for me. I dodged and ran, Hyacinth hot on my trail, and I'm still running—I shall run if I live to be a million years old, for if I stopped—well, I'd be looking on the dark side of things, and that's no lie either. Arkie, dear, don't you ever look on the dark side of things. I did it once, but never again. It was a narrow escape.

Here's a brave little girl who needs a whole lot of love and sympathy.

SALEM, MASS., Nov. 9, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: This is the first letter I've written to you. I have only been a League member but a short time.

I am a young, unfortunate girl. I left school about two years ago, and did housework. Then I left housework to work in a laundry. Six months ago an accident happened to me. I caught my hand in a mangle. My hand was in the machine four minutes, and there was about eighty pounds of steam on it at the time the accident happened.

Most everyone says I had great courage for so young a girl. They took me to the hospital. When the doctor saw my hand, he thought it would have to come off. My hand wasn't cut off until two weeks afterward, and then was cut off two inches above the wrist bone. I have been home from the hospital two weeks and am feeling fine.

It is kind of bad for me, because it is my right hand that is lost. You will have to excuse my writing, as I cannot get used to my left hand yet. I will close now and send my love to you and the cousins.

Your niece,

LAURA DUNHAM (No. 15,844).

Laura, you are a brave, heroic girl. Not a whimper, whine or complaint in your letter, and yet you've lost your bread-winning hand, which is equal to your two legs when it comes down to hustling for a living, as most of our work falls on that hand. Don't lose heart, dear. It is not necessary to tell you that, as you are all heart, and a stout heart is yours all right. You are pretty heavily handicapped, but you will soon find that that left hand will accomplish double what it once did, and acquire a dexterity and skill, that will surprise you. With a mechanical hand you will be able to do nearly as much around the house as the ordinary two-handed girl does. I've got a friend of mine on the stage, a very clever actor, and he has only one arm, but he does so well with the artificial one, no one ever suspects that he has not two good arms. He visited me twice before I knew of his accident, and then he had to tell me. Of course, no artificial hand will ever do the work of the old one, and you have indeed a cross to bear, but don't be disheartened, for I've no doubt there are plenty of good fellows in the world who will be willing to give you their arms to shelter, aid, and protect you, and will cheerfully do the little things you cannot do, and your very affliction will doubtless be the means of bringing a world of love and sympathy to you that you would otherwise have missed. Be assured of our love and sympathy, and just how deep that is you will know, as soon as these lines are in print.

Here is a little lady from Kansas knocking for admission.

McCUNE, KANS., Nov. 9, 1906.

DEAR COUSINS: As I am a little thirteen years old, and I am a reader of COMFORT, which I enjoy very much, I would like for some reader of the COMFORT to send me the words of, "Brave Custard's last charge," and "Please Mr. Conductor." And if this don't find the way to the waste-basket, I will write again soon.

I go to school every day. I am in the eighth grade. I have not missed a day this term. I wish you would please send me the songs. I remain your little reader,

EFFIE ARTERBURG, Box 67, McCune, R. F. D., 3, Kansas.

Effie says she would like the words of "Brave Custard's last charge." Well, Effie, I did not know that custards were famous for making brave charges, that is, as a rule, but I'll tell you right now it is a good thing you wrote to me, for I once saw and felt a custard make a brave charge, and if it did not nearly put the kibosh on my earthly career, well, ask me another. I was dining out, you will notice when I dine at all, I dine out. This is for obvious reasons. There is nothing doing in the grub line at home. Well, I was dining both out and in. That is, I was feeding my face on the outside, and storing it away in my safety deposit vault on the inside. Anyway, after I had pushed a gallon of soup into my face, and rammed three buckets of kidney stew on top of it in my catchall, the hostess brought me a boiled custard. Just as the hired girl put the custard on the table—the ghostess, I mean the hostess, accidentally upset a bottle of claret, and it fell all over the custard, and gee, that custard got furious, and cussed hard, it was just boiling hot. You see, it appears that this particular custard never drank anything but champagne, and when it got soured with common claret, well, it was fighting mad, and used language that no respectable custard ever articulated before in genteel society. The ladies blushed and I said "Mr. Custard, you are no gentleman, if you don't moderate your language I will be under the painful necessity of pushing a hole in your face!" Then the fat was in the fire, and the custard screaming with rage made a wild and furious charge down the middle of the table, and hit me a sockdologger in the smelly box, and had me down and out on the floor before I could put my fist inside its nose, or knock its eye out. Before the custard stopped charging, the Governor had to call out the militia, and it took three regiments of the National Guard to put that god darned custard into a cell. Now, Effie, if you want a song written about this, I will undertake the job. The lyric—that is the words, will cost you \$25, and the music I will do you for another \$25, and that makes a hundred even. My arithmetic is dandy isn't it? What is that? You'd like to publish it on a royalty basis. Oh, very well, that will cost \$50 more, I get the money, and you walk seven thousand years dreaming over,

and figuring on royalties that will never come—except in your mind. They all do that, Effie, until they wake up. What's that? It is not a custard you are talking about, but a celebrated Indian fighter, who was wiped out by the Reds. Oh, you mean "Custer's Last Charge!" Oh, dear, dear, and I've been and got on the wrong track. Well, dear, you've written custard, and of course, I took it for granted that you wouldn't put a famous general into a pudding, and make him into a custard. You're too patriotic to do that. Anyway I have given you a very exciting account of a real custard's last charge, and I won't charge you anything for it. As regards the song, "Please Mr. Conductor," you must tell me whether you want a song about a street-car conductor or a lightning conductor. I'd advise you to get the latter as it is a flash song, with a swift movement, and strikes right home, and makes a hit every time.

A little lassie from Northern New York has a whole lot she wants to tell us. Order, please, while New York says its little piece.

LA FARGEVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my card and button quite a while ago, and I thought I would write and let you know I received them all right, and I thank you very much for them.

I have only one sister, she is ten years old. I will tell about some of our pets. We each have a cat and a lamb, her name is Nancy. She goes with us everywhere we go, and sometimes she tries to follow us to school. We also have a dog his name is Freddie. He and Nancy have great times together. Uncle Charlie, if you would come and see us we would go fishing. We live about four and a half miles from the St. Lawrence river. There are a great many kinds of fish caught in this river.

I live about two miles and a half from the village of La Fargeville, and about seven miles from Clayton. We have free mail, and during the summer months there are several egg carts go past our door, so we don't have to go to La Fargeville very often.

If you would come out next spring we would give you some work to do. You could help father make maple sugar. He had almost three hundred trees tapped last year, and he had to boil several nights until after one o'clock in the morning, and one night it was after four o'clock.

I will give you a description of myself. I am thirteen years old, have dark, brown hair, blue eyes, and I am five feet two inches tall, and weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds.

Well, I must close, as my letter is already too long. Your niece,

RENA M. VINCENT (No. 12,255).

Rena, your letter is neatly written, and very exciting. You say you have free mail at your city. That must be dandy. Send out all the letters you want to, and no postage to pay. My, but I'd be busy in a town like that. Every magazine in the country will be moving to La Fargeville directly they get wise to this free mail business.

I don't like egg carts. When I was on the stage they wheeled a bunch of egg carts up to the gallery door, and then let me have them one at a time in bunches. First, they egged me on, and then they egged me off, the papers got out an eggstra edition, and I was full of eggotism for several years. I still feel eggy in the grub box at times. You see most of the eggs went down shells and all, and after a week, they began to hatch out, and I was a walking incubator with a barnyard attachment. I was able to crow over everybody in those days. Rena, I should be glad to help your father make maple sugar, but I'd never, oh, never consent to help him boil several nights. To boil one night would seem to me a pretty hard job; but several—oh, that's terrible. How can you get a great big dark night by the leg, and shove it in the pot, and boil it? A whole night is a pretty big proposition, and how you can not only get one, but several of 'em in a pot, and boil 'em, beats me. I should think after you had boiled a night, it would take all the blackness out of it, and it would lose its nice dark color, and be a very washed-out sort of affair. I don't go fishing, dear. I went fishing once, and the grasshopper I caught for bait, pushed me into ninety feet of wet water, and I was drowned. Greenbacks are the only things I fish for now, and I would have a fit if I caught one.

Below you will find a list of those who are bravely bearing their crosses of suffering. You remember how Joseph of Arimathea bore the Saviour's Cross on the way to Calvary, if you don't it is time you did, and if you don't you had better read about it before you are another minute older. Here is your chance to lift the cross from the shoulders of sick brothers and sisters, and give them a brief respite from pain and suffering. Here are a few rules to observe when writing to invalids:

Don't write at all unless you can do them some good. Writing sixteen pages about your own personal troubles as nearly sixty per cent. of you do is enough to put a sick person in the cemetery. Cut your own troubles out, they have got enough of their own without hearing yours.

Don't write unless you inclose a postage stamp, and don't expect that stamp to be used for a reply—let the shut-in do as he or she pleases with it.

Remember, a silver dime "In His Name," beats all the sympathy, religion, tracts, and chin music in the world. Put your religion, your Christianity into deeds, or keep it to yourself, for neither God nor man want talk. Parrots talk, Christians act.

Never send a package or letter through the mail unless it is properly weighed, and stamped, and remember, Uncle Sam charges two cents an ounce for merchandise. Most people think that two cents will carry a ton of old newspaper rubbish from their attics and cellars, so they ship their musty papers to shut-ins, and make them pay the excess postage at their end. Shame on such cruelty. Now, do your best, and Heaven will bless you.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit. Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those

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The dealer, even though he buys only one at a time, gets it at wholesale price.

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We ask you to prove it for yourself—by your own examination, trial and comparison. That's the way a quarter of a million customers have proved it for three generations.

First we ask you to send us your name and address.

We will then send you our catalogue, which is a marvel of printing, color and design, showing the choicest of our fifty styles in miniature. The book will enable you to make a selection just as intelligently as if you saw the instrument at factory.

We will also send you a reference book of 5,000 recent purchasers (some of whom you may know) and a list of testimonials from old Cornish patrons.

And further, we will send you a copy of our bond of indemnity, which is an iron-clad guarantee that no responsibility whatever will attach to you in placing one of our instruments in your home for examination and free trial. We take all the risk. We put you under no obligation whatever.

Our bond of indemnity also insures the instrument for a term of twenty-five years against defect in material or workmanship.

We deliver free of all freight charges, if desired. You place the instrument in your home and use it one month just as if it were your own. You call in your musical friends and let them put it to a test and pass judgment upon it before you decide to buy it—we agree to find no fault with your decision.

If it does not prove to be a handsomer and better made instrument than you can find for the price we ask, and if it does not possess a purer and sweeter tone than any you can find at any price, you return it to us at any time within one year and get your money back, together with all freight charges and 8 per cent interest added.

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We give you, by mail, a two years' course (96 lessons) in Musical Education Absolutely Free.

CORNISH CO. Established 50 Years. Washington, N. J.

sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for February

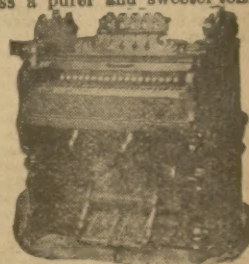
Lottie Monn, Penfield, Pa. Poor child has had spinal trouble nine years. Edith Fishleigh (22), 159 4th St., Wyandotte, Mich. Bedridden two years, spinal trouble—only a few cousins have written her. Wants invalid chair. Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. Chronic invalid. Don't forget her. Florence M. Bass, Shawneetown, Ill. Bedridden and helpless. Alone with aged mother, has no income. Wants a Bible with big print. Mrs. S. L. Carter, Summerfield, N. C. Wants silk pieces, reading and letters only. James C. Shirah, Box 218, Mineral Wells, Tex. Jim is confined to a wheel chair. Chronic rheumatism—wants you to cheer him up. Rebecca Whitfield, Finlayson, R. F. D., 2, Ga. Alone with aged mother; helpless in a wheel chair. No means of support save by the sale of her little book, and bookmarks.

Mrs. S. A. Reeves (64), Arcadia, R. I., writes: "I am getting old, and fast losing my eyesight. It is a dark outlook." Write her cheery letters, please. Mrs. M. A. Binford, Wilsonville, Ala. Minister's widow. Can be cured by an operation. Mrs. H. Wright, Box 952, Williamstown, Mass. Mrs. Wright is alone in the world with three little children, and is an invalid. Life is a hard proposition for her. Miss Azubah Lee (27), Dunn, R. F. D., 2, N. C., is slowly dying from atrophy of liver, and has curvature of the spine. Both her sister and self are invalids. Mother is dead, father is 75 years old, and is very feeble, and waits on both. No means. Miss Lee is full of sunshine and jolly, although a great sufferer. Writes fine letters. Send her cheer. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Cannot walk or talk. Confined to bed. Wants reading and cheer. Mrs. Phoebe Anthony, and Mrs. Dorcas Arnold, West Kingston, R. I. Both are invalids. (Mrs. Arnold is 81), both poor and



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needy. Rebecca Pennington (25), South Portsmouth, Ky. Shut-in, wants cheery letters. Lonely and friendless. Little Julius Riddi of Suttons Bay, Mich., is confined to bed, owing to an accident, and will never leave it. Wants cheery letters only. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel, Province Que., Can. Invalid for 17 years. Poor, lonesome, and needy. Nannie M. Jones (39), Yorkville, R. F. D., 4, S. C. Invalid. No means. Needs medical treatment. Being cared for by poor family. Gladys Bradshaw, Hale, Mo. Recovering from long illness. Needs cheery letters. Mother is dead. Charming girl. Eva L. Stevens, Greenville, R. F. D., 1, Ala. Shut-in, needs cheery letters.

Now, be good boys, and angelic girls, until the March winds blow you all rosy cheeks into my lap, once more, and don't forget that I want every League member to work for one of my books of poems. Get seven 15-cent one-year subscribers to COMFORT, and you will have a beautifully gotten-up book, bound in silk cloth, that will keep you laughing for the next thousand years. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie.

Uncle Charlie's Poems—Sure cure for the blues, cloth bound 50c. Address Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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This is our 20th Anniversary in the Seed Business and we are giving away 50,000 Boxes of this great selection of new crop seeds, over 100 packets, all different varieties, many novelties. We give this entire Box of Seeds to any person who will hand out a little of our advertising matter in their neighborhood. If you want a box, SEND FOR PARTICULARS AT ONCE. Our new Seed Catalog for 1907, 28th anniversary edition, is the Greatest Catalog we have ever issued, full of Bargains, mailed free. Address, Mills Seed Co., Box 250, Rose Hill, N. Y.

The Hidden Wedding Treasure

or,

The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

By William T. Valentine

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CHAPTER XIV.

GOLD IS DROSS UNLESS IT BE SHARED.

TWO MONTHS have passed since the terrible day when the god of fire belched forth flames to destroy, like the city of Biblical times, and when the internal rumblings were stayed, the inrolling of the sea was stopped, and the golden sun of June smiled down upon people already becoming happy, in spite of great misery and loss of life.

Men, women and children were numbered among the victims of the San Francisco earthquake, and yet those who remained were looking about for happiness, and trying to build upon the funeral pyres, a new city.

"And just about the best in the city is Miss Rosalie," more than one laborer would remark, as he straightened his back to look up at the handsome Bronson home. In cottages all along the great hill were traces of her great generosity, the girl who had not hesitated to give away her wedding clothes that those of simple means might not go without. Such a girl could never be forgotten.

"And her old Pap," another would say regretfully, and then would sigh, for John Bronson was the friend of everyone.

The story of his wonderful wedding present, in twenty dollar gold pieces, would be talked about, and the question asked, the one of the other:

"Where be it?"

And the reply always came:

"The good God knows," and many there were who knelt praying and sobbing before the various churches, as much praying for Rosalie, as for themselves.

As she came down the hill, in her white motor, with her two friends, whom she had rescued, with her, she smiled and bowed in every direction. It was almost like a young queen in procession through her subjects, and at last Katherine said softly:

"Dear Rosalie, they act as if I want to do all the time."

"Get right and tow, you dear," and Violet smiled with Katherine, while Rosalie cried, almost impatiently:

"See here, girls, if fortune had favored me, and spared alone my husband, you would think me cruel to keep him boxed up. Just because a little money has been left me, too, is there any reason why I ought not to share it?" and she looked pleading.

"If you had your wedding gift, and would not mind so much, but you have not enough for yourselves," Violet said slowly.

"Until we come to an end of the pile, allow us to do as we please," and her face looked like an angel's, but her heart was heavy because the end was very near. Owing to the fact that she had been given a thousand dollars for her spending money on the wedding trip, Rosalie and Ireton had spent so much, and divided so generously, refusing any assistance from others, they were fast becoming poor, among the poor, and she and her generous husband were trembling for the time when they would be obliged to turn away those who needed help so much.

As the white motor went along, driven by the young wife in her white gown, and children ran on begging for bare necessities, and Rosalie resolved that if she should ever come into possession of money again, she could not enjoy spending it all upon herself, but must give it to those suffering, and while she was resolving, she distributed all she had with her in the way of food and clothing, and a countless supply of tender smiles and soft words.

Ireton, Felton and Gerald met the ladies, and were taken aboard, but Rosalie's eyes caught the anxious line between the dear brow. Therefore as soon as she could draw Ireton aside, Rosalie asked gently:

"What is it, my dear?"

"You little heartsease, how do you know?"

"How do I know? Why because I love you," she returned, and her explanation was returned with a kiss, then he said earnestly:

"I hope you are very strong, darling."

"Strong?"

"Yes, my Rose, for I have news for you."

"My father!" she cried, a little hand clutching her throbbing heart.

"Yes, your father," he returned, then caught his wife in his arms.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME EXPLANATIONS.

Many years ago, when San Francisco was but a mining village, more than one miner looked among the rocks for a safe hiding-place for the treasures gathered up through danger and back-breaking efforts.

A man, who afterwards "ummed with Bronson, found one of the best in a place, and when he died, he gave it to all his sons, to a man who had been so faithful to him.

"An old man," said the old man, "followed year, and John Bronson gradually built his palace above the great treasure cave, which not only contained for a month prior to the wedding day, the great fortune in twenty dollar gold pieces, but rare jewels, almost priceless tapestries, golden vessels and exquisite paintings.

After seeing his, to him angelic child, ascend to her room, John Bronson, smiling to herself, had gone to the secret caddy, behind which was arranged the entrance. Pressing upon the spring, a trap was revealed, which he entered, and he spent the entire night going over everything, hoping to make her dear eyes open wide with astonishment.

Suddenly there came a terrible noise, as though the whole world was being rent asunder, a column of the treasure cave was thrown across the entrance, and while others were flying from rocks and fire, John Bronson was buried amid his wealth.

At last he managed to draw himself out, into the very room containing the wedding presents; heard the gentle plans of his daughter, and those of her new father-in-law, and so, with his own blood, he managed to scratch a message, and took back with him all the gifts, leaving behind a promise that all value for each would be returned to the donor.

"What made you think of doing that?" his daughter cried, her arms about his neck.

"It was your own plan. I think I carried it out as you wished. I sent money in every case, except one."

"Why did you keep us in anxiety all this time?" Ireton asked, his face very pale.

John Bronson drew his daughter to his knee, saying gently:

"My daughter knew that her old Pappy couldn't be killed any such way, could he?" he asked, rubbing his cheek against her soft one.

Rosalie drew him close to her, crying:

"She knew that her Pappy and she were too closely joined for that," and no one ever again saw her flinch at calling her father Pappy.

John Bronson noticed it, and with several tender kisses, whispered:

"Little girl you have given me the best gift I could have," and she hated herself to think that she had been so cruel; but if she had known the pleasure the calling of that simple name could have bestowed, she would never have given him any other.

"It suits me, too," Ireton said, deeply touched, as he remembered the difference between the two fathers.

"Thinking of the Judge? Never mind, lad. He's all right now. Such a shock was enough to kill the strongest of men, and if I had not known of the

values of roots and herbs, I might have fared pretty bad," then with a tender smile he asked:

"Are you ready to receive your presents?"

"Yes, but where?"

"On the altar of a little church I have been putting up, now call the guests," and he seemed to disappear from their sight.

Rosalie gave a sudden little cry, clinging to her husband, saying nervously:

"I don't think I can stand much more, Ireton," and quite naturally the young husband felt indignant towards his father-in-law for subjecting poor Rosalie to any more stress. She had been carried into the present chamber, as they had grown to call the room in which her presents had been set forth, and it was upon his dear face, Rosalie's eyes had first opened.

"What more did you know, Rosalie?" Ireton who had never before repeated the question to her, asked quickly.

Rosalie held out another piece of paper, on which were a few words written in red:

"When the proper time comes my daughter, bring with you those whom I have chosen, to the secret vault, and wait."

"And the secret vault?"

"Is not the real treasure vault, I am sure, for I often played in it, especially when mamma died, and I was so lonely."

"Then you had some idea of this?"

"A little, but I was afraid some of his plans had miscarried, and all this has unstrung me."

Ireton held her close in his strong young arms, wondering if he could ever be worthy of his treasure. It did not matter if she had not a cent, he was rich in her virtues, her sweetness, the one who had the power to shape his character, and keep pure his soul.

"Dearest," Rosalie said softly, "I expect the proper time has come."

"I think so, too."

"Then tell our friends, will you please, and do not forget Jim and Annie, they went through as much with us, that I want them," and first kissing her, and leaving the room, Ireton felt almost dazed at the loftiness of her character.

"How few, especially now when she is so filled with our own affairs, would think of those two?" and with a powerful reverence in his heart for her, he summoned all she had mentioned, and they found her standing before the present chamber.

"Come," she said gently, holding out her hand to her husband, and they led the way to the hall, beneath an exquisite picture of Mrs. Bronson. The daughter's eyes were filled with tears, as she pressed upon a knob just below the smiling eyes of the dead woman, a door swung back, and a pair of stairs were revealed, down which Rosalie ran with accustomed feet.

The others followed more slowly, but soon found themselves in a dark vault.

"Do you know the secret, Rosalie?" Katherine asked a little nervously.

"No dear, except we are here by my father's command."

"I wish he would come," Violet said nervously, when from afar there came a sound of peculiarly sweet music, and Rosalie said in a low voice:

"If you can see, seat yourselves."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REAL TREASURE.

The few people sat in the dark vault, shivering, listening to the music with which was commingled soon the tread of many feet, though nothing could be seen.

The words were beautiful: "Onward Christian Soldiers," and awoke keen emotion in the breasts of those who had been through so much.

From out the gloom came a clear voice, and these were the words spoken solemnly:

"Our friends, I was buried alive, and yet I live. My fortune was entombed with me, and yet through the Mercy of God we are rescued."

"Through stress and suffering, you have all proven your real merit, but none more so than my daughter, my little Rosalie."

"On the eve of her wedding day, I promised her an immense fortune in twenty dollar gold pieces. I am now here to deliver it to her," and a sudden radiance lighting up the crypt, the visitors found they were sitting in a cave hollowed out of solid rock, with a chancel in the end, and on it was an immense pile of glittering twenty dollar gold pieces.

With a little cry, Rosalie sprang forward, wearing the dress intended for her wedding gown, for it had not been within the heart of woman to give it away.

"Is it all for me, Pappy?" she asked.

"Every cent."

"And you, Ireton?"

"Every cent."

"My friends?"

"Every cent," came from all but a discontented appearing man, crouching in one corner, his skinny fingers about a velvet-lined jewel case.

"Then if it is mine, I want to spend it in a certain way," she cried, her face glorified.

"In any way you want," came from her father's throat and the rest joined in, all but the shabby old Judge.

"During the past months, I have learned how terrible it is to be poor and sad. I have seen mothers thrust away their children from their barren bosoms; I have seen fathers cheerfully rob themselves to feed their children; I have seen children killing themselves to provide for parents.

During the days, when I hoped and prayed for this money that I might give it where it was so needed, I resolved to remove a little bit of the misery in the world, and along this road down the hill, there will always be good, honest work for men who take their pay home to women and children, and if I fail, why it will not be much worse than many others who have tried to do good, and not succeeded, I just want to do it, may I?" and there is no wonder that they all, even the old Judge, roused for the moment, cried:

"God bless you, you may!"

Then there was another dazzling light, and the guests saw wonderful piles of gold and jewels, and as though from out of the distance:

"This is the fortune she can not use as she can her Wedding Treasure, but with it all goes the love of two old miners, an angel mother, and her sweet, tender spirit which has absorbed all that is wise and good from all three."

"The wedding treasure lies there," pointing towards the twenty dollar gold pieces; "there is the rest of the fortune which will set us all on our feet again, but," drawing the white-robed figure into his arms, and facing them all, "within this gentle bosom lies the real treasure, her beautiful soul."

THE END.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

the gate at the upper end did not hold at all. My husband waded in against the water to this gate until he had so much running he could not get in there, he built what he calls his "own line." He wedged pieces between the lagging, and laid boards on them to crawl on. It's hard on the knees, for I went in one time. The roar of the water at the bulkhead is terrifying. As the water is ordered by the stockholders he lets it out or shuts it off when there is too much running. Every foot is measured, and has to be accounted for. It runs down the creek to the valley, and is measured out down there into the individual ditches by a water commissioner. This whole Grand Mias is covered

with artificial lakes and reservoirs for water, and it is all measured and turned out by the paid men. This is a beautiful place to live in after the mosquitoes and horse flies are frosted out, then it is liable to snow so soon after that. The Columbine, our state flower, grows luxuriantly here. The lakes are full of trout large and small, but can be caught only at certain times of the year. Wild grouse are quite plentiful, but the game laws restrict the killing of them also.

I should be pleased to hear from any, and especially the sisters in the northern part of Arkansas near the Ozark mountain or in good farming or timber country. I will try to answer all promptly. Mrs. J. W. LUND, Cedaredge, Col.

DEAR EDITOR:

I noted a request from H. O. Stiles, 152 West 28th St., New York City, for the removal of paint from garments.

After many years of worry, and trying everything I heard of, I have settled on two ways as the very best. I have never failed with either. For garments that will not stand boiling, grease the paint spots with very salty butter, if very dry and hard hang near fire, rub between fingers and grease again, let hang for some time, then roll up and lay over night, wash in good hot, strong soapuds. For shirts, both white and colored, I roll up and let stand over night.

I once, years ago, cleaned an all-wool suit of clothes with butter, the edges of the sleeves were stiff as a board though not worn any. After hanging by fire for a day and laying over night I put into hot suds, and scrubbed them on a wash board, then used a scrubbing brush over every bit of them. When dry and pressed they looked as well as when new.

For overalls and jumpers make with the hard lye a very strong lye water. Soak them over night—a short time will not do—when the white clothes have been rubbed, put them in tub, lay out on board, and scrub with a good stiff scrubbing brush, one made of broom corn is best, soap well, and boil for ten or fifteen minutes, suds, rinse, starch and dry.

I. M. W. Clayton, Salem, Monroe Co., Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a milliner, but I am keeping house in one room for the present. Rents are scarce here, but there is plenty of work for both men and women, building is progressing rapidly, and the refugees are being cared for. I enjoy the sisters' letters, and agree with Mandy Smith in regard to the badge, I think it would be fine.

Mrs. H. C. Koons. I do not believe in whipping children; there are other methods to be used which have more effect, and are more beneficial; study the child and you will soon learn the best method. I had only to say to my little daughter,

"Hazel, mamma doesn't like you for that, she told you not to do it," she would go and sit down on her stool, and sob, presently she would say "mamma, do you like me now?" If I said "yes," she would run and play, but if I said, "Not yet," she would sit there, until I told her "yes," and would always try to be better. She is now seventeen, and a dear good girl. It pays to go slow and study your child.

I wonder if you all know how to clean white felt hats. Just use corn meal, rub with white cloth and brush thoroughly.

To make deep cream lace use of Yellow Ochre one tablespoonful to two of French rice powder, put it in box or bag with lace shirke well, take out and dust out all that will come.

To clean white plumes, wash through two changes of warm soapuds, with your hands, then rinse in lukewarm water to which one tablespoonful of laundry starch has been added, then draw through thumb and finger and hang out in the sun. When nearly dry, draw the feather through fingers the wrong way, then shake out well, when dry curl with silver knife by taking a small bunch at a time curl under; try it! they will be like new.

To color artificial flowers use stain for burnt wood, dilute with alcohol until desired shade is obtained, apply with brush.

Will the sisters send me white muslin blocks, ten inches square, with name and address worked on same? All favors returned. I would also enjoy photographs on paper six by four inches with quotations from your favorite author and name and address. Valentines please, don't forget sisters, and I will answer all. An old-time subscriber,

Mrs. Lida M. Palmer, 3333 22nd St., San Francisco, Cal.

MY DEARS:

Here we are in the last month of winter; how short the time has been, what with preparing the Thanksgiving feast, arranging, planning, making and buying our Christmas gifts, the frolicking and during the holidays, New Year's calls, greetings visits, the days and weeks have gone and brought us way on into February, a joyous month, St. Valentine's day, when make cupid busy, and the birthday of our honored George Washington.

Every month has some bright spot in it for some of us. Frost is king now, and with the warm sunny days that we will soon have, comes recollections to many, of the days gone by, "down on the old farm," when came the sap boiling and sugar-making, who of us remembers that, what with the delights of perhaps being allowed to go with "Pa" to the camp and sleeping in the rude shelter, with a breakfast of fried pork, warmed up potatoes, bread and butter. How good everything tasted, and later the joy of going around gathering the sap and riding the old horse, as the snow was too deep for your little short legs to wade through, you could and did gather wood for the fire and kept it going, while "Pa" was out gathering sap and pouring it into the kettles, where it was boiled down to syrup, then taken to the house and made into sugar. Oh, what fun!

Scraping out the kettles for the thimbleome syrup, and sugar, making wax, and buttermilk candy, going to bed full and happy, and the next morning's breakfast, buckwheat cakes, sausage and maple syrup. We did not hear of dyspepsia then, or so many ailments. In the first place food was not adulterated in any way, shape or manner, baking powders were not known, alum and acids and in consequence the people were more nutritious, all the nourishment was not taken out of it to make it lily white. There was no sewing machine's result, no frills, ruffles, tucks; garments were made plainer and not so many of them. Fashion was not king then. With the coming of the sewing machine came fashions to follow, for the housewife and mother to puzzle her brains over. The washing, the laundering of all these ruffles and puffs up his shop, many times his wares were bought, as "mother did not have time to do so much cooking."

There were no women's clubs, or so many entertainments to attend, steam heat, furnace heat, etc., was not known. Wood stoves and open fireplaces prevailed and all were healthy and happy.

In a city in Sweden (of 125,000 inhabitants) forty years ago, there were only five drug stores in another town of 7,000 inhabitants there was not one drug store, and only one sively used, hot bread was never eaten. Those people were born, lived to a good old age. See wheat cakes, and home-made sausage. I do not recommend the two latter for our dyspeptic friends, but let them try the rye bread. Let us have plainer food, coarser breads, prunes and apples for sauce, let us take more pains, devote more time and thought to our cooking, and not so much to dress and fashions. What does a fine dress or coat amount to if we are going about with a brickbat in our stomachs?

I wish to thank all my friends through our dear Comfort for the many handsome and useful gifts you have showered upon me, and still they come.

Mrs. Linden. Thank you very much for the views of Cincinnati, and the music.

So many are writing me of the useful, beautiful and practical prizes they have received from Comfort for sending in new subscribers; the book of "Good old songs" mother and grandmother used to sing is worth its weight in gold, one lady wrote me The Chart of chords and Grand Album of songs are two things that all musicians should have.

The book "St Elmo" is a beauty, the graceful, lover-like way that St. Elmo is holding Edna shows that though a very scientific, scholarly man he

with artificial lakes and reservoirs for water, and it is all measured and turned out by the paid men. This is a beautiful place to live in after the mosquitoes and horse flies are frosted out, then it is liable to snow so soon after that. The Columbine, our state flower, grows luxuriantly here. The lakes are full of trout large and small, but can be caught only at certain times of the year. Wild grouse are quite plentiful, but the game laws restrict the killing of them also.

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MY DEARS: Here we are in the last month of winter; how short the time has been, what with preparing the Thanksgiving feast, arranging, planning, making and buying our Christmas gifts, the frolicking and during the holidays, New Year's calls, greetings visits, the days and weeks have gone and brought us way on into February, a joyous month, St. Valentine's day, when make cupid busy, and the birthday of our honored George Washington.

Every month has some bright spot in it for some of us. Frost is king now, and with the warm sunny days that we will soon have, comes recollections to many, of the days gone by, "down on the old farm," when came the sap boiling and sugar-making, who of us remembers that, what with the delights of perhaps being allowed to go with "Pa" to the camp and sleeping in the rude shelter, with a breakfast of fried pork, warmed up potatoes, bread and butter. How good everything tasted, and later the joy of going around gathering the sap and riding the old horse, as the snow was too deep for your little short legs to wade through, you could and did gather wood for the fire and kept it going, while "Pa" was out gathering sap and pouring it into the kettles, where it was boiled down to syrup, then taken to the house and made into sugar. Oh, what fun!

Scraping out the kettles for the thimbleome syrup, and sugar, making wax, and buttermilk candy, going to bed full and happy, and the next morning's breakfast, buckwheat cakes, sausage and maple syrup. We did not hear of dyspepsia then, or so many ailments. In the first place food was not adulterated in any way, shape or manner, baking powders were not known, alum and acids and in consequence the people were more nutritious, all the nourishment was not taken out of it to make it lily white. There was no sewing machine's result, no frills, ruffles, tucks; garments were made plainer and not so many of them. Fashion was not king then. With the coming of the sewing machine came fashions to follow, for the housewife and mother to puzzle her brains over. The washing, the laundering of all these ruffles and puffs up his shop, many times his wares were bought, as "mother did not have time to do so much cooking."

There were no women's clubs, or so many entertainments to attend, steam heat, furnace heat, etc., was not known. Wood stoves and open fireplaces prevailed and all were healthy and happy.

In a city in Sweden (of 125,000 inhabitants) forty years ago, there were only five drug stores in another town of 7,000 inhabitants there was not one drug store, and only one sively used, hot bread was never eaten. Those people were born, lived to a good old age. See wheat cakes, and home-made sausage. I do not recommend the two latter for our dyspeptic friends, but let them try the rye bread. Let us have plainer food, coarser breads, prunes and apples for sauce, let us take more pains, devote more time and thought to our cooking, and not so much to dress and fashions. What does a fine dress or coat amount to if we are going about with a brickbat in our stomachs?

I wish to thank all my friends through our dear Comfort for the many handsome and useful gifts you have showered upon me, and still they come.

Mrs. Linden. Thank you very much for the views of Cincinnati, and the music.

So many are writing me of the useful, beautiful and practical prizes they have received from Comfort for sending in new subscribers; the book of "Good old songs" mother and grandmother used to sing is worth its weight in gold, one lady wrote me The Chart of chords and Grand Album of songs are two things that all musicians should have.

The book "St Elmo" is a beauty, the graceful, lover-like way that St. Elmo is holding Edna shows that though a very scientific, scholarly man he



The Great Chicago Mystery

or, The Man With Many Aliases

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By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "Aired," he officials satisfied with the return of the money?" They ought to prosecute Percy Mandeville; he has the making of a confirmed criminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girl and a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch the man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she encourages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last happy afternoon he has for many a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl, whose people want Crit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, line the customers up—nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond cuff buttons is taken. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis swears if he gets free he'll never let you take him alive. The chief tells Truman of a crook, Christie Ferris, who has three or four names, although only twenty, who is in for "dipping." Truman "awakes" him and asks him, "Do you want to know who it was got you in here this last time?"

It's Jim Hollis. Christie will get even with him. Crit wants Christie to locate Jim Hollis. Ralph and Peter enter a saloon. They are attracted to a newcomer, who is the worse for liquor and well supplied with money. Ralph recognizes the man as Percy Mandeville. His companions are known as "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike. The trio seem worried. If the "old man" sees him this way he'll go out of business for a bit. The drunken man is not afraid of him or Jim Hollis either. Ralph and Peter strike a clue.

Custer Quex refuses to credit the rumor concerning Sylvia Lyster's disappearance with Percy Mandeville. The detectives summon Kathie Mandeville, who admits Sylvia receives a registered letter.

Ralph and Peter listen to the conversation, Mandeville sinks down lower in his chair dead to the world—his two companions grow impatient. The detectives notice they do not drink. Jim Hollis never permits his associates to drink while on a job. Christie Ferris comes hurriedly into the room, giving a gesture Ralph has seen before; there is instant confusion. Crit Truman in the guise of "Hang-eye" John enters, and takes his escape from Joliet.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

AN almost broken-hearted man sat in the room where he had expected to meet his sweetheart the night she disappeared, reading a letter, written with pencil, and blurred by many tears. It was written on a tab of common writing-paper, and between the lines, he felt he could read a sorrow even deeper than the one she indicated. A sob stuck in his throat, as he read:

"MY OWN DARLING CUSTER:
"I wish words of mine could convey the terrible sorrow I feel at being obliged to write you this.
"Dearest, although I belong to you with all my heart and soul, we cannot realize our heavenly dream of being husband and wife.

"I know you ask why? I cannot tell you, although I would gladly give all I possess, but Heavens, how little that is now, to tell you all, oh, I must endure the terrible shame alone.
"I go of my own free will away from the home I have always known, and loved so dearly. I go from the man who has treated me so royally and tenderly; and from you my best beloved, and that is the greatest wrench of all.

"Custer, do you remember when we first met, at the Assembly hall? I was introduced to society that night, and there has never been anyone else in my life. I feel yet the thrill which ran through me, when I saw that dear head of yours bowing before me. Perhaps it was a very wicked thing to say, but I told myself that unless I married you I would go single to my grave. I will keep that promise I made with myself, darling, for as I can never be your wife, no other man can claim me.

"I am thinking of our delightful acquaintance, which developed so beautifully day by day, until my very heart seemed to burst with joy, for I knew that I was fair to you, and that you were growing to love me. Sweetheart, I believe I loved first."

The young lover reading these words, kissed them passionately, exclaiming:

"Indeed you did not, for as I bowed, my heart went forth to you, precious sweetheart!" then he continued reading his letter, teeming with love and devotion, and yet one of the saddest a woman ever wrote.

"Then came the blessed night when you told me that you loved me! Its memory will ever dwell with me, for I knew that I was beloved as I loved. No matter how long I live, my dear, no one can take that memory from me, nor the realization that I have known the great happiness of being all in all to the man whom I adore.

"From the moment that you received this letter, I will be as dead to you. Why, I cannot tell you, but I implore you to forget me, and to marry some girl without a shadow over her life. I am not to blame, I know I need not tell you that, but nevertheless I have to suffer for the wrong-doing of others. May the Great Father above bless you, my Custer, and bring you the happiness that I once thought I could. Darling, good by.

"Yours broken-heartedly," SYLVIA."

"You are not dead to me, I swear it!" cried the frantic lover, "for I will search the world over until I find you, and wrench from you the terrible secret which parts us!" then he began to read again.

CHAPTER IX.

A VERY NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

When Crit decided to take up the case as presented by Chicago's chief of police, he had considered every point carefully. He knew that he had to go among a desperate and crafty set of men, and to put his wits against one of the most successful and daring crooks in the United States. To do this a strong policy must be adopted and adhered to. After due reflection, he decided that he could produce best results by going as some former leader.

Crit and his assistants, Ralph and Peter were sitting talking the matter over, and several

plans had been suggested, when suddenly Crit had cried:

"I have just the thing!"

"What?" Ralph and Peter both cried.

"Remember 'Hang-eye' John?" he asked.

The others nodded.

"He went over the road for ten years. I say, Peter, get me long distance Joliet."

After talking with the warden of the Joliet penitentiary for ten minutes, Crit found out that "Hang-eye" John was quietly serving his sentence, and promised to aid the great detective by keeping any outsiders from communicating with him for a few days.

"It will do fine!" Crit had exclaimed as he unfolded a plan which made even Ralph and Peter wonder.

The trial of this noted criminal had been a long and sensational one, and his face was well known throughout the country. Crit had seen him more than once, when he was operating in New York, and was well acquainted with his peculiarities.

No man in the country can equal Crit Truman in the art of disguising and make-up, and while it is impossible to reveal all his methods, it is sufficient to say that it is possible for him to arrange his disguise so as to assume it with

Ferris led the way, and ducked down into a basement. Crit followed without an instant's pause. Ferris did not stop but went on through what proved to be an empty room into an alley in the rear, in through the back door of a saloon, up a pair of stairs, across a covered passageway, down another pair of stairs broken and tumbledown.

Finally he stopped in a dirty room, evidently in the back of a low saloon, and said hoarsely:

"Wait here," then left the room.

Crit glanced hurriedly about him. His practiced eyes looked for a trap, for he knew there must be one, and immediately discovered it. He saw that the floor sagged fully four inches from the foot board at one end, and searching, discovered that the entire floor was a trap door. Without waiting to be dropped, he leaped lightly back to the stairs down which he and his companion had come, and just in time, for his feet had barely left the floor, when it was dropped, the entire surface swinging back towards the stairway. From below came a horrible stench, and considerable sewer gas, and Crit, peering into the dark hole felt glad enough that he was not lying in it, perhaps maimed or dying.



"DON'T JIM! I'LL FORGET ALL I HEARD!" CAME IN AGONIZED TONES.

very little trouble. He can so change his own face as to make it resemble another's with almost lightning facility and in this way is able to conduct some of his most famous cases.

After he had laid his plans, and sent Peter to his wigmaker with instructions for a wig after the sketch Crit had himself drawn, the great man took out all the pictures he had of the criminal, and studied them carefully.

The wigmaker was used to working on short notice for Crit, and promised to get what was wanted done before the detectives left the following morning, and Peter returned to find Crit fully made up for the part. To judge from the pictures, the impersonation was perfect. Ralph had seen the original several times, and so he was better fitted to judge, and he declared it one of Crit's best.

Crit was not satisfied with going through the work once, however, but cleansed his face and went over it again and again, until he was perfect, and knew without looking just how much he needed of each pigment and just where to put it.

This disguise was concealed about the person of Crit Truman when he went to call upon the chief of police, and he carried it with him when he disappeared around the corner of State and Twenty-second street with Christie Ferris.

Crit had seen the gesture made by the passing crook to Ferris, and the change in the lad, just as had Ralph. However, he gave no sign, but pretended he thought everything was as before. As has been seen he made no objection to sending his assistants off the car, although he knew they would follow by the next, and when Ferris told him to get off at Twenty-second street, he showed no desire to back out or indicated in any way that he thoroughly distrusted his guide.

"Mantraps do exist in Chicago," he muttered, then turned to consider his next move, for he realized that he was in a perfect den of thieves.

Half way down the stairway was a landing, and it took Crit but a moment to reach it. Several doors opened upon it, and Crit, cautiously turned the knob of one of them. It turned readily, and the door swung inward on oiled hinges. Crit had noticed that the trap below had worked very quietly, as though kept in good order. Another thing he had observed, the table and two chairs were fastened to the floor and went down with it.

The room was empty, and Crit entered it, for he was anxious to don his disguise. As quietly as though in his own office, the great detective assumed it, and then drawing up the long hair of the wig under a broad, dirty white sombrero, such as the original "Hang-eye" John always wore, he left the room on the landing, and once more descended the stairs, this time, however, opening a door in the wall, just before the bottom was reached, which led into the trap room.

It led, as he supposed, straight to an alley, and Crit had no difficulty in reaching Twenty-second street from there. With his excellent head for locality, he had no difficulty in placing the saloon, behind which was the trap, and he boldly entered it. As he kept his hat well over his face, he was not particularly noticed, and so had opportunity to look about him. Crouched in one corner was Ferris, trembling so violently that Crit decided that this was probably the first time he had led a victim into that fatal room. The wretched fellow's face was yellow; his eyes watered, and his mouth, loose and drooping, fairly drooled. At last he staggered to the bar, and tossed off a glass of

water, the barkeeper gave him, without comment.

"That settles it," Crit said to himself. "Ferris is Jim Hollis's man. A crook that will keep from brandy after putting a man where he hid me, is under Jim Hollis and no one else."

Ferris was evidently making some request of the man behind the bar, but the latter only shook his head, and then muttered:

"Gw'an, see yerself."

Crit almost pitied the wretched coward, as he dragged his feet to the rear of the saloon, disappeared an instant, and then returned with Crit's hat, which the latter had been careful to drop on the lowest step of the stairway.

The barkeeper uttered an oath, when he saw it, but Ferris, although trembling, bundled it up, and fastened it inside his coat, then with a shifty look about, darted from the saloon, and Crit an instant later followed him.

The crook walked rapidly, but without taking any precautions to hide his destination, and so Crit had no difficulty in keeping him in view. For half an hour he went along, Crit following, then disappeared in a dark hallway. Crit did not pause, he followed him boldly, and up a pair of sagging stairs. So lightly did the detective walk, that the crook did not know he was being followed. On and on the curious pair climbed, emerging on several dirty landings, until they came to the top floor. Just one door opened on this stairway, and as he followed Ferris, Crit heard a low cry.

CHAPTER X.

A MISSING HEROINE.

The detective started, for the cry came from a woman's lips, and evidently those of a young woman.

Ferris did not pause, but pushed ahead into a dark doorway, Crit following close at his heels, hearing the words:

"Don't, I say, don't!"

"Then will you stop that noise?" and Crit recognized the voice.

"Yes, yes, anything!"

"You'd better mind me my girl, or I'll give you something to scream for!" muttered the man so cruelly, that Crit could scarcely restrain himself, for a coward is something he could not endure, and a man cruel to a woman is the worst kind of a one.

"Don't Jim, I'll forget all I heard!" came in agonized tones, and then Crit heard a peculiar rap. Two quick taps, one long one, then three still quicker than the first two.

"Well?" came from the inner room, in an entirely different tone, although the voice was not so disguised but that Crit still recognized it.

"Skiddoo," Crit heard Ferris say, in a low tone.

The door opened immediately, and Crit, flattened against the wall, caught sight of a tall man, with a cleft in his upper lip.

"What is it, Ferris?" the man asked angrily.

"Say, 'Four-time', don't you show no fancy tricks wid me," Ferris cried, dodging as though expecting a blow.

"Why not?" thundered the man.

"Dat fly mug youse always blowin' about, Crit Truman."

"Well, what of him?" the man cried with an oath.

"I dropped him," was the quick response.

"When, where? Come in. Nell get on your hat and get out. Don't come back for an hour!"

"I won't listen, Jim, indeed I won't!" cried the girl.

Then she gave a low cry as there was the sound of soft flesh being struck, and Crit felt that if this continued much longer he would be obliged to show himself to prevent any more cruelty. An instant later, he slipped into the outer hall, and was standing there when the girl came out.

She was tying a veil about her flushed face, one side of which was already beginning to swell. She was elegantly dressed, and was not what he had supposed, a fit companion for crooks, but an intelligent-looking, refined girl, of perhaps twenty.

She started when she saw the stranger, but Crit said quietly:

"Pardon me, but I think you are in need of some help."

In spite of his disguise there was something in Crit's voice and manner which encouraged the girl, for she said rapidly:

"If ever there was a woman who needed help it is I."

"Can I give it?" Crit asked.

"Can I trust you?" she asked wearily.

Time was very precious. Ferris or Hollis himself might come out any minute. Crit took a card from his pocket and scribbled a couple of lines on it, then he asked:

"Know anything about the city?"

"No."

"Can you tell east from west?"

"I do not know."

"Get out of here. Take a car running east. Get off at State street, and walk one block to Wabash avenue. There board a Cottage Grove avenue car. Ride on it to Fifty-fifth street Boulevard. Go to the number on this card, and present the card whose name I have written there. Stay with her until you hear from me."

"Will I be safe with her?"

"By the memory of my mother, I swear you will," Crit said solemnly, then he pressed several bills into the girl's hands, and whispering:

"Be very careful for this is a terrible part of the town," he motioned her toward the stairs.

The detective dreaded to let her go alone, for he recognized that she had been trapped in some way and needed his care, but he did not dare leave these two crooks without learning something of their plans.

The girl with a grateful glance at her unknown friend hurried away, and Crit slipped back into the inner hall, to hear Hollis sneer:

"Well, suppose I did have you railroaded over? It was better to have you do time, than me, wasn't it? You fool!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Incubation

CARE must be taken to place the incubator so that it will not set in a draught, and it should be made as nearly level as possible. Use a spirit level on top of the incubator to test it front to back, and from side to side. If a level is not at hand, use a shallow pan of water on top of the machine for the same purpose. If the water is the same depth on all sides, with the bottom resting evenly on the top of the incubator, the machine is level. Block up under the legs of the machine until you get it right. If the body of the incubator is not level, the egg chamber will not heat evenly; therefore, be sure that the machine is as nearly even as possible. Be sure it sets firmly.

Warming Up

When starting the incubator, run with low lamp flame until the machine is thoroughly warmed through. Then run with a moderately high lamp flame, and adjust the regulating device according to the manufacturer's directions. After securing the proper adjustment, the machine should run evenly at a temperature of 102.1-2 to 103 in the egg chamber, with the center of the thermometer bulb two inches from the bottom of the egg tray. Maintain this temperature throughout the hatch. Run the incubator empty for a few days until you become familiar with it, and are sure that the regulating device is working properly. After you are sure you understand the operation of the machine, and can run it at an even temperature, the eggs may be put in. Do not put in the eggs until you can run the empty incubator at an even temperature.

Supply Fresh Air

Be sure that there is an abundant supply of fresh air in the incubator room at all times. A serious mistake of beginners is being afraid that a little fresh air will jeopardize the hatch. It is important to remember that if you have one hundred and fifty living germs in an incubator, all those living organisms are consuming oxygen every day, and every minute of the day, hence, it is important that they be supplied with that life-giving element.

If the incubator is a moderately warm place, say about 60 degrees, more air can be admitted to the machine, and the eggs can be cooled and aired a longer time than if the machine is in a considerably colder place. This means that cooling and airing the eggs should be much less in cold weather than in mild, spring weather. Then, too, you can do decidedly more cooling and airing the last third of the hatch than earlier, and the living embryos will be the better for it.

The practice of operators varies considerably, some cooling and airing the eggs a great deal after the first week; and there are some who cool and air from the very start almost. Generally speaking, however, if the incubator is in a cool place it will be found that the eggs get sufficiently cooled and aired at the daily turning the first week, then a few minutes a day the second week, and the last week (up to the time of pipping) ten to fifteen minutes a day is none too much. Indeed, if the animal heat in the eggs is strong, and the temperature of the incubator room is 60 degrees or above, quite a long airing daily will be beneficial.

Don't be afraid of giving the embryo chicks shut up within the egg shells too much fresh air to breathe—the errors are all in the other direction. One man, for example, stuffed rags into every crack and crevice, to keep out the life-giving oxygen in the air! He will save a few cents' worth of oil by keeping out the cool air, but at the expense of vitality and vigor of the chicks—and some of them may be so weakened by the lack of fresh air to breathe, that they may not be able to struggle out of the shells.

Care of the Lamp

Keep the incubator lamp clean. Put in a new wick when starting each hatch. Be sure to trim the wick and fill the lamp after turning the eggs every morning. Never attend to the lamp and handle the eggs with oily hands. Carelessness of that kind has ruined many hatches. Keep the perforations in the disc about the wick tube of the lamp burner clean and open, and do not allow crusts to accumulate on the wick tube. Use only the best grade of kerosene oil.

In filling the lamp, be careful not to run the oil over; have it full, but not too full. Always run a lamp flame of sufficient height so that it can be turned higher or lower as needed. Never turn the flame high enough to cause the lamp to smoke.

Testing the Eggs

An egg tester is furnished with every incubator, and hens' eggs should be tested twice during every hatch. Experienced operators will make their first test on the sixth day, but it is easier for the beginner to test on the tenth day. Do not turn the eggs on testing day, as handling them while testing will stir them up all that is necessary. In cold weather test the eggs in a warm room. When the egg tray is removed, close the door of the machine.

The egg tester should be ready for use in a dark room, and it is more convenient to provide an extra tray, in which to place the fertile eggs and a basket for the infertile ones and dead germs. By holding the eggs before the opening in the egg tester, which has been placed on a lighted lamp, the operator will be able to examine the contents. The infertile eggs will be perfectly clear, or only show a slight shadow of the yolk.

The dead germs are not so easy to recognize, and a little practice is necessary to identify them. Many dead germs will show a small, irregular

red line, apparently adhering to the inside of the shell, or a broken circle of red containing a dark brown spot. The operator will soon become familiar with the various types of dead and putrid eggs.

On the sixth day the live egg is easily recognized, as it contains a spider-like arrangement of blood vessels, in the midst of which appears the embryo, a small irregular dark body which has pulsating motion, and appears to be floating in the center of the network of blood vessels which radiate from it.

On the tenth day the larger portion of the fertile egg appears dark, with a fair-sized air space at the large end. Mark any doubtful eggs and let them remain in the machine until the next test.

When the trayful has been tested, and the infertile eggs and dead germs removed, the live eggs should be returned to the incubator. The infertile eggs may be cooked and fed to large brooder chicks, growing stock, or breeding birds. Do not feed eggs to newly-hatched chicks.

The second test should be made on the seventeenth or eighteenth day. All live germs will now appear to fill the greater part of the egg, making it opaque when held before the tester. The air cell will be considerably increased in size, and may show a slightly irregular outline. Dead germs will show a streaky or mottled appearance. All dead germs and any eggs, marked doubtful at the first test, which have failed to develop, should be removed at this time.

Do not be in a hurry to open the machine at the end of the hatch; your chicks will not die of starvation; nature has provided for all their requirements for at least forty-eight hours after exclusion, and more chicks are killed by opening the machine, perhaps with a view of saving some chick which it is thought can not get out by itself, than by any other means. The chick that has to be assisted out of the shell is never any good, and in saving, or trying to save, the one, you may kill fifty others.

Correspondence

W. H. C. H.—Are Rhode Island Reds as large as Plymouth Rocks? Are they as good layers and hustlers? Are they healthy chickens? (2) What is good for cholera?

A.—Rhode Island Reds are not so heavy as Plymouth Rocks, being small boned; are always plump, which makes excellent broilers and roasters; are better hustlers than the Rocks, and excellent layers, healthy and handy. (2) Cholera is a contagious disease. Remove the bird showing any tendency to the complaint from the general flock.

Add to each quart of drinking water for the sick birds: Spirits of camphor, one teaspoonful, and one fourth ounce of sulpho-carbide of zinc. The sulpho-carbide of zinc should be white in color. The more red it shows, the more impure and irritating it is. Much of the sulpho-carbide offered is not white, and should be avoided for internal use. You will notice that this salt of zinc is often suggested by me. I get much satisfaction from it as an internal antiseptic. For drinking water for the apparently well birds, add to every quart, one eighth ounce sulpho-carbide of zinc.

If the diarrhoea is excessive, give a pill of "Dover's Powder," one grain every two hours until the discharge lessens. The opium in the pill relieves pain and quiets the muscular action of the bowels. The diet question is difficult to solve. Anything bulky is out of the question, if indeed the bird does not solve this by refusing to eat at all. Highly concentrated food is needed to sustain life—something easily digested; and this requirement is best found in meat juice. One tablespoonful, every four hours, given by means of a glass dropping tube or a spoon, will help the case. The meat juice is prepared by half cooking steak, squeezing the liquid out, and adding a little salt and pepper.

L. C.—Will ducks hatch successfully in an incubator, and would a machine heated by steam be better than hot air?

A.—Ducks' eggs hatch splendidly in an incubator. I have always used the same hot-air make as for hens' eggs, only putting a sponge, partly squeezed out of hot water, into the egg chamber as soon as the eggs begin to pip. Ducks take much longer to break out of the shell after pipping than chickens do, so don't get nervous and think they are dying in the shell, and spoil the hatch by perpetually opening the door to help them out. Given sufficient moisture, they will pick their own way from the shell in eight or nine hours.

Note to Correspondents.—Space compels leaving several letters, which do not demand immediate answers, until next month.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

cutter, allow one quarter of a pound of salt, four teaspoonfuls of ground black pepper; one quarter of a cup of sage. Warm the meat a little so you can mix all thoroughly, pack in stone crock, or shallow pans, the latter is preferable, as it will form into a solid mould, and can be turned out of the pan and sliced to fry.

Corn Pone

Two cups corn meal, one teaspoonful of salt, three level teaspoonfuls of lard, cottolene or butter, one egg, one tablespoonful of sweet milk. Mix the salt and meal together dry, put the shortening in the center, and pour over enough boiling water to wet the meal. Beat well, and bake in a very hot oven about fifteen minutes. The baking pan should be hissing hot and well greased.

Syrup for Cake

Three cups brown sugar, two cups water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, boil until thick. A little maple sugar can be added, if desired, to give it a flavor. If white syrup is wished, make it of granulated sugar. Now comes the dyspeptic bread.

Rye Bread

One pint rye flour, half pint corn meal, half pint white flour, one teaspoonful of sugar (or if liked very sweet, half a cup of molasses), one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, cottolene or butter, cake of compressed yeast (or one of magic yeast), set to rise the same as any bread, only do not mix too stiff.

Laxative Bread

Oatmeal, graham, and white flour equal proportions, for one pint of each, use one teaspoonful of salt, half cup molasses, one cake of yeast, and mix same as any bread. Sift bran, use equal portions of that and corn meal for bread, always sweetening with molasses, and not mixing too stiff, using yeast, and salt as for any bread.

Entire Wheat Bread

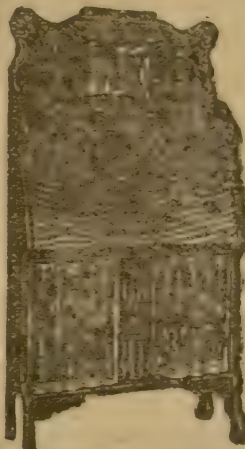
Two quarts of unsifted entire wheat flour, one and a half pints of warm water, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, half a tablespoonful of salt, one cake of yeast. This ought to make three loaves. Never knead any of the above breads as much as white flour bread. Entire wheat flour is made from the whole wheat, with the coarse husk discarded, graham flour is the coarse ground wheat meal, many confound the graham with the entire wheat, but they are very different.

Swedish Bread

One pint barley meal, half pint graham flour, half pint white flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint sweet milk, cake of yeast, set to rise over night, do not mix too stiff.

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W. & H. WALKER, Club Department B-14, PITTSBURG, PA.

Recipe for Watermelon Cake

Two cups powdered sugar, three fourths cup butter, three fourths cup sweet milk, three cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, white of five eggs.

Red Part

One cup red sugar, one half cup butter, three fourths cup sweet milk, two cups flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, yolks of five eggs, one half pound raisins, if desired. The raisins are to represent the seeds.

MISS MARY J. HEYER, Nazareth, Pa.

Deviled Tomatoes

Remove the skins from three tomatoes, and cut each in three slices, season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and put on small pieces of butter, place on dish and pour over the dressing; cream four tablespoonfuls butter and two teaspoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful mustard, one quarter teaspoonful salt, a few grains cayenne, one egg yolk, which has been boiled, rolled to paste, one whole egg beaten, and two tablespoonfuls vinegar; cook until it thickens.

MRS. F. MORAST.

Superb Fruit Salad

Six medium-sized apples, one cupful nut meats, chop apples and nuts fine, then add six bananas, or seven, cut up small, and the pulp and juice of six oranges, add two tablespoonfuls of good salad dressing and a dash of vinegar and salt. Then sugar to taste. Make cups of scooped out oranges, notched at top, or orange baskets, and fill. This is filling for about one dozen oranges—and is delicious. Try it and tell me how you like it.

MRS. F. MORAST.

Molasses Cookies

Take a large coffee cup; put in one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful soda, three tablespoonfuls sugar, three tablespoonfuls of hot water, three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, fill the cups with molasses, stir until mixed, pour in the flour, then prepare another, if you like a nice batch. They are to be rolled very thin and baked in a quick oven.

MRS. CHARLES E. NICHOLS.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



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This 10 cts. returned on first 25c. order.

ONION, Prizetaker, wt. 3 lbs. 1000 bush. per acre. PARSNIP, White Sugar, long, smooth, sweet. RADISH, White Icicle, long, crisp, tender, best. TOMATO, Earliest in World, large, smooth, fine. TURNIP, Sweetest German, sweet, large. Flower Seeds, 500 sorts mixed, large packet. Sweet Peas, 1/2 oz. California Giants Grand Mxd. Catalogue and Check for 10 cts. free with order.

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A Corner for Boys

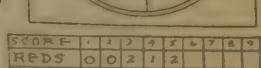
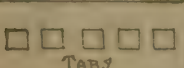
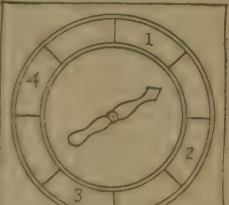
By Uncle John

When Felix Won

Said little Tom Teaser to fat Felix Fogg, "I'll run you a footrace from here to that log." "Agreed," chuckled Felix, with evident mirth. And both started running for all they were worth. Now Tom, being nimble, could go like the wind. So cumbersome Felix was left far behind. But when they arrived at the goal-marking log, Right out from behind it there leaped a big dog. "Oh, wait for me, save me, my feet are like lead!" Yelled Tommy, for Felix was forging ahead. "I have no time to tarry," the big boy did cry, "Besides you're a much faster runner than I." And so Tom the tease, who could run like the wind, Was left several rods and some drygoods behind.

Indoor Game

Boys who love the national game now have a chance to play it all winter. First, however, we must make our diamond and scoring apparatus out of cardboard. Procure a piece one foot square, and mark out the four bases, just as they are on a real ball field, also out five little tabs to be used as layers. On another piece of the same size draw a dial like the face of a clock, marking it with four alternate numbers and ciphers as shown in cut. The arrow or indicator is fastened with a pin, and we are ready to begin. The first player whirls the arrow with a sharp blow of the finger. If the point stops at two he has made a two base hit and marks it by putting a little tab on second base. If his next trial results the same way, he has forced the first man in thus scoring a run. Every time the arrow stops at a blank, it is one out, and three out, of course, constitute an inning. If a tie results, more than nine inn-



ings may be played. The cuts make everything so plain that you can go right ahead and play this game if you wish.

Code Writing

Wouldn't you like to be able to write in such a way that no one could read your note only the person to whom it was addressed? A simple and puzzling code is to use one letter back of the one you really mean, that is to use the character that occurs in the alphabet just before the one you want to write. For instance of "d" use "c" and so on. The word "boy" written according to this code would be "anx." Here is the sentence, "Will you come?" "Vnnx nnt bnd?" Now wouldn't that puzzle anyone not in the secret? With a little practice you can become very proficient in this puzzle writing, and will certainly excite a good deal of wonderment.

Baby Cart

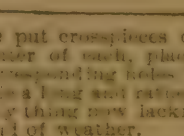
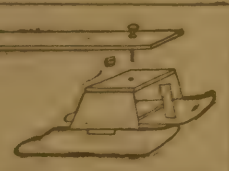
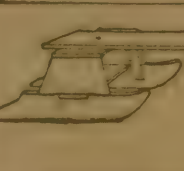
While we are making things for ourselves we must not forget the baby. The little cart pictured is made from four spools and a pasteboard box, or wooden box if you have one. The central part of the axles are square and to them are tacked the bottom of the box. That part of the axle that fits through the spool is round, and fits loosely, for the spools turn and the axles do not. Pins or tacks are put through the outside ends to keep the wheels from falling off. A cord will serve to pull the wagon around.

Clothes Line Hanging

Some things escape one's notice by reason of their utter simplicity. Take for instance the little knack of putting up a wire line. One will frequently spend time looking for or making a hook or other device to attach to the post, when, as a matter of fact no such device is needed. Simply bore a hole in the post or barn, stick the wire through and give it a couple of twists, so it cannot pull out. Every boy can utilize this scheme in the manner shown by the cut, and it is the neatest and quickest way out of an every-day difficulty.

Bob Sled

In snowy regions more fun can be had with a big bob sled than anything else I know of. With very little lumber of ordinary sort, and a few common tools we can make one. Cut out a piece for the runner like "a." Give it a graceful and speedy shape if it takes you all day, for the four runners are cut from this first pattern. Join each pair with cross boards of any desired width. Piece "b" is simple size 8 inches at the top, 12 inches at the bottom, height 8 inches. There are four of this shape, one being cleated to each runner as shown in "c." Again



we put cross-pieces on top, drill a hole in the center of each, place over same plank with corresponding holes bored, and drop into each hole a long and rather loosely fitting bolt. The only thing now lacking is a hill, and the right kind of weather.

A Sail Sled

If you have never tried sailing on a sled you have missed a good deal of sport. First get a tough, pliable five-foot pole, hickory preferred, and mount it upright on the front of the sled. This may be done by boring a hole through a short piece of scantling "a," fitting the end of the pole into the socket thus prepared and then nailing the block to the front end of the sled seat. Heavy canvas, in lieu of which you may use a piece of carpet, or an old blanket, is then laced to the pole. The end of the sail should be high enough from the sled to permit a person's sitting on same. A small strip of light wood is laced on the border of the sail so that it may be more easily managed, and a guide line is attached to the lower end. Now with a good stretch of smooth road or ice you are due to have some real fun.



Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

get another rose and then exchange with you." "I don't see what advantage there would be in that," said Mabel, with provoking obtuseness. "But you will agree to it, nevertheless." "No, sir, I shall not encourage you in your whims. It is time you began to exercise a little self-denial." "But you know I am not used to that." "So much the better. Perhaps, under my training, I may be able to make something of you." "Will you, indeed, take me under your training, Mabel?" asked the young man earnestly. "I fear it would be too great an undertaking," said she, shaking her head. "I am afraid you would make a very troublesome responsibility. Perhaps Mehitable—" "Confound Mehitable!" "What has poor Mehitable done? Do you think I will stand still and hear her abused in such fashion?" "Oh, I have no doubt she is a very estimable old lady."

"Old lady! It would be hardly safe for her to hear you speak of her thus. By her own account she is only about thirty." "Heaven preserve her then from ever living till sixty! She will look old enough to be the great-grandmother of all living."

"Poor Mehitable! I see you have a prejudice against her. But how we have been wasting our time! If you will come to the house with me, I will give you some cake of my own making."

"That will certainly be a powerful inducement. But why need we be in haste? It is so much pleasanter here in the open air."

"I don't feel as if my friendship for Mehitable should permit me to remain longer with one who is so wanting in appreciation of her charms."

"But, Mabel," said the young man, "I am ready to make amends for that."

"How! By proposing to the young lady? I think she will accept you."

"How provoking you are, Mabel! But since you have tempted me, I am going to be guilty of an act of daring."

"I! Tempting you to an act of daring! I think, Henry, that you overrate my influence!"

"You are quite incorrigible!"

"I am glad you admit it. Now you will see how hopeless a task it will be to attempt reforming me."

While the latter part of the conversation was going on, they had gradually advanced to the base of an old tree of huge proportions—a perfect Titan among the forest trees—under which, for convenience' sake, a seat had been erected.

"Sit down a moment, Mabel," said young Davenport, with a sudden change of tone; "there is something I have wished to say to you for a long time. I feel that the time has come for saying it now."

"Perhaps you are about to confess some guilt that lies heavily on your soul," said Mabel lightly, although her heart beat faster than its wont, for with the subtle premonition of a true woman, she felt what it was that Henry Davenport was about to say.

"I am, indeed, about to make a confession," said the youth seriously, seating himself beside her.

She did not venture to look up, for she knew that she could not meet the steady gaze of his eyes, without betraying her own feelings.

"I am ready to hear your confession," she returned, while mechanically she began to pull apart the rose, which had been the subject of dispute between them.

"I hope, Mabel, you are not unprepared to hear that I love you," said the young man abruptly. "Pardon my coming to the point so bluntly, but I cannot help following the bent of my feelings."

The roses were brighter than ever on Mabel's cheek, but she could not avoid giving way to her natural archness.

"It is a worse offense than I anticipated," she said, "but if you do truly and sincerely repent of it, I may extend you my forgiveness."

"No, no," said the young man eagerly. "I do not feel the slightest particle of repentance."

"But, perhaps, if you make a slight effort—"

"Pardon me; that I have no intention of doing."

"Then," said Mabel demurely, "I am afraid I shall have to forgive you on your own terms."

She looked so attractive at that moment—her eyes half veiled in maiden shyness, her cheeks tinged with a crimson flush—and her answer conveyed so much hope and encouragement, that Henry Davenport may be pardoned for yielding to the temptation to which he was subjected, and stealing a kiss.

The action was so sudden that he was completely successful. [See first page illustration.]

"How dare you, Henry!" exclaimed Mabel, who was not, however, very seriously offended, when her intended rebuke was cut short in an unexpected manner.

The sound of a laugh, half-suppressed and suddenly checked, smote upon the ears of both at the same moment. Mabel with a deep blush separated herself from the embrace of her lover, and looked about her with an air of confusion.

The young man started to his feet and looked in various directions for the author of the un-

pleasant interruption, but no one appeared to be in sight.

"Did you hear a noise, Mabel?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That sounded like someone laughing!"

"Yes!"

At this moment a rustling caught the attention of both, and revealed the whereabouts of the spy upon their privacy.

Perched among the branches of a tree at a little distance was Jerry, with his string of fish.

Now it is not very pleasing to be disturbed in an agreeable tete-a-tete, and it was in a stern tone that Henry Davenport called out:

"What mischief are you doing up there, Jerry?"

"I ain't doing any mischief," said the boy boldly.

"Then why did you go up there? What other inducement could you have?"

"There's a good prospect from here, Mr. Davenport," said Jerry, laughing out of the corner of his eye.

"Humph!" said the young man, coloring.

"That is no answer to my question."

"I ain't responsible to you, as I know of," said the boy. "I'll answer Miss Mabel there, though perhaps it's all the same."

This was said in so droll and knowing a tone that neither Henry nor Mabel could help laughing.

"Well, Jerry, come down, and I will give you something," said the young man good-humoredly.

"A licking perhaps?" suggested the wily Jerry, not stirring.

"No, Jerry, of course you wouldn't stand in need of that. But here's half a dollar for you."

At sight of the coin the boy slid down the tree with wonderful rapidity and presented himself before the young man.

"Of course, Jerry," said Henry, "you know that we feel an interest in you, and if you behave well you may get another."

Jerry perfectly well understood what was implied by the expression emphasized, and signified as much by a very knowing wink.

"I understand, Mr. Davenport," said he. "It ain't always necessary to tell what a feller sees. Did I tell you that Mehitable thinks she's got a beau?"

"Mehitable got a beau?" exclaimed Mabel, forgetting her embarrassment.

"Just ask her, if you don't believe me," said Jerry, and strode off, with his half dollar in one hand and his string of fish in the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where he is shoeing a vicious horse. The owner, impatient at the delay, curses her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chatsanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, exacting certain things. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cured her grandfather. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seizes the dog and commands the girl to bring him a stick. She pleads for the dog and snatching the stick from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down his elegant rooms. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a long journey. He intrusts the key to Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he fails to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gordon Leigh, a young man of wealth, studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna receives an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister. He gives Edna a curious ring with characters meaning, "Peace be with thee." Edna goes to the party and overhears sneers and criticisms concerning her station and the scheming to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. She walks up to the tomb, and takes the key from its hiding-place. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some powerful influence, and looking up sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He doubts her; if she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed. She reluctantly gives him the key. He announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglass G. Manning.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna; she refuses him. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna she may send the manuscript as far as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word, and she reluctantly gives it to Mr. Manning's signature. Clinton Alston is announced. In him she sees the savior of Harry Dent and refuses recognition. St. Elmo demands an apology. Edna remains firm in her conviction.

Mr. Hammond has visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. St. Elmo bitterly criticizes an article in Manning's magazine. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay. St. Elmo ridicules and shows the magazine containing Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo gazes on the scene. The truth that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave her home. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings a celebrated doctor to Huldah Reed and finds Edna there. She gives him a note from Gertrude. If she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming qualities in his sinful nature. St. Elmo confesses the sin and shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. He loves only Edna. Her heart pleads for him and itself. She does not yield. Edna visits her old home, and sees a monument erected by St. Elmo to the memory of her grandfather. She goes to New York and becomes governess to Mr. Andrews' children.

Douglass Manning calls on Miss Earl and offers assistance. Henceforth she will occupy a different position in the home. Felix objects. Edna goes to the opera with Mr. Manning. She meets Gordon Leigh, who tells her the rumor of St. Elmo's marriage to Estelle Harding. Mrs. Andrews invites Sir Roger Percival to dinner. Douglass Manning sits beside Edna, and all engage in animated conversation, and Mrs. Andrews requests that she repeat the passage from Rogers.

CHAPTER XXVI. (CONTINUED.)

WITH one hand clasping Hattie's and the other resting on the back of her chair, Edna fixed her eyes on Mrs. Andrews' face, and gave the quotation.

"His house she enters, there to be a light shining within when all without is night; A guardian angel o'er his life presiding, Doubling his pleasures and his pains dividing; Winning him back, when mingling in the train."

From a vain world we love, alas! too long, To breathe happiness and hours of ease, Blest with that charm, the certainty to please. How oft her eyes read his! her gentle mind, To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined; Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow, Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEMORY IS EARTH'S RETRIBUTION FOR MAN'S SINS. Flowery as Sicilian meads was the parsonage garden on that quiet afternoon late in May, when Mr. Hammond closed the honeysuckle-crowned gate, crossed the street, and walked slowly into the churchyard, down the sacred streets of the silent city of the dead, and entered the enclosure where slept his white-robed household band.

Honey-burdened bees hummed their hymns to labor, as they swung to and fro; golden butterflies floated dreamily in and around and over the tombs, as if waiting, listening for the clarion voice of Gabriel, to rouse and reanimate the slumbering bodies beneath the gleaming slabs.

The pastor cut down the rank grass and fringed ferns, the flaunting weeds, and weeds that threatened to choke his more delicate flowers, and stooping, tied up the crimson pinks, and wound the tendrils of the blue-veined clematis around its slender trellis, and straightened the white petunias and the orange-tinted crocuses, which the last heavy shower had beaten to the ground.

The small, gray vault was overrun with ivy, whose dark, polished leaves threatened to encroach on a plain slab of pure marble that stood very near it, and as the minister pruned away the wreaths, his eyes rested on the black letters in the centre of the slab: "Murray Hammond. Aged 21."

The old man was weary from stooping so long, and now he took off his hat and passed his hand over his forehead, and sighed as he leaned against the door of the vault, where fine, fairy-fingered mosses were weaving their green arabesque immortelles.

In a mournfully measured, yet tranquil tone, he said aloud:

"Ah! truly, I cannot recall all the years of my life. I cannot recall the promise of perfect happiness, which I saw aloft amongst the stars, and I cannot recall the writing the secret of my life in the dust to dust!"

As he spoke, a soft, sweet music came from the church, where the organist was practicing; and then out of the windows, and far away on the evening air, rolled the solemn waves of that matchlessly mournful Requiem which, under prophetic shadows, Mozart began on earth and finished, perhaps, in heaven. A holy hush fell upon all things save a tow-

ering poplar that leaned against the church, and rustled its leaves ceaselessly, and shivered and turned white, as tradition avers it has done since that day, when Christ staggered along the Via Dolorosa bearing his cross, carved out of poplar wood.

Leaning with his hands folded on the handle of the weeding hoe, Mr. Hammond stood listening to the music.

From this brief reverie some slight sound aroused him, and lifting his eyes, he saw a man clad in white linen garments, standing on the opposite side of the monumental slab.

"St. Elmo! my poor, suffering wanderer! Oh, St. Elmo! come to me once more before I die!"

The old man's voice was husky, and his arms trembled as he stretched them across the grave that intervened.

Mr. Murray looked into the tender, tearful, pleading countenance, and the sorrow that seized his own, making his features writhe, beggars language. He instinctively put out his arms, then drew them back, and hid his face in his hands; saying in low, broken, almost inaudible tones:

"I am too unworthy. Dripping with the blood of your children, I dare not touch you."

The pastor tottered around the tomb, and stood at Mr. Murray's side, and the next moment the old man's arms were clasped around the tall form, and his white hair fell on his pupil's shoulder.

"God be praised! After twenty years' separation I hold you once more to the heart that, even in its hours of deepest sorrow, has never ceased to love you! St. Elmo!"

He wept aloud and strained the prodigal convulsively to his breast.

After a moment Mr. Murray's lips moved, and with a groan he asked:

"Will you ever, ever forgive me?"

"God is my witness that I freely and fully forgive you many, many years ago! The dearest hope of my lonely life has been that I might tell you so, and make you realize how ceaselessly my prayers and my love have followed you in all your dreary wanderings. Oh! I thank God that, at last! at last you have come to me, my dear, dear boy! My poor, proud prodigal!"

A magnificent jubilate swelled triumphantly through church and churchyard, as if the organist up in the gallery knew what was happening at Murray Hammond's grave; and when the thrilling music died away St. Elmo broke from the encircling arms, and knelt with his face shrouded in his hands and pressed against the marble that covered his victim.

After a little while the pastor sat down on the edge of the slab, and laid his shrunken fingers softly and caressingly upon the bowed head.

"Do not dwell upon a past that is fraught only with bitterness to you, and from which you can draw no balm. Throw your painful memories behind you, and turn resolutely to a future which may be rendered noble and useful and holy."

"What have I to hope for—in time or eternity? Oh! none but Almighty God can ever know the dreary blackness and wretchedness of my despairing soul! the keen, sleepless pain of my remorse! my utter loathing of my accursed, distorted nature!"

"And His pitying eyes see all, and Christ stretches out his hands to lift you up to himself, and his own words of loving sympathy and pardon are spoken again to you: 'Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Throw all your galling load of memories down at the foot of the cross, and the peace that passeth all understanding shall enter your sorrowing soul, and abide there forever. St. Elmo, only prayer could have sustained and soothed me since we parted that bright summer morning twenty long, long years ago. Prayer took away the sting and sanctified my sorrows for the good of my soul; and, my dear, dear boy, it will extract the poison and the bitterness from yours. That God answers prayer and comforts the afflicted among men, I am a living attestation. It is by His grace only I am what I am; erring and unworthy, I humbly own, but patient at least, and fully resigned to His will. The only remaining cause of disquiet passed away just now, when I saw that you had come back to me. St. Elmo, do you ever pray for yourself?"

"I have never prayed for myself, but I have been trying to pray for you. I have been trying to pray for you, but my words seem a mockery; they do not rise, they fall back hissing upon my heart. I have injured and insulted you; I have cursed you and yours, have robbed you of your peace of mind, have murdered your children—"

"Hush! hush! we will not disinter the dead. My peace of mind you have today given back to me; and the hope of your salvation is dearer to me than the remembered faces of my darlings sleeping here beside us. Oh, St. Elmo, I have prayed for you as I never prayed even for my own Murray; and I know, I feel that all my wrestling before the Throne of Grace has not been in vain. Sometimes my faith grew faint, and as the years dragged on, and I saw no melting of your haughty, bitter spirit, I almost lost hope; but I did not, thank God, I did not! I held on to the precious promise, and prayed more fervently, and, blessed be His holy name! at last, just before I go hence, the answer comes. As I see you kneeling here at my Murray's grave, I know now that your soul is snatched 'as a brand from the burning.' Oh! I bless my merciful God, that in the day when we stand for final judgment, and your precious soul is required at my son's hands, the joyful cry of the recording angel shall be: 'Saved! saved! for ever and ever, through the blood of the Lamb!'"

Overwhelmed with emotion, the pastor dropped his white head on his bosom; and once more silence fell over the darkening cemetery.

One by one the birds hushed their twitter and went to rest, and only the soft cooing of the pigeons floated down now and then from the lofty belfry.

Mr. Murray rose and stood with his head uncovered and his eyes fixed on the nodding nasturtiums that glowed like blood-spots.

"Mr. Hammond, your magnanimity unmans me; and if your words be true, I feel in your presence like a leper and should lay my lips in the dust, crying, 'Unclean! unclean!' For all that I have inflicted on you, I have neither apology nor defence to offer; and I could much better have borne curses from you than words of sympathy and affection. You amaze me, for I hate and scorn myself so thoroughly, that I marvel at the interest you still indulge for me; I cannot understand how you can endure the sight of my features, the sound of my voice. Oh! if I could atone! If I could give Annie back to your arms, there is no suffering, no torture that I would not gladly embrace. No penance of body or soul from which I would shrink."

Mr. Hammond's face grew still sadder, and he, notwithstanding the lapse of time, let my little darling rest with her God. She went down early to her long home, and though I missed her sweet laugh, and her soft, tender hands about my face, and have felt a chill gleam in my house, where music once was, she has been spared much suffering and many trials; and I would not recall her if I could,

for after a few more days I shall gather her back to my bosom in that eternal land where the blighting dew of death never falls.

"Atone? Ah, St. Elmo! you can atone. Save your soul, redeem your life, and I shall die blessing your name. Look at me in my loneliness and infirmity. I am childless; you took my idols from me, long, long ago; you left my heart desolate; and now I have a right to turn to you, to stretch out my feeble empty arms, and say, 'Come, be my child, fill my son's place, let me lean upon you in my old age, as I once fondly dreamed I should lean on my own Murray! St. Elmo, will you come? Will you give me your heart, my son! my son!'"

He put out his trembling hands, and a yearning tenderness shone in his eyes as he raised them to the tall, stern man before him. Mr. Murray bent eagerly forward, and looked wonderingly at him.

"Do you, can you mean it? It appears so impossible, and I have been so long sceptical of all nobility in my race. Will you indeed shelter Murray's murderer in your generous, loving heart?"

"I call my God to witness, that it has been my dearest hope for dreary years that I might win your heart back before I die."

"It is but a wreck, a hideous ruin, black with sins; but such as I am, my future, my all, I lay at your feet! If there is any efficacy in bitter repentance and remorse; if there is any mercy left in my Maker's hands; if there be saving power in human will, I will atone! I will atone!"

The strong man trembled like a wave-lashed reed, as he sank on one knee at the minister's feet, and buried his face in his arms; and spreading his palms over the drooped head, Mr. Hammond gently and solemnly blessed him.

For some time both were silent, and then Mr. Murray stretched out one arm over the slab, and said brokenly:

"Kneeling here at Murray's tomb, a strange, incomprehensible feeling creeps into my heart. The fierce, burning hate I have borne him seems to have passed away; and something, ah! something, mournfully like the old yearning toward him, comes back, as I look at his name. Oh, idol of my youth! hurled down and crushed by my own savage hands! For the first time since I destroyed him, since I saw his handsome face whitening in death, I think of him kindly. For the first time since that night, I feel that—that I can forgive him. Murray! Murray! you wronged me! you wrecked me! but oh! if I could give you back the life I took in my madness! how joyfully would I forgive you all my injuries! His blood dyes my hands, my heart, my soul!"

"The blood of Jesus will wash out those stains. The law was fully satisfied when He hung on Calvary; there, ample atonement was made for just such sins as yours, and you have only to claim and plead his sufferings to secure your salvation. St. Elmo, bury your past here, in Murray's grave, and give all your thoughts to the future. Half of your life has ebbed out, and yet your life-work remains undone, untouched. You have no time to spend in looking over your unimproved years."

"Bury my past! Impossible, even for one hour. I tell you I am chained to it, as the Aloads were chained to the pillars of Tartarus, and the croaking fiend that will not let me sleep in memory! Memory of sins that—that avenge your wrongs, old man! that goad me sometimes to the very verge of suicide! Do you know, ah! how could you possibly know? Shall I tell you that only one thought has often stood between me and self-destruction? It was not the fear of death, no, no! It was not even the dread of facing an outraged God! but it was the horrible fear of meeting Murray! Not all eternity was wide enough to hold us both! The hate I bore him made me shrink from a deed which I felt would instantly set us face to face once more in the land of souls. Ah! a change has come over me; now, if I could see his face, I might learn to forget that look it wore when last I gazed upon it. Time bears healing for some natures; to mine it has brought only poison. It is useless to bid me forget. Memory is earth's retribution for man's sins. I have bought at a terrible price my conviction of the melancholy truth, that he who touches the weapons of Nemesis effectively slays his own peace of mind, and challenges her malediction from which there is no escape. In my insanity I said, 'Vengeance is mine! I will repay!' and in the hour when I daringly grasped the prerogative of God, His curse smote me! Mr. Hammond, friend of my happy youth, guide of my innocent boyhood! if you could know all the depths of my abasement, you would pity me; and I, too, would pity you. Half of your life of some extinct volcano, the flames of sin have burned out, and left it rugged, rent, blackened. I do not think that—"

"St. Elmo, do not upbraid yourself so bitterly—"

Mr. Murray shook his head mournfully, and the moonlight shining on his face showed it colorless, haggard, hopeless.

The pastor rose, put on his hat, and took St. Elmo's arm.

"Come home with me. This spot is fraught with painful associations that open afresh all your wounds."

They walked on together until they reached the parsonage gate, and as the minister raised the latch, his companion gently disengaged the arm clasped to the old man's side.

"Not tonight. After a few days I will try to come."

"St. Elmo, tomorrow is Sunday, and—"

He paused, and did not speak the request that looked out from his eyes.

It cost Mr. Murray a severe struggle, and he did not answer immediately. When he spoke his voice was unsteady.

"Yes, I know what you wish. Once I swore I would tear the church down, scatter its dust to the winds, leave not a stone to mark the site! But I will come and hear you preach for the first time since that Sunday Sabbath, twenty years dead, when your text was, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.' Sudden and bitter, and worthless from long tossing in the great deep of sin, it drifts back at last to your feet; and instead of stooping tenderly to gather up the useless fragments, I wonder that you do not spurn the stranded ruin from you. Yes, I will come."

"Thank God! Oh! what a weight you have lifted from my heart! St. Elmo, my son!"

There was a long, lingering clasp of hands, and the pastor went into his home with tears of joy on his furrowed face, while his smiling lips whispered to his grateful soul:

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Mr. Murray watched the sleeping form until it disappeared, and then went slowly back to the silent burying ground, and sat down on the steps of the church.

Hour after hour passed and still he sat there, almost as motionless as one of the monuments, while his eyes dwelt as if spell-bound, on the dark, dull stain where Annie

Hammond had rested, in days long, long past; and Remorse, more powerful than Erictho, evoked from the charnel house the sweet girlish features and fairy figure of the early dead.

His pale face was propped on his hand, and there in the silent watches of the moon-lighted midnight, he held communion with God and his own darkened spirit.

"What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth? For God and man, From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth, To life's mid-span?"

His almost Satanic pride was laid low as the dead in their mouldering shrouds, and all the giant strength of his perverted nature was gathered up and hurled in a new direction. The Dead Sea Past moaned and swelled, and bitter waves surged and broke over his heart, but he silently buffeted them; and the moon rode in mid-heaven when he rose, went around the church, and knelt and prayed, with his forehead pressed to the marble that covered Murray Hammond's last resting-place.

"Oh! that the mist which veileth my To Come Would so dissolve and yield unto mine eyes A worthy path! I'd count not wearisome Long toll nor enterprise, But strain to reach it; ay, with wrestlings stout."

Is there such path already made to fit The measure of my foot? It shall atone For much, if I at length may light on it And know it for mine own."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CAN YOU CONSENT TO BE DOUGLASS MANNING'S WIFE?

"Oh! how grand and beautiful it is! Whenever I look at it, I feel exactly as I did on Easter-Sunday, when I went to the cathedral to hear the music. It is a solemn feeling, as if I were in a holy place. Miss Earl, what makes me feel so?"

Felix stood in an art-gallery, and leaning on his crutches looked up at Church's "Heart of the Andes."

"You are impressed by the solemnity and the holy repose of nature; for here you look upon a pictured cathedral, built not by mortal hands, but by the architect of the universe. Felix, does it not recall to your mind something of which we often speak?"

The boy was silent for a few seconds, and then his thin, sallow face brightened.

"Yes, indeed! You mean that splendid description which you read to me from 'Modern Painters.' How fond you are of that passage, and how very often you think of it! Let me see whether I can remember it."

Slowly yet accurately he repeated the eloquent tribute to "Mountain Glory," from the fourth volume of "Modern Painters."

"Felix, you know that a celebrated English poet, Keats, has said, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'; and as I can never hope to express my ideas in half such beautiful language as Mr. Ruskin uses, it is an economy of trouble to quote his words. Some of his expressions are like certain songs which the more frequently we sing them, the more valuable and eloquent they become; and as we rarely learn a fine piece of music to be played once or twice and then thrown aside, why should we not be allowed the same privilege with verbal melodies? Last week you asked me to explain to you what is meant by 'aerial perspective,' and if you will study the atmosphere in this great picture, Mr. Church will explain it much more clearly to you than I was able to do."

"Yes, Miss Earl, I see it now. The eye could travel up and up, and on and on, and never get out of that sky; and it seems to me those birds yonder would fly entirely away, out of sight, through that air in the picture. But, Miss Earl, do you really believe that the Chimborazo in South America is as grand as Mr. Church's?"

"I do not, because I have noticed that pictures are much handsomer than the real things they stand for. Mamma carried me last spring to see some paintings of scenes on the Hudson river, and when we went traveling in the summer I saw the very spot where the artist stood who sketched the hills and the bend of the river, and it was not half so pretty as the picture. And yet I know God is the greatest painter. It is the far-off look that everything wears when painted."

"Yes, the 'far-off look,' as you call it, is one cause of the effect you wish to understand. I have seen this fact exemplified in a very singular manner, at a house in Georgia, where I was once visiting. From the front door I had a very fine prospect or view of lofty hills, and a dense forest, and a pretty little town where the steeples of the churches glittered in the sunshine, and I stood for some time admiring the landscape; but presently, when I turned to speak to the lady of the house, I saw, in the glass side-lights of the door, a miniature reflection of the very same scene that was much more beautiful. I was puzzled, and could not comprehend how the mere fact of diminishing the distance, could enhance their loveliness; and I asked myself whether all far-off things were handsomer than those close at hand."

Edna's eyes went back to the painting, and rested there; and little Hattie, who had been gazing up at her governess in curious perplexity, nibbled her brother's sleeve and said:

"Bro! Felix, do you understand all that? I know I don't; for I know when I am hungry (and seems to me I always am); why, when I am hungry the closer I get to my dinner the nicer it looks! And then there was that hateful, spiteful old Miss Abby Tompkins, that mamma would have to teach you! She always looked just as ugly as far off as I could see her as when she came close to me."

A hearty laugh cut short Hattie's observation; and, coming forward, Sir Roger Percival put his hand on her head, saying:

"How often children tumble down the step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and drag staid, dignified folks after them? Miss Earl, I have been watching your little party lecture you, listening to your incipient article, and when you go home I shall tell Mr. Ruskin 'Heart of the Andes,' and quoting from 'Modern Painters.' Felix, as I wish to be accurate, will you tell me your age?"

The poor, sensitive cripple imagined that he was being ridiculed, and he only reddened and frowned and bit his thin lips.

Edna laid her hand on his shoulder, and answered for him.

"Just thirteen years old; and though Mr. Ruskin is a distinguished exception to the rule that 'prophets are not without honor, save in their own country,' I think he has no reader who loves and admires his writings more than Felix Andrews."

Here the boy raised his eyes and asked: "Why is it that prophets have no honor among their own people? Is it because they too have to be seen from a great distance say the other day that if some book written in America had only come from England everybody would be raving about it?"

"Some other time, Felix, we will talk of that problem, Hattie, you look sleepy."

"I think it will be lunch time before we get home," replied the yawning child.

Sir Roger took her by the shoulders, and shook her gently, saying:

"Come, wake up, little sweetheart! How can you get sleepy or hungry with all these (CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)"

My Old New Hampshire Home.

WORDS BY ANDREW B. STERLING.

MUSIC BY HARRY VON TILZER.

Andante.

1. Far a-way on the hills of Old New Hamp-shire, Man-y
2. In my dreams by the stream last night I wan-dered, And I

Andante.
p dolce. *rit.*

years a-go we part-ed, Ruth and I; By the stream where we wan-dered in the gloam-ing, It was
thought my love was stand-ing by my side; Once a-gain then I told her that I loved her, Once a-

rall. *Piu mosso.* *rit.*

there I kissed my love a sad good-bye. She clung to me and trem-bled when I told her, And plead-ing-ly she begged of me to
gain she prom-ised she would be my bride; And as I stooped to kiss her I a-wak-ened, I called her, but she was not there to

rall. *Piu mosso.* *rit.*

stay; We part-ed, and I left her brok-en heart-ed, In the old New Hampshire vil-lage far a-way.
hear; My heart lies bur-ied with her 'neath the wil-low, In the old New Hampshire vil-lage far a-way.

rall. *pp*

REFRAIN. *sost.*

Now the sun-shine lin-gers there, And the ros-es bloom so fair In the wildwood where-to-geth-er we would roam; . . . In the vil-lage church-yard near Sleeps the

p *rit.* *sost.*

ritard.

one I loved so dear, On the hills of my old New Hampshire home. . .

p *p mosso.* *rit.* *p* *ff*

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This month we publish "MY OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME," one of our usual and famous successes, and you will thoroughly enjoy it. Knowing that many of our readers desire to obtain full sheet music size copies of this song, we have arranged with the publishers to offer you one copy free as a club premium for only 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents per year; also we will furnish, on the same basis, "The Star of the Old Apple Tree," "The Her," "Silver Heels," "Cheyenne," "Happy Helme," and "Moonlight," all favorites. The music is printed on the regular size, heavy-weight, sheet-music paper with a beautiful illuminated colored cover, exactly the style you would buy at any music store. Get up your club at once and send to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the eighth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

LOOKING over my letters this month I find, among others, a plaintive little wail from one who "can learn the lines but don't know how to act them." It is from a new subscriber else she would have learned that the first step towards "acting" any selection is to forget one's self. For instance, you cannot portray to your audience an act of great heroism, a race, or a great victory, if you are all the while worrying about the position of your hands and feet. Generally speaking, if you will only let your feet alone they will take care of themselves. In regard to gestures, use only those which really help to convey a clear idea of the piece. Never make a gesture simply for the sake of waving your arms in pretty curves and circles. Get your physical culture some other way. If you study your selection thoroughly you will feel what gestures to use. Gesture is the outward expression of some thought or emotion and should seem spontaneous. Better too few than too many of them, at least until they come to you easily and naturally. Those of you who have been saving the lessons from month to month will have found that the gestures given may be applied to other selections. Of course they will need some slight modification, as no two lines call for exactly the same expression, but they will help you. The object in all these little lesson talks is not to teach you to recite in a parrot fashion, but to teach you to help yourselves, so that when you take up other selections you will be able to think and act for yourselves. First of all then, learn to study the piece until it "takes possession" of you and you are enabled to forget yourself and remember only what you are trying to picture to your audience. Remember that one selection with lesson talk would cost at least twenty-five cents—more than a year's subscription to COMFORT, where you are getting two each month. Tell your friends about it and induce them to subscribe and share your good fortune.

Washington

BY ELIZER COOK.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of this age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet-star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dulllest brain, and warms the coldest heart.
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Caesar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods whose mighty away would fain have chained the waves;
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves;
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on;
Oh, where shall be their "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word;
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge,—sword to sword!
He stood, the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and the sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate,—no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheel proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery, with strong and high disdain;
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier's trappings down,
To change them for a regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy,—too proud of such a son,—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

Lesson Talk

This recitation should be given in a clear, ringing voice throughout. Do not recite too fast, but take plenty of time to round out and correctly pronounce each word. The English language is beautiful when properly spoken, but like everything else it loses much of its beauty when abused. Both in reciting and in ordinary conversation let us avoid clipping half our words and mispronouncing the other half. After the word "West" make quite a pause, but keep the voice up. It is a salutation. You will notice that this selection depends upon the stress laid upon separate words. Another way to show emphasis is by making a pause, sometimes before, sometimes after the statement to be emphasized. For instance, pause long enough to count at least three, where, in this selection, with the third verse draw the line of comparison by making a longer pause after "fought" and "struck" than the comparison commonly calls for. The fourth verse also shows a comparison of Washington's motives with the motives of those actuated by personal ambition only. It has plenty of spirit and has the advantage of not being worn thread-bare, as most pieces for such occasions are. You could not have a better piece for Washington's birthday.

FIG. 39. "THOU HAST THE PLANET-STAR."

ever a dash occurs in the last two, where the possible exception of the last two, where the pause need not be quite so long. You should be careful not to let the voice fall as if at a period. On the words, "Let others have their satellites," the hand is raised, but not so high as in figure 29. In the second verse good opportunity for contrast is shown, and should be taken advantage of in look, tone and gesture. Some of the gestures already given in previous lessons will help you here, I think. In the third verse draw the line of comparison by making a longer pause after "fought" and "struck" than the comparison commonly calls for. The fourth verse also shows a comparison of Washington's motives with the motives of those actuated by personal ambition only. It has plenty of spirit and has the advantage of not being worn thread-bare, as most pieces for such occasions are. You could not have a better piece for Washington's birthday.

FIG. 40. "HE STOOD, THE FIRM, THE CALM, THE WISE," ETC.

The funniest story I ever heard, The funniest thing that ever occurred, Is the story of Mrs. Mehitabe Byrde, Who wanted to be a Mason.

And she wanted to be a Mason too— This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed him around, this inquisitive wife, And nabbled and teased him half out of his life; So to terminate this unhalloved strife He consented, at last, to admit her. And first, to disguise her from bonnet to shoon, This ridiculous lady agreed to put on His breech—ah! forgive me—I meant pantaloons; And miraculously did they fit her.

The lodge was at work on the Master's Degree; The light was ablaze on the letter G; High soared the pillars J. and B.; The officers sat like Solomon wise; The brimstone burned amid horrid cries; The goat roamed wildly through the room; The candidate begged them to let him go home; And the devil himself stood up in the east, As proud as an alderman at a feast; When in came Mrs. Byrde.

Oh, horrible sounds! oh, horrible sight! Can it be that Masons take delight In spending thus the hours of night? Ah! could their wives and daughters know The unutterable things they say and do, Their feminine hearts would burst with woe; But this is not all my story. For those Masons joined in a hideous ring, The candidate howled like everything, And thus in tones of death they sing; The candidate's name was Morey; "Blood to drink and bones to crack, Skulls to smash and lives to take, Hearts to crush and souls to burn— Give old Morey another turn, And make him all grim and gory."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde. Unable to speak a single word; She staggered and fell in the nearest chair, On the left of the Junior Warden there, And scarcely noticed, so loud the grans, That the chair was made of human bones.

Of human bones! on grinning skulls That ghastly throne of horror rolls— Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore! Those bones, the bones that Morey wore! His scalp across the top was flung, His teeth around the arms were strung— Never in all romance was known Such uses made of human bone.

That brimstone gleamed in lurid flame, Just like a place we will not name; Good angels, that inquiring came From blissful courts, looked on with shame And fearful melancholy, Again they dance, but twice as bad, They jump and sing like demons mad! The tune is Hunkey Dorey— "Blood to drink," etc., etc.

Then came a pause—a pair of paws Reached through the door, up-sliding doors, And grabbed the unhappy candidate! How can I without tears harder to do The lost and ruined Morey's fate? She saw him sink in a fiery hole, And heard him scream, "My soul! My soul!" While roars of fiendish laughter roll, And down the yells for mercy! "Blood to drink," etc., etc.

That ridiculous woman could stand no more— She fainted and fell on the checkered floor, 'Midst all the diabolical roar. What then, you ask me, did befall Mehitabe Byrde? Why, nothing at all— She had dreamed she'd been in the Mason's hall.

Lesson Talk

This recitation is well worth the most careful study. It should not be given by one lacking in self-confidence as it is necessary to throw one's self into the narrative in order to bring out its good points. Humorous selections are really much harder to do well than most people seem to think. Only once in a great while do we find one who takes to such recitations naturally. The first of this selection is light easy narrative. Figure 41 shows you a good pose for where the audience is let into the secret of Mrs. Byrde's disguise. The lines following show a change. Mrs. Byrde is filled with horror at the sights she sees. Every line here should be carefully studied. You are describing a terrible scene, and no wonder the little woman is overwhelmed. The description of the initiation should be as weird and horrible as you can possibly make it. It is the strongest part of the selection—the part on which your success will hinge. Chant the lines in quotation while you dance, or prance, around in a circle, being careful, however not to turn your back to the audience at any time. Gestures may be used here or you may assume that the Masons joined hands thus forming a ring. With the words, "Give old Morey another turn," reach into the supposed circle and whirl the victim. This chant is repeated later on. Describe vividly the horrors which follow. Throw yourself into the second chant with even more abandon than into the first. In the next verse Mrs. Byrde leans forward with her hands raised and her face convulsed with horror as she sees him "sink in the fiery hole." The interest must be kept up to the very climax, "She had dreamed," and with emphasis be spoken slowly, distinctly, and with emphasis.

Address all letters for this department to Cousin HAL, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FIG. 41. "AND FIRST, TO DISGUISE HER," ETC.

FIG. 42. "SHE SAW HIM SINK," ETC.

FIG. 43. "HE STOOD, THE FIRM, THE CALM, THE WISE," ETC.

FIG. 44. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 45. "BLOOD TO DRINK, AND BONES TO CRACK," ETC.

FIG. 46. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 47. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 48. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 49. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 50. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 51. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 52. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 53. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 54. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 55. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 56. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 57. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 58. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 59. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 60. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 61. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 62. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 63. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

FIG. 64. "GIVE OLD MOREY ANOTHER TURN," ETC.

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Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Cure Co., 1399 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful book and treatment before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

handsome pictures staring at you from the walls."

The good-natured child laughed; but her brother curled his lips, and exclaimed scornfully:

"Hattie, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Hungry, indeed! You are almost as bad as that English Lady—, who, when her husband was admiring some beautiful lambs, and called her attention to them, answered, 'Yes, lambs are beautiful—boiled!'"

Desirous of conciliating him, Sir Roger replied:

"When you and Hattie come to see me in

England, I will show you the most beautiful lambs in the United Kingdom; and your sister shall have boiled lamb three times a day, if she wishes it. Miss Earl, you are so fond of paintings that you would enjoy a European tour more than any lady whom I have met in this country. I have seen miles of canvas in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, but very few good pictures."

"And yet, sir, when on exhibition in Europe this great work here before us received most extravagant praise from transatlantic critics, who are very loath to accord merit to American artists. If I am ever so fortunate as to be able to visit Europe, and cultivate and improve my taste, I think I shall still be very proud of the names of Allston, West, Church, Bierstadt, Kensett and Gifford."

She turned to quit the gallery, and Sir Roger said:

"I leave to-morrow for Canada, and may possibly sail for England without returning to New York. Will you allow me the pleasure of driving you to the Park this afternoon? Two months ago you refused a similar request, but since then I flatter myself we have become better friends."

"Thank you, Sir Roger. I presume the children can spare me, and I will go with pleasure."

"I will call at five o'clock."

He handed her and Hattie into the coupe, tenderly assisted Felix, and saw them driven away.

Presently Felix laughed and exclaimed:

"Oh, I hope Miss Morton will be in the Park this evening. It would be glorious fun to

see her meet you and Sir Roger!"

"Why, Felix?"

"Oh! because she meddles. I heard Uncle Grey tell mamma that she was making desperate efforts to catch the Englishman; and that she turned up her nose tremendously at the idea of his visiting you. When Uncle Grey told her how often he came to our house, she bit her lips almost till the blood spouted. Sir Roger drives very fine horses, uncle says, and Miss Morton hints outrageously for him to ask her to ride, but she can't manage to get the invitation. So she will be furious when she sees you this afternoon."

Later in the day Mrs. Andrews went up to Edna's room, and found her correcting an exercise.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Beautify Your Home

The Editor Tells You Today How Easily You Can Win a Prize to Decorate Your Home

Did you ever win a prize—a real beautiful, artistic, valuable prize, something of which you felt proud?

If you have, I can point out a way for you to win another. If you have not, I can show you how you can win a magnificent one by the slightest effort.

For this great prize offer does not cost you one cent.

You want a pretty home, don't you?

So if you will follow me through this short article and then read the great prize offer on this page, you will discover how very, very easy it is to secure something that will give your home an artistic tone, something that will beautify it and make your friends envy you. You will say to yourself:

"My, I wish I had had this offer long ago."

Dinner Set For a Prize

Look at the picture of the magnificent monogram dinner set on this page. 100,000 of the prize sets are going to be distributed free, and every one of our readers can have one of these sets free by doing a good turn for a friend of mine Geo. Clark.



"NATURE'S GOODIES"—One of the beautiful facsimile framed pictures which will be sent to you.

Now, Mr. Clark, as you may have heard, is the publisher of the famous high-art pictures, among the most beautiful pictures in the world, and he has asked me to tell you that he will give every one of my subscribers one of these magnificent dinner sets absolutely free as a prize if you merely help Mr. Clark a little by recommending and introducing a few of his pictures in your locality.

As you see, Mr. Clark does not want you to do any canvassing. It is not necessary to do any canvassing.

How To Win a Prize

Read carefully on this page where it says in big type, "Win a prize—how."

I am pleased to guarantee Mr. Clark's offer is exactly as represented and I am giving you certificate of guarantee. I am proud he has selected the readers of this paper to profit by this marvelous prize offer. This offer shows his confidence in the honesty of my subscribers.

Even if you do not succeed in carrying out the simple conditions of Mr. Clark's offer, you will receive an elegant prize anyway. You do not have to send any money as you do in so many prize offers, and for whatever effort you put out you will get at least one prize; so it is, as Mr. Clark says, a case where "you can't lose."

So Easy, So Very Easy

Mrs. Charlotte Miller of Purdue, Ind., a lady of my acquaintance, took advantage of Mr. Clark's offer. She received the pictures and was amazed at their beauty and Mr. Clark's method of disposing of them. That very afternoon one of her neighbors came in and saw the pictures lying on the table with part of the wrapping paper still around them.



"SAVED"—The other beautiful picture which will be sent to you for you to keep.

"What perfectly beautiful pictures!" she exclaimed.

"Do you like them?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Indeed I do."

"You can have my offer at 25c."

"Will you give me two on this plan for 50c?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Miller's friend purchased two pictures and took them away and told some of her acquaintances of her good fortune; they called on Mrs. Miller that very day, and before Mrs. Miller retired that night she had disposed of all 24 pictures and forwarded the \$5.00 to Mr. Clark.

Prize Winner Is Pleased

In three days the prize dishes arrived and Mrs. Miller tells me they are the most beautiful she ever saw any place. "I would not take anything for that set right now," she declared.

Can you picture your dining room with a beautiful gold monogram, Parisian Chinoiserie dinner set gracing the sideboard, the dinner table and the plate rack? Haven't you for a long time been wanting a set like this?

I have several of Mr. Clark's pictures in my home and they are certainly very beautiful. I cannot begin to show you how they look in their many rich and splendid colors. They are perfect works of art, fit for any residence, measuring 16x20 inches. What is more, they come ready to hang on the wall, for every picture is finished complete ready for the wall just as received from Mr. Clark.

I hope that every one of our readers will sign the free coupon and send for Mr. Clark's high-art pictures today!

EDITOR HOME FOLKS.



A PRIZE for every reader of this paper FREE

42 PIECES

as follows:

8-9 in. PLATES 6-7 in. PLATES
6 CUPS 6 SAUCERS
6 FRUIT DISHES 6 BUTTER CHIPS
2 VEGETABLE DISHES
1 BREAD PLATE 1 CAKE PLATE
1 GRAVY BOWL 1 Large PLATTER
YOUR own initial in GOLD on every piece (cups and saucers excluded).

I AM Giving Away as PRIZES

100,000 sets of this elegant Dinner Service.

Do not miss your share—a PRIZE of 42 pieces of beautiful China, artistically decorated, your initial in gold on the pieces. A PRIZE that costs you only a bit of your leisure time.

Send No Money, Not One Cent—The PRIZES are Absolutely Free

There are 100,000 of these prize—premium sets. Be sure to get one of the sets. Everybody can get one complete set as a free PRIZE and you can get it so very, very easily

Certificate of Guarantee

by the Editor of Home Folks.

I hereby certify that every statement made on this page is the truthful, honest avowal of a large and thoroughly reliable firm. This prize offer is exactly as represented.

Editor Home Folks.

This Elegant Dinner Set

is made of finest Parisian China, the kind endorsed and used by the most stylish people. Although this superior china costs us a great deal of money, we chose the Parisian China to give away as PRIZES; for we figure that by being very generous with you and giving you the best right now, we would at once win your friendship and recommendation, and the beautiful dinner set standing on your table and envied by all neighbors—the best dinner set in town—ought to prove a fine advertisement for our proposition. As you can see from the picture, every piece of the dinner set is decorated with the modern high art, and besides, if you write at once, every piece (except cups and saucers) with your initial in pure gold free of charge. Read the first column of this page.

WIN A PRIZE—How: Send no Money. Just mail the coupon

at the bottom of this page. You will then get 24 famous high-art pictures, richly colored, 16 x 20 inches, complete with facsimile lithographed gold scroll frames for you to distribute, and two extra pictures for you to keep—a total of Twenty-Six (26) pictures. The two extra pictures you hang up in your home. Invite your friends to see your pictures, and whenever a friend calls hand her one of the other 24 pictures at only 25 cents each. By giving away the 24 pictures at only 25 cents each you will take in \$6.00. Send us \$6.00 and we will send you the beautiful, aristocratic 42-piece Monogram Dinner Set absolutely free.

As soon as people see the pictures decorating the walls of your room they will be eager to get a similar picture. But if for any reason you should not succeed, we will pay you for the number of pictures you distributed, and besides we want you to keep the two extra pictures anyway, just for having made an honest effort. The art pictures are fully described by the editor in the first column of this page.



Dining Room of Mayor Grosse, of Harlem, Ill., whose wife earned the beautiful monogram dinner set as a prize and also the free pictures. (From photograph by Orville Hart, all rights reserved.)

Mayor Grosse's wife writes us as follows: "I received your beautiful monogram dinner set with initial in gold and it is certainly beautiful. The stores here do not carry anything like it. It is so artistic and elegant. I shall always be glad to recommend you for your fairness, promptness and generosity."—MRS. MARTIN V. GROSSE, Harlem, Ill., Oct. 9, 1906.

Cultured and refined people appreciate this superior prize offer. Don't delay. Sign the free coupon at once and send right now to

GEO. CLARK, Mgr., 63-69 Washington St., Suite 1442, Chicago, Ill.

At Least ONE PRIZE for Everybody

You cannot fail to get a PRIZE for whatever time you spare. Your reward is sure—even if you do not fulfill all the conditions of this prize offer you get two pictures free anyway just for having made an honest effort, and extra prizes besides for whatever you do. But I know you can earn the grand prize—the beautiful monogram dinner set—very, very easily.

SIGN Your Name and Address

Free Coupon

You need not bother with a letter; just write your name and address plainly on the coupon, enclose in an envelope and mail today thereby getting an early start for a truly valuable Prize. Send this coupon and get our valuable prize offer before anybody else gets it in your town.

GEO. CLARK, Mgr.
63-69 Washington St.
Suite 1442, CHICAGO, ILL.

Name

Address

Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to assist in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered. If a subscriber wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT, thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be obtained by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTABLE LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. P. J. Q.—We understand from your statements to-day, that you now own one piece of property which you have paid for and that you desire to purchase another. If you purchase another, your first purchase has exhausted all your money. We think it the best course for you to pursue would be to sell the property you now own before making another purchase. Of course, you could probably raise money enough on a mortgage on the property you own to make a payment on the property you desire to purchase and then give a mortgage for the balance of the purchase price, and, in that way, own two properties with mortgages on both. Instead of owning the one, as we understand you now do without any mortgage on it, you own to make a payment on the property you are having the mortgage, one or both. We do not think it is a good thing to have property disclosed when they come due, unless you are sure you could pay them at that time. We do not think it very advisable for women to mortgage their property in order to get more money, unless they are exceptionally good business women. It is better to have enough to purchase property that will increase in value.

R. A. M. - Under the laws of the State you mention, were of the opinion, that in such a case as you describe the property of the deceased, in the event of no will, would pass as follows: To the husband or wife, one third absolutely of all the property of the intestate, real and personal, and, if there be no children of the intestate or representatives of children, the whole absolutely to the surviving husband and wife, one third absolutely of the remainder of the estate. We think that, in the State, if the person you mention had been named before April 20, 1877, the property would pass differently.

M. B.—We think that, if you can prove upon this, that the death of your horse was caused by the defective condition of the street of the city you mention, that you can recover damages from the city. The right of action against the city for the value of the horse at the time of its death. (2) We think you should employ a lawyer to bring the action for you, as your letter shows that you are not a lawyer, and that you yourself could not properly conduct your case.

M. E. C.—We think D. should procure the old deed from A. to B. and have the same recorded now. In case he can not do that, he should have A. execute a deed to him and have the same recorded. If he had made an error in the deed, it would have saved him the trouble he is put to now.

C. M.—We think you have a very mistaken idea as to the duties and powers of a detective. We think that in many cases detectives are selected from the police force of their respective cities. We presume the advertise- ment refers to detective agencies or bureaus, to which you refer, and some private agencies. A detective having such a connection has no right to search houses without a search warrant or to perform the various other acts you mention.

C.—We do not think the judge you mention is limited by any statutory provision as to the time he can take in rendering his decision.

Mrs. J. K.—Under the laws of the State where you say the property you mention is situated, we think your father would be limited to twenty years in which to bring an action to establish whatever right he claims in the property. We think the only way for you to establish a title of record to the property would be by showing that the deed or will, both of which you say have been lost before being recorded, was valid. We think, however, that this might be a dangerous course for you to pursue as, in the event of your failure

establish by your proof the lost instrument, your brother's title to an interest in the property would be established. We think you might better remain quietly in possession of the property, being careful to have the tax bills receipted in your name and try to establish title by possession. The execution by yourself and sister of such deeds as you mention would be unwise, as they in themselves would be an admission on your part that your title is disputed.

G.—If the deed of the property you mention has not yet been made and delivered to the man you mention, should he draw it down to himself and wife as granted to him, and then, when he is dead, and after the wife is dead, should be inserted the words "and to his heirs and assigns as tenants by the entirety." In that way we are of the opinion that the property, upon the death of either husband or wife, would go to the survivor, and after either of them is dead, the surviving one would take the property. Has he been already married, or is he to be married? He could make a will and devise it to his wife; the great trouble with this method, however, is that he might change his mind and destroy the will before his death, in which event she would only be entitled to her share under the will.

subscriber.—You have no rights in the estate of the man with whom you live. We do not understand what you mean by joining with him in the deed of property purchased by you. The purchaser of property does not create the deed; possibly you have joined in a mortgage given in part payment of the property. An examination of the deed would be necessary to show whether you have any interest in the property. If you should marry the man without first securing a divorce from your first marriage, you would be guilty of bigamy.

Mrs. L. M. Jc.—If the tax sales of the property you mention have been made absolute and were so conducted that they cannot be set aside, we are of the opinion that your husband has lost his property. We think that, in any event, under the laws of the State where you say this property is situated an action for its recovery is limited in years, but that this time is extended one year in cases of the minor children.

J. M. S.—We are of the opinion that the heirs of the man you mention have no interest in the property she had before her death, whether the purchaser had the deed recorded or not.

E.—We do not know of any law school of high standing, which gives instruction in the way you mention. We think it would be better for you to attach yourself as a student to the office of some lawyer in your locality and receive instruction from him; you can make the arrangement under which you can be absent from the office when your other duties call you away.

B. E. - We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, a married woman, in her own right, real and personal property acquired by descent, gift or purchase, and manage, sell, lease, or dispose of the same, in the same manner that the husband can properly manage, sell, lease, or dispose of the same.

2) You should consult some other lawyer in your divorce matter.

3) We are of the opinion that in suits for divorce or separation the question of the custody of the minor children is one for the court, before which the action is brought, and that the court will determine what is best for the child.

4) You need not fear, in your case, that the court will take your money away from you, if you present your case and that that evidence before the court.

E. H., under the laws of the State from which you are, and in the opinion that if the deeds of the property were made, as drawn, are from your estate, to be in the State they must have been, as to make your father your mother owners of the property as well as themselves, then upon the death of one the property would go to his or her wife, which is your father's right, and if he dies, the property would go to the property either by one dead or separate instances as she sees fit, if, however, your father was owner of the property, she would only have her

[illegible]

Rheumatism Cured Through the Feet

**Don't Take Medicine—External Remedy
Which Gives Immediate Relief
Mailed Free on Approval.**

**We Want Every one who has Rheumatism to Take
Advantage of our FREE COUPON
OFFER Below.**

Return mail will bring you—free to try—a Dollar pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan cure for rheumatism. They are curing very bad cases of every kind of rheumatism, both chronic and acute, no matter how severe. Hundreds of thousands of persons have tested Magic Foot Drafts without paying us a cent in advance—you have the same opportunity. No other remedy ever stood such a test—there is no other remedy like Magic Foot Drafts, which cures after doctors and baths and medicines fail—after, in many cases, 30 and 40 years of suffering.

Send us the coupon today. When the Drafts come, try them. If you are satisfied with the benefit received—then you can send us One Dollar. If not, we take your simple say so, and the Drafts cost you absolutely nothing. Can you afford not to accept such an offer? You can readily see that we couldn't afford to make the offer if the Drafts didn't **cure**. We earnestly believe that they will **cure you**. The coupon below will entitle you, if you have never used Magic Foot Drafts, to a dollar pair **free to try**. Cut it out and mail it today to the Magic Foot Draft Co., 256 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. A valuable book (in colors) on rheumatism comes free with the trial Drafts. Send no money—just this coupon with your name and address plainly written.

—FREE \$1. COUPON—
Good for a \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, to be sent Free on Approval.

To _____
address _____
as explained in above special offer.

Only one trial pair to one address.

A \$1⁰⁰ Package

FREE

TO TRY
If You Have

Piles



The illustration shows a box of 'PILE PILLS' with 'PLASMA' written on the top flap and 'GUTH'S' on the side. Below the box is a bottle of 'ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT' with a cork stopper. The entire advertisement is framed by a decorative border.

Send your name today and get by return mail our new 3-fold Treatment which is curing thousands.

To every person who sends us the coupon below at once we will send—**Free to try**—our complete new **three-fold absorption cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumors, Constipation** and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us one dollar. If not, we take your word and it costs you nothing; **you decide** after a thorough trial.

This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. Act now and perhaps save yourself great suffering. Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our valuable new **Pile Book** (in colors) comes free with the approval treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—just the coupon—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 256 **Majestic Building, Jackson, Mich.**

Free \$1.00 Coupon

Entitling any one with Piles:

to receive, prepaid, **Free to Try**, a regular **DOLLAR PACKAGE** of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold **Absorption Treatment**, together with our valuable New Book in colors. (All plain wrapped.)

Name _____

Address _____

Only one trial package to one address.

**FORTUNE
TOLD FREE**

Send a 3 cent stamp,
name, address, and
birthdate for fortune
worth having, the
greatest of all.
I tell more than
all others and it
comes true. Please
try me and see.

SALVO, DEPT. 12 Station A BOSTON, MASS.

testimony of Dr. F. G. Curtis, of Kansas City, whose testimonials prove the statement that many people have been successfully treated by him in their own homes by mild medicines. In regard to ear troubles, the testimony is equally strong and convincing. Dr. Curtis has issued a book which is full of valuable information and should be read and referred to by everyone. Write Dr. F. G. Curtis, 262 Humboldt Bldg., Kansas City Mo., and ask for a free copy of his Eye and Ear Book.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

"At work as usual. You are incorrigible. Any other woman would be so charmed with her conquest that her head would be quite turned by a certain pair of brown eyes that are considered irresistible. Come, get ready for your drive; it is almost five o'clock, and you know foreigners are too polite, too thoroughly well-bred not to be punctual. No, no, Miss Earl; not that hat, on the peril of your life! Where is that new one that I ordered sent up to you two days ago? Miss Earl, put your hair back a little from the left temple. Where are your gloves? You look charmingly, my dear; only too pale, too pale! If you don't contrive to get up some color, people will swear that Sir Roger was airing the ghost of a pretty girl. There is the bell! Just as I told you, he is punctual. Five o'clock to a minute."

She stepped to the window, and looked down at the equipage before the door.

"What superb horses! You will be the envy of the city."

There was something in the appearance and manner of Sir Roger which often reminded Edna of Gordon Leigh; and during the spring he visited her so constantly, sent her so frequently baskets of elegant flowers, that he succeeded in overcoming her reticence, and established himself on an exceedingly friendly footing in Mrs. Andrews' house.

Now, as they drove along the avenue and entered the Park, their spirits rose; and Sir Roger turned very often to look at the fair face of his companion, which he found more and more attractive each day. He saw, too, that under his earnest gaze the faint color deepened, until her cheeks glowed like sea-shells; and when he spoke he bent his face nearer to hers than was necessary to make her hear his words. They talked of books, flowers, music, mountain scenery, and the green lanes of "Merry England." Edna was perfectly at ease, and in a mood to enjoy everything.

They dashed on, and the sunlight disappeared before Sir Roger turned his horse's head homeward. When they reached Mrs. Andrews' door he dismissed his carriage and spent the evening. At eleven o'clock he rose to say goodby.

"Miss Earl, I hope I shall have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance at an early day; if not in America in Europe. The brightest reminiscences I shall carry across the ocean are those that cluster about the hours I have spent with you. If I should not return to New York, will you allow me the privilege of hearing from you occasionally?"

His clasp of the girl's hand was close, but she withdrew it, and her face flushed painfully as she answered:

"Will you excuse me, Sir Roger, when I tell you that I am constantly occupied I have not time to write, even to my old and dearest friends."

Passing the door of Felix's room, on her way to her own apartment, the boy called to her: "Miss Earl, are you very tired?"

"Oh, no. Do you want anything?"

"My head aches and I can't go to sleep. Please read to me a little while."

He raised himself on his elbow, and looked up fondly at her.

"Ah! how very pretty you are tonight! Kiss me, won't you?"

She stooped and kissed the poor parched lips, and as she opened a volume of the Waverley Novels, he said:

"Did you see Miss Morton?"

"Yes; she was on horseback, and we passed her twice."

"Glad of it! I guess she finds it as hard to get to sleep tonight as I do."

Edna commenced reading, and it was nearly an hour before Felix's eyes closed. Softly she put the book back on the shelf, extinguished the light, and stole upstairs to her desk. That night, as Sir Roger tossed restlessly on his pillow, thinking of her, recalling all that she had said during the drive, he would not have been either comforted or flattered by a knowledge of the fact that she was so entirely engrossed by her MS. that she had no thought of him or his impending departure.

When the clock struck three she laid down her pen; and the mournful expression that crept into her eyes told that memory was busy with the past years. When she fell asleep she dreamed not of Sir Roger but of Le Bocage and its master, of whom she would not permit herself to think in her waking hours.

The influence which Mr. Manning exerted over Edna increased as their acquaintance ripened; and the admiring reverence with which she regarded the editor was exceedingly flattering to him. With curious interest he watched the expansion of her mind, and now and then warned her of some error into which she seemed inclined to plunge, or wisely advised some new branch of research.

So firm was her confidence in his mature and dispassionate judgment, that she yielded to his opinions a deferential homage, such as she had scarcely paid even to Mr. Hammond.

Gradually and unconsciously she learned to lean upon his strong, clear mind, and to find in his society a quiet but very precious happiness.

Edna's intense and dreamy idealism demanded a check, which the positivism of the editor supplied; and his extensive and rigidly accurate information, on almost all scientific topics, constituted a valuable treasury of knowledge to which he never denied her access.

Through his influence Edna made the acquaintance of some of the most eminent scholars and artists who formed this clique, and she found that his friendship and recommendation was an "open sesame" to the charmed circle.

One Saturday she sat waiting for Mr. Manning, who had promised to accompany her on her first visit to Greenwood, and as she put on her gloves, Felix handed her a letter which his father had just brought up.

Recognizing Mrs. Murray's writing, the governess read it immediately, and, while her eyes ran over the sheet, an expression, first of painful, then of joyful surprise, came into her countenance.

"My Dear Child: Doubtless you will be amazed to hear that your quondam lover has utterly driven your image from his fickle heart; and that he ignores your existence as completely as if you were buried twenty feet in the ruins of Herculaneum. Last night Gordon Leigh was married to Gertrude Powell, and the happy pair, attended by that despicable mother, Agnes Powell, will set out for Europe early next week. My dear, it is growing fashionable to 'marry for spite.' I have seen two instances recently, and know of a third which will take place ere long. Poor Gordon will rue his rashness, and, before the year expires, he will arrive at the conclusion that he is an unmitigated fool, and has simply performed, with great success, an operation familiarly known as cutting off one's nose to spite one's face! Your rejection of his renewed offer placed him beyond expression, and when he returned from New York he was in exactly the most accommodating frame of mind which Mrs. Powell could desire. She immediately laid siege to him. Gertrude's undisguised preference for his society was extremely soothing to his vanity, which you had so severely wounded, and in fine, the indefatigable manoeuvres of the wily mamma, and the continual flattery of the girl, who

is really very pretty, accomplished the result. I once credited Gordon with more sense than I can be proud of, but each year convinces me more firmly of the truth of my belief, that no man is proof against the subtle and persistent flattery of a beautiful woman. When he announced his engagement to me, we were sitting in the library, and I looked him full in the face, and answered: 'Indeed! Engaged to Miss Powell? I thought you swore that so long as Edna Earl remained unmarried you would never relinquish your suit?' He pointed to that lovely statuette of Pallas that stands on the mantelpiece, and said bitterly, 'Edna Earl has no more heart than that marble Athena.' Whereupon I replied, 'Take care, Gordon. I notice that of late you seem inclined to deal rather too freely in hyperbole. Edna's heart may resemble the rich veins of gold, which in some mines run not near the surface but deep in the masses of quartz. Because you cannot obtain it, you have no right to declare that it does not exist. You will probably live to hear some more fortunate suitor shout Eureka! over the treasure.' He turned pale as the Pallas and put his hand over his face. Then I said, 'Gordon, my young friend, I have always been deeply interested in your happiness; tell me frankly, do you love this girl Gertrude?' He seemed much embarrassed, but finally made his confession: 'Mrs. Murray, I believe I shall be fond of her after a while. She is very lovely, and deeply, deeply attached to me (vanity you see, Edna), and I am grateful for her affection. She will brighten my lonely home, and at least I never expect to love any woman as I loved Edna Earl. I can pet Gertrude; I should have worshiped my first love, my proud, gifted, peerless Edna! Oh! she will never realize all she threw away when she coldly dismissed me.' Poor Gordon! Well, he is married; but his bride might have been a cause of disquiet in his restless, abstracted manner on the evening of his wedding. What do you suppose was St. Elmo's criticism on this matrimonial mismatch? 'Poor devil! Before a year rolls over his head he will feel like plunging into the Atlantic, with Plymouth Rock for a neck! Leigh deserves a better fate, and I would rather see him tied to wild horses and dragged across the Andes. These pious marriages are terrible mistakes; so my dear, I trust you will duly repent of your cruelty to poor Gordon.'"

As Edna put the letter in her pocket, she wondered whether Gertrude really loved her husband, or whether chagrin at Mr. Murray's heartless desertion had not goaded the girl to accept Mr. Leigh.

"Perhaps after all, Mr. Murray was correct in his estimate of her character, when he said that she was a mere child, and was capable of no very earnest affection. I hope so—I hope so."

Edna sighed as she tried to assure herself of the probability that the newly-married pair would become more attached as time passed; and her thoughts returned to that paragraph in Mrs. Murray's letter which seemed intentionally mysterious: "I know of a third instance which will take place ere long."

Did she allude to her son and her niece? Edna could not believe this possible, and shook her head at the suggestion; but her lips grew cold, and her fingers locked each other as in a clasp of steel.

When Mr. Manning called, and assisted her into the carriage, he observed an unusual preoccupation of mind; but after a few desultory remarks she rallied, gave him her undivided attention, and seemed engrossed by his conversation.

It was a fine, sunny day, bright but cool, with a fresh and stiffening west wind rippling the waters of the harbor.

The week had been one of unusual trial, for Felix was sick, and even more than ordinarily fretful and exacting; and weary of writing and of teaching so constantly, the governess enjoyed the brief season of emancipation.

Mr. Manning's long residence in the city had familiarized him with the beauties of Greenwood, and the history of many who slept dreamlessly in the costly mausoleums which they paused to examine and admire; and when at last he directed the driver to return, Edna sank back in one corner of the carriage and said: "Some morning I will come with the children and spend the entire day."

She closed her eyes, and her thoughts traveled swiftly to that pure white obelisk standing in the shadow of Lookout, and melancholy memories brought a sigh to her lips and a slight cloud to the face that for two hours past had been singularly bright and animated. The silence had lasted some minutes, when Mr. Manning, who was gazing abstractedly out of the window, turned to his companion and said:

"You look pale and badly today."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Makes Fat Vanish

We have such marvelous records of reduction in hundreds of cases with the Kresslin Treatment that we decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments. A reduction of 10 pounds a week guaranteed. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. Perfectly harmless. Easy and quick results. Don't take our word for this; we will prove it to you at our own expense. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject if costs you nothing. Address Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 621 B, 205 Fulton Street, New York City.

It Is Easy To Earn

beautiful premium by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salvo." 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Group Pimples, Scabies, and all skin diseases. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salvo; what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this beautiful Bonus Trimmed Iron Bed, finished with three cords of the best white enamel, and large brass knobs. Height 55 in., with 4 ft. 6 in. for selling only 25 cents. Also Tea Sets, Lamps, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Caskets, Kitchen Furniture, Suits, Furniture and anything in the line of Household Goods.

NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Send name and address and we will mail 6 jars with large premium illustrated full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 13 jars our Premium always the best. Compare with others. Mother's Remedies Co. Dept. G 1135 35th St. Chicago

CATARRH

FREE ADVICE ON ITS CURE

If you have Catarrh let me show you what to do for it—how to drive every bit of it out of the system.

Without it costing you a cent, you can have the benefit of my twenty-one years' of successful experience—my wide knowledge of Catarrh, its causes and its cure.

Don't neglect Catarrh! Don't let it make you into a worn-out, run-down Catarrhal wreck.

Remember, Catarrh is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting trouble. It is a dangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and often opens the way to Consumption. Be warned in time. If you have Catarrh, start to cure it NOW!

Don't think it can't be cured because you've tried to cure it and failed.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless patent medicines.

Catarrh can be cured, if you take it in hand the right way. Write to me today and I'll give you valuable medical advice free on just what to do for it.

LEARN AT ONCE HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Tell me about your trouble. After careful study I'll send you, without any charge whatever, a complete diagnosis of your case which will explain clearly how to get rid of Catarrh.

Simply for the asking you'll receive excellent counsel that will point out how Catarrh can be cured, not just for a week, or a month, or a year—but PERMANENTLY.

Don't let this offer pass—accept my assistance today. This treacherous disease has been my life-study—I know it in every form and stage. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh. You can be also if you will.

Read my list of questions carefully, answer them yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines and mail the Free Advice Coupon to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will obtain for you the very help you need. Address

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE,
(Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Navy Naval Service), 233 Trade Building, Boston.



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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give you a splendid suit of clothes every ninety days, enlarge your picture free and pay you a salary of \$80.00 per month and all traveling expenses, with our check for \$50.00 when engaged to take orders for the greatest and most reliable Portrait House in the World. All this will be guaranteed. Address R. D. MARTEL, Dept. E 30, Chicago, Ill.

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Wait Till the Sun Shines Nelly, Waltz Me Around with Willie, Be Long Mary, Waiting at the Church, Not Because your Hair is Curly, Every-body Wants but Father, Why Don't You Try, Cheyenne, Grand Old Flag, Ladies Double Boy, Can't You See I'm Lonely, 45 others and MUSIC. Send 10c for 3 mos. subscription to best Young People's Magazine. Song Free postpaid. Campbell Pub. Co. Dept. 8, Des Moines, Ia.

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Wages a Stem-Wind, Solid-Gold Watch, guaranteed. Watch engraved on both sides; proper class; appears equal to 25-year solid gold watch, also engraved with a sparkling gem, brilliant as a GENUINE \$50 DIAMOND, for selling 30 jewelry articles at 10c each. 50c jewelry business; people all send jewelry postpaid; when sold send stand we will send watch and ring; also a gold watch, LADIES' OR GENTS' RING AND STYLE. MONROE JEWEL CO., DEPT. 304 CHICAGO, ILL.

A BEAUTIFUL neck, face and

send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moles, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

"Skidoo" Game.

23



23

Play the New Checker Game, Checker-Board and Men Free.

The latest and best game played after the style of the old game of Checkers. "Skidoo" and 23 are the amusing features of the game. It is just patented but easy to learn and both old and young are delighted. We want to let you try it, and to help introduce to your friends, will send a complete game—a Folding Checker-board, 18 inches, and 38 men—free if you enclose only six cents for mailing, etc. Will also send Premium List and show you how to make money. Address COMFORT, Box B, Augusta, Maine

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FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all EXCITING FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give with a 6 months' subscription. People all at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. We are going to offer this immense lot RIGHT OFF—Our packages contain from



25 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get a subscription and a lot introduced into every home; then you can combine your own work with the best of the market. Remember these pieces are carefully selected and constantly adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework, which the "NATIONAL FARMER" distributes each month. Many ladies sell titles, for pillows, etc., at a great profit, mostly from these remnants.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work guaranteed satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE five skeins of elegant embroidery silk all different bright colors. This silk is very nice; but we know if you ORDER ONE subscription lot, we will get many in your locality to subscribe after they see the paper, so make this offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush containing 36 square inches.

WEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assortment FREE to all who send 25 cents for 6 months' subscription to the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to further advertise to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package our great book with Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work, where Fancy Stitches are used. It has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover an seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc.

The book illustrates over 150 of these besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrangements and Chemise Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tuffed Batches, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patching. Remember we send 6 months' subscription to the "NATIONAL FARMER" one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 Skeins Embroidery silk, 36 square inches plush, and a nice book on embroidery, all for only 25 cents, or you may send 2 subscribers at 15 cents each and receive one lot free. 3 lots and 1 year's subscription, 65 cents; 5 lots and subscription, \$1.00.

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HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS?

Do you spit yellow and black matter? Are you continually coughing and hawking, losing flesh, have night sweats, bleeding from the lungs, fever and chills, weak voice, flat chest and pains in sides and under shoulder blades?



These were the exact symptoms present in the case of Mr. Wm. Schmidt, 1044 Coleman Street, St. Louis, Mo. (whose picture is here reproduced). This man was treated by the best St. Louis doctors, all of whom pronounced him in an incurable stage of Consumption (Tuberculosis). After getting no encouragement from the physicians he was taken to a prominent hospital and, after a thorough examination there, was informed that his right lung was almost entirely decomposed, that his was a hopeless case of consumption, and that all medical treatment would be of no avail. After receiving all of this discouraging information, Mr. Schmidt saw Lung-Germine advertised, and without a moment's delay he ordered the treatment and began its use. The result was that he was made a well man after six months of Lung-Germine treatment had been used. This cure was established three years ago and he remains a strong and healthy man to this day, with absolutely no trace of the dread disease in his system.

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has cured hundreds of cases just as serious as Mr. Schmidt's. If you have any of the above named symptoms we hope that you will regard them as a danger signal and the warning of Nature. Do not allow your condition to become more serious and deep seated. Satisfy yourself as to the correctness of our claims for Lung-Germine, and place yourself under this treatment at once. Every day you delay means another forward stride of this desperate malady. Lung-Germine treatment can be used, with all the benefits which it gives, in your own home.

IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO LEAVE YOUR HOME friends or business, and enter a sanitarium or go to a different climate. We shall be glad to send you full particulars and sample of the remedy absolutely free. Write us today and learn more about this successful treatment for Consumption.

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beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salve; what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine Red-Rocker, full size, extra quality, strongly built, finely finished, roomy and comfortable, for selling a doz. Also Tea Set, Iron Bed, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Curtains, Kitchen Cabinets, Suits, Furniture and anything in household goods. **NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.** Just send name and address and we will mail six jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 15 yrs our Free-time always the best. Compare with others. Mother's Remedies Co. Dept. D. 1155-35th St. Chicago

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WE PAY \$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with right to 12 produce poultry compound. Year's contract. **UNITED BROS. CO., DEPT. 63, PARSONS, KANS.**

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PRICES NOW GREATLY REDUCED. OUR CREAM SEPARATOR OFFERS are more liberal, more wonderful than ever before, greatly improved models, prices lower than last season. If you have more than one CREAM SEPARATOR, send for a new one. Send for your new one. We have two big cream separators. One is a machine on a two wheeled stand, and the other is a machine on a four wheeled stand. Both are made of stainless steel and are completely new. If you have a separator, send for a new one. If you have a separator, send for a new one. If you have a separator, send for a new one. Write for a new one. Write for a new one. Write for a new one.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Christine, Plano, Ky.—Sapphire is blue. Anna, Ahloso, I. T.—There is no categorical answer to your question. There is an answer to every varying condition of climate and market and location, and all are different. For families who are meat eaters, vegetables are not economical, and vice versa. You will have to work the problem out in your own locality.

Old Coins, Braddock, Pa.—You will have to consult experts. Write to Capen Crawford, 116 Nassau St., New York, or to W. P. Brown, 213 Broadway. And write very much more distinctly than in your letter to us. You write well enough, but you try to get too much on one sheet.

G. B. Braham, Minn.—Any first-class jeweler in St. Paul or Minneapolis can probably tell you. Or you might write to Tiffany & Co., New York City, who are the leading experts in that line.

E. F. S., Charleston, Ill.—We can not give you an address of Mr. Carnegie to which a letter might be sent and receive an answer. He does not answer letters and you are wasting money and time writing to him.

Miss L. L., Eugene, Fla.—You could get what you want, we suppose in Savannah or Atlanta, but we do not know business addresses there. Write to the Postmaster of each place inclosing a post card for reply.

M. E., Albany, Ind.—Write to F. Brett & Co., 194 Fulton St., New York.

N. & M., Hamburg, Minn.—Christmas COMFORT was printed and in the mails before you had even written your letter to us. Hence our failure to reply in December number, as you requested.

B. N. H., Paris, Ark.—Write to J. H. Small & Sons, Washington, D. C., or to I. K. Allen, 108 West 28th St., New York. St. Louis, or Memphis would be a better market for you.

W. R. F. S., East Pittsburg, Pa.—We do not have the address, as addresses are not kept. We can give you, however, and ask the party to write to you.

W. M., Mertilla, Kans.—W. Simpson, 91 Park Row, L. C. Newberger, 784 Eighth Ave., Robt. Simpson & Co., 143 West 42nd St., H. McAlceman, 194 Eighth Ave., New York City.

L. M. P., Leland, Mich.—You will get the information at much more length than we could possibly give it if you will consult any Cyclopaedia, of which there must be numerous copies in your town. The nationality would no doubt be German.

M. I. C., Kosciuszko, Miss.—Echo, Chicago, Ill., Musical Record, Boston, Mass., Kunkel's Musical Review, St. Louis, Mo., Musical Courier, New York. Any of these will probably send you sample copies.

Mrs. E., Alton, Ill.—Chicago or St. Louis is your best market. You can get addresses from the newspapers of those places, both of which circulate in your town.

Politician, Merrill, Wis.—Governor Beckham of Kentucky, and Governor Hoch of Kansas.

C. M., Floyd, Iowa.—There is some money in wolf scalps in Wyoming and states thereabouts, but not enough to justify your devoting your time to it.

G. K. C., Hudson, Ill.—See answer above to "Old Coins."

R. A. M., Fairfield, Conn.—Every such institution has its own rules which can only be learned by applying to them for information. You are so near to New York that you should be able to find out without much trouble. We should think being married would not be a bar to admission. Especially if you have no incumbrances.

Uninformed, New Park, Pa.—The only way to sell such matter is to send it to editors and see if they want it. If it is good and what they want, they will buy. (2) We know of none such, though they may exist. Try the ordinary music publisher. (3) We do not have the household recipes you wish, and suppose every baker uses his own yeast.

M. C., Homer, La.—The Western Milliner, Chicago, Ill., Fashion World, Boston, Mass., Illustrated Milliner, New York, Fashions, Philadelphia, Pa. You will find books on the same subject advertised in the magazines.

A. L. P., Saginaw, Mich., and J. S. Richland, N. Y. See answer above to "Old Coins."

Mrs. H. F., Pratt, Minn.—18 East 23rd St., New York.

S. M., Percy, Pa.—Write to Pitt-Thompson, Co., 56th St., and 8th Ave., New York, or to Henry Malkin, 18 Broadway, New York.

If several correspondents, who have written asking for the address of "Mrs. E. E., Republic, Wash.," wish us to do so we will give their addresses and request the lady to write to them. It is the way we can reach her, as we keep no addresses.

G. M. L., Judge, Mich.—Write to P. Lucchesi, Bros. & Co., 121 East 59th St., New York City.

S. F. S., Lacona, Ia.—You will probably get all the needed information by writing to the Manhattan Passemeterie Co., 5 Walker St., or to Louis Metzger & Co., 637 Broadway, New York City.

How to Hear Plants Grow

If you were told that it was possible to hear plants grow you would scarcely believe it, but two Germans say they have discovered a method of "hearing" plants grow. In the apparatus the growing plant is connected with a disc, having in its center an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and this, on a scale fifty times magnified, denotes the progress in growth. Both disc and indicator are metal, and when brought in contact with an electric hammer, the electric current being interrupted at each of the divided interstices of the disc, the growth of the plant is as perceptible to ear as to the eye.

MEN WANTED everywhere to distribute circulars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. National Distributing Bureau, 214 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Distributors wanted for Circulars and Samples. Tack signs. Nothing to sell. Universal Advertising Co., 333 Drexel Bank Bldg., Chicago

We Will Pay Men \$85 Per Month to travel, collect names, advertise and give away samples. Expenses advanced. Write today. W. R. Rider Company, Chicago.

SONG WRITERS, send us your poems. We compose the music. Simple songs often make great hits. Established 35 years. **GRUON MUSIC CO., 8 Steinyard Wall, Chicago.**

\$80 A MONTH and expenses advanced to men and women to travel, introduce our goods and distribute them. Northwestern Company, Dept. 5, 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

LADIES make money selling our hose supporters; sample free. Norumbega Mfg. Co., Waltham, Mass.

600 Second-Hand BICYCLES \$3 to \$8. Bargain list free. Dept. C3, Mead Cycle Co., Chicago.

58 almighty dollar getters for agents. Send stamp. Enterprise Pub. Co., Jacksonville, O.

Free CATALOG Millinery, Furs, Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel. Chicago Mail Order Co., Chicago, Ill.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED ALIVE, with DEAD OVALS. BYRON FIELD & CO., 121 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

VISITING CARDS Good quality, latest style, with same neatly printed. W. P. HOWIE, PRINTER, BEEBE PLAIN, VT.

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing Fluid. Send 5c stamp. A. W. SCOTT, COHES, N. Y.

G. S. A. MONEY Agents wanted. Circulars free. P. E. Cheney, Urbana, Ohio.

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich. EASTERN AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ct.

SPECTACLES at wholesale. Send for catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.

25 Visiting Cards 10c. Name in latest 18 fun cards, with your name, 15c; don't miss these. Matteson, 295 B. Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS PORTRAITS \$50, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-27 W. Adams St., Chicago.

50 Your name printed on 50 CARDS for No Two Alike Postpaid. DAME CO., 694 C. Washington St., Boston, Mass.

ELECTRIC Supplies, Telephones, Novelties, Dynamometers, motors, fans, batteries, lamps, bells, belts, books, toys. Big Catalog 4c. We undersell all. Want agents. OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio.

\$80 PER MONTH Salary and expenses, to men Remedies. Bank refs. Don't answer unless in earnest. ACME MFG. CO., A. 40, East St. Louis, Ill.

16 COMIC POST CARDS 10c Funniest cards ever printed; beautifully colored, no two alike and every one a corker. 16 cards, 10c; 40 cards, 20c. Big Catalog Free. DRAKE CARD CO., DEPT. 31, 289 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating mines, lost treasures, etc. Cir. 20. Add. L. A. Lowry, P. O. Box 1301-05, Denver, Colo.

\$100 A MONTH and TRAVELING EXPENSES paid men to place Pepto-Protein (for stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. EXPENSES ADVANCED. A. X. Daral Co., Parsons, Kansas.

SONG POEMS WANTED, also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We Compose and Arrange melody FREE of charge. GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO. 124 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED YOUNG MEN BRAKEMAN, FIREMAN, ELECTRIC MOTORMAN, PORTERS. Experience unnecessary. Name position; 100 positions open. Inter. Railway Inst., Dept. N, Indianapolis, Ind.

\$1 SOLID GOLD 12c. Pattern SIGNET RING. Warranted three years. Initial engraved FREE. Sent with Premium List for 12c. SHELL NOVELTY CO., Dept. C 37 Chambers Street, New York.

LET ME TELL Your Fortune Free

Let me tell you FREE what the future has in store for you, whether the coming years hold out riches that you could grasp, if you but knew it, whether marriage and a happy home may be your blessing and whether Fame will knock at your door. The stars will tell it all.

Let me show you how to take advantage of the good fortune that is ready to help you if you knew when and how to act; let me point out the pitfalls and swamps of failure that are in your path, and tell you clearly how to avoid them. How can I do this? By the grand old science of Astrology, which is acknowledged by all thinking men as the only reliable way to foretell the future. By an Astrological System different from that of any Astrologer, living or dead.

I am an Astrologer and for many years I have forecast the future of thousands of delighted patrons all over the world. Some of these patrons are undoubtedly in your own town. I claim to be able to draw for you a picture or Horoscope of your life past, present and future that will startle and mystify you by its exactness. To prove to you the absolute accuracy of my Horoscopes and to show you how thoroughly practical and helpful they are, I will send you absolutely free, on receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay postage, a trial Horoscope or Astrological reading. Simply send date of birth, sex, whether married or single, and you will be surprised at the truths I will tell you. I make this free offer to awaken interest in my work, and to spread broadcast the truths of Astrology as I have mastered them. You will be so convinced by what I tell you of the past, by my wonderful powers to read the future like an open book that you will write to me in all times of trouble and worry and when you want advice about speculation, business, marriage, travel and the future.

Remember that the Horoscope or reading that I offer costs you absolutely nothing. It will be sent sealed and all your letters will be sacredly confidential.

Read the testimonials printed below, which are published with full permission, and are only a few of the thousands and thousands I am constantly receiving.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT, at \$1.00 each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LET ME TELL Your Fortune Free

CORA KNER. TOLD MY LIFE CORRECTLY. Toledo, Ohio. "Had you not understood your science thoroughly you could not have told my life so correctly. I advise everybody to have you read their lives." Cora Kner.

MARIE S. KUHN. SHOWED HOW TO GET HAPPINESS. Cleveland, Ohio. "I am more thankful to you than words can tell for showing me how to attain happiness out of life." Marie S. Kuhn.

CAROLYN E. WILKINS. TOLD THE FUTURE TRUE. Winthrop, Me. "In 1901 you cast my Horoscope and not only told me what was true of myself then but of events that have since happened." Carolyn Wilkins.

THE MONEY AND THE MARRIAGE CAME AS PREDICTED. Ironville, N. Y. The Life Reading prepared three years ago was correct, you said I was to have some little amount of money left me unexpectedly by a distant relative, an elderly lady. This has come true and from a source I had no idea of at the time. What you foretold regarding marriage is also true. MRS. DR. MURRAY.

If you want to make your future successful and know what it contains, write me at once.

I will send the free Horoscope immediately without any charge and I will reveal the future certainly and without failure. I will tell you the history of your life from the cradle to the grave, what you can expect as your share of happiness, what failures may overtake you unless, having my predictions, you are in a position to avoid them. I will tell you things about yourself that you believe no one else knows but which you will find out for yourself.

Therefore write at once. Simply send your full name and address, the date of your birth, your sex, whether married or single, and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and the Horoscope or star reading will be immediately sent you in sealed envelope free of charge.

Professor Edison, 1 Second Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

SPRING AND SUMMER PATTERNS. SPECIAL LIMITED BARGAIN OFFERS.

For 60 Days Only.

For 60 Days Only. You have the opportunity of securing patterns for your entire wardrobe for Spring and Summer at a great reduction. The fashions illustrated below comprise garments of the latest design for every member of the Household, and may be obtained, by ordering **AT ONCE**, at rates **NEVER BEFORE HEARD OF**. These patterns are of the same high quality as those which we have been offering for the last few years. They are thoroughly up to date and absolutely guaranteed as to accuracy. A pattern of any of these designs may be obtained by sending to the pattern department with 25c. for a year's subscription to COMFORT, or you may have two patterns and a full year's subscription for 80c. An easier way is to send a club of three yearly 15c. subscribers for two patterns. If you are already a paid-up subscriber to COMFORT, and cannot get up a club today, we will forward, postage prepaid, any Five Patterns, which you may select, for 35 Cents, or any Three Patterns for 25 Cents, single pattern 10 cents. For sizes in which they are issued refer to corresponding numbers in descriptions at bottom of page and be sure to order only in sizes given.

Address **COMFORT, Bargain Fashion Dept., Augusta, Maine.**



6416—LADIES' WRAPPER; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust.
6460—LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust.
6712—LADIES' FRENCH NIGHTGOWN; 4 sizes, 32 to 44.
6717—HOUSEWIFE'S SET; one size
6710—LADIES' SHIRT; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6730—MAID'S APRON AND CAP; one size.
6728—LADIES' ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER; 4 sizes, 32 to 44.
6729—LADIES' 6-GORED PETTICOAT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32.
6731—LADIES' WRAPPER; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6732—LADIES' LOUNGING-ROBE; sizes, small, medium and large.
6741—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST LINING; 7 sizes, 32 to 44.
6742—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust.
6746—LADIES' PRINCESS WRAPPER; 7 sizes, 32 to 44.
6748—LADIES' COAT; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6751—WOMEN'S NOVELETTE SHIRT; 6 sizes, 32 to 46.
6754—MEN'S SHIRT; 6 sizes, 32 to 46.
6758—LADIES' 6-GORED SKIRT; 4 sizes, 20 to 34.
6762—LADIES' JACKET; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6763—LADIES' 7-GORED SKIRT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32.

6764-LADIES' OPEN FRENCH DRAWERS, 4 sizes, 30 to 32.
6771-LADIES' AND MISSES' 1-SEAM SLEEVES; sizes: small, medium and large.
6772-LADIES' GIRDLES in three styles, small, medium and large.
6773-LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6774-LADIES' 7-GORED SKIRT; 7 sizes, 30 to 32.
6775-LADIES' NIGHTDRESS; 4 sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust.
6776-LADIES' CORSET COVER; 7 sizes, 32 to 44.
6790-LADIES' 6-GORED SHORT PETTICOAT; sizes, 20 to 34.
6792-LADIES' BOX COAT; 5 sizes, 33 to 40 inches.
6793-LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6794-LADIES' SET OF APRON AND COLLAR, sizes, ladies and misses.
6795-LADIES' AND MISSES 1-SEAM SLEEVES; sizes, small, medium and large.
6796-LADIES' COAT; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6797-LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6798-LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 in.
6800-LADIES' WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6801-LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6802-LADIES' ONE-PIECE APRON; 6 sizes, 31 to 42.
6803-LADIES' WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6804-LADIES' 9-GORED SKIRT; 6 sizes, 20 to 32.
6806-LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

6407- LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST: 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6408- LADIES' 7-CORDED SKIRT: 6 sizes, 30 to 32.
6409- LADIES' TWEED WOOL SACK: 7 sizes, 32 to 44.
6410- LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST: 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6420- LADIES' WORK APRON: 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6434- LADIES' WAIST: 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6435- LADIES' 7-CORDED SKIRT: 7 sizes, 30 to 32.
6443- MISSES' WORK APRON: 5 sizes, 11 to 15 years.
6444- CHILD'S WAIST AND DRAWERS: 4 sizes, 4 1/2 to 3 years.
6448- CHILD'S DRESS: 6 sizes, 1 to 6 years.
6451- GIRLS' AND MISSES' WRAPPER: 8 sizes, 10 to 16 years.
6452- MISSES' BLOUSE: 6 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
6454- MISSES' 7-CORDED EPPLE SKIRT: 6 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
6462- GIRLS' COLLARS: 4 sizes, 4 to 16 years.
6469- MISSES' ETON JACKET: 6 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
6470- MISSES' 7-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT: 6 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
6473- MISSES' AND GIRLS' NIGHTDRESS: 8 sizes, 10 to 16 years.
6478- BOYS' SAILOR BLOUSE: 5 sizes, 4 to 12 years.
6486- GIRLS' PLATED DRESS: 9 sizes, 6 to 16 years.
6490- MISSES' AND GIRLS' WAIST: 8 sizes, 12 to 16 years.
6491- MISSES, SHIRT-WAIST: 8 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
6496- BOYS' OVERALLS: 5 sizes, 3 to 10 years.

4097- MISSES' SHIRT-WAIST; 5 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
4098- MISSES' TUCKED 7-GORED SKIRT; 5 sizes,
13 to 17 years.
4099- GIRLS' 1-PIECE APRON; 8 sizes, 4 to 13 years.
4100- GIRLS' WRAPPER; 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.
4104- BOYS' NIGHTSHIRT; 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years.
4105- GIRLS' DRESS; 9 sizes, 2 to 10 years.
4112- CHILD'S SKIRT, one size.
4113- GIRLS' DOUBLE-BREADED LONG COAT;
5 sizes, 4 to 12 years.
4116- CHILD'S DRESS; 5 sizes, 2 to 6 years.
4123- CHILD'S SHORT CLOTHES SET, one size.
4124- GIRLS' 1-PIECE APRON; 9 sizes, 3 to 12 years.
4125- INFANTS' SEAT.
4126- GIRLS' SAILOR COSTUME; 9 sizes, 6 to 14 years.
4132- GIRLS' AND MISSES' DOUBLE-BREADED
COAT; 6 sizes, 6 to 16 years.
4133- GIRLS' RUSSIAN BLOUSE DRESS; 9 sizes,
6 to 14 years.
4134- GIRLS' DRESS; 7 sizes, 6 to 12 years.
4137- TEDDY BEAR AND RAG DOLL; 3 sizes, 14 and
18 inches.
4139- BOYS' NORFOLK SUIT, 7 sizes, 8 to 14 years.
4139- GIRLS' APRON; 4 sizes, 3 to 9 years.
4141- MISSES' COAT; 5 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
4142- BOYS' SUIT; 5 sizes, 3 to 8 years.
4150- BOYS' RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT; 6 sizes, 3 to
9 years.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners"—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Spitfire, Kerrville, Texas.—Ordinarily, it is better for the man to take the outside of the sidewalk when walking with a lady. (2) The hours for evening driving are according to the custom of the locality. We believe from seven thirty to ten or ten thirty, is most generally observed. That sort of driving is not known at all in the larger cities. (3) Engaged girls should not correspond with other men except with the consent of their fiancés.

M. L. N. H., Spartansburg, Pa.—We believe the remedy requires from four to six months to produce results. (2) Only an operation will bring wide extended ears close to the head.

Honey Sweet, Rolla, Mo.—The nights are proper for a gentleman to call, whenever the young lady wants him to call. It may be Sunday and Thursday, or Sunday and Wednesday, or Sunday and every other night. There is no rule for that sort of calling. Ordinary calls are not made oftener than once a week, or two weeks, depending upon the friendliness and congeniality of the parties at interest. (2) If your parents do not object you may go "buggy riding."

H. W. S., Glenville, Pa.—Having met the lady once, another introduction is not necessary. Write a note to her—don't telephone—recalling the time when you met her and ask if you may call. People may be introduced any number of times. If they do not forget each other after the first, though they may not meet in fifty years, another introduction is not necessary.

Elsie, Spokane, Wash.—The man leads the way into church, unless it is in the lady's own church, and she knows best where her pew is. She always precedes him into the pew.

Olive, Wayne, Mich.—Don't dress too much like a small girl. Girls of sixteen are very nearly women as far as size is concerned and the way they look on the street. Dress as other girls of your age do.

Edna, Mabel and Peggie, Thayer, Mo.—Submit your three questions to the postmaster of your town. He will be able to give you valuable information on the subjects you present. He knows all about the mails.

Constant Reader, Canton, N. Y.—A card with "Regrets" written on it in any corner is a style of declination of an invitation to any affair which is little short of a snub. Write the word anywhere if you intend a snub, and if you do not then write a note of regret. It is proper to send your regrets to any written invitation which you can not accept.

Ignoramus, Lexington, Va.—If he will not answer your letter when you have answered his and let him know you want to hear from him, it is very evident that he does not want to correspond with you, and there is nothing for you to do but to give him up, even if it does hurt you. He does not want you, and you should not want him. (2) The expression is only some boyish slang, and you would do better not to try to reply to it. We have never heard the expression, and it does not seem to mean anything.

Buttercup, Nance, N. C.—If the man is a proper person to write to, we suppose it would be proper to answer a note written by him in a schoolroom. Why did you think it would not? (2) The man who has the lady's permission to go home with her should resent the other man coming up and taking her arm. Indeed, we do not understand how a man would do such a thing unless he were drunk or intending to insult the escort of the lady. She has nothing to say except to tell the other man that she has an escort. What we have said does not always apply when all the parties are on very friendly terms, and such an objection would not be considered more than good-natured roistering carried somewhat too far.

Brown Eyes, Watsonville, Cal.—The usual depilatory is composed of ornament, one part; starch and quicklime, each ten parts. Powder the ornament thoroughly, and mix with the others into a paste just before using. Apply, and let remain for four or five minutes. Remove with a blunt knife. Bathe and apply cold cream. If the skin is broken, be very careful how you use this or you will have a sore and perhaps disfigured face. Really, the safest depilatory is a good sharp razor and plenty of lather.

Bashfulness, Nonamie, Mo.—Tell him she will be very glad to go with him, or to have him go with her. Tell him she is very sorry, but she can not, when she must decline. There is no set rule for these things, and one must say whatever is pleasantest, either in accepting or declining. Requests to be excused are not replied to always, but when they are, "Certainly," is enough to say. There is no rule governing here either. There could not be because conditions vary so.

A. J. M., Boston, Mass.—You are all right, and if by any chance the girl doesn't choose you, she will be losing a good thing. Still, you never can tell what women will do. We are inclined to think that you will win out in good shape, and you ought to. You certainly have our best wishes. Don't be of too faint heart, but go forward. Not too fast, but with firmness and gentleness. But manage to see her oftener than you have been doing. She has too many chances to meet other men.

A Record Breaker.

It is said that the greatest and quickest permanent advertising success on record is that of Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, which have been persistently advertised in every way, but chiefly in newspapers for about six years. In that time the sale of Cascarets has grown from nothing to over one million boxes a month. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known. Those who tried Cascarets as a direct result of advertising, were pleased and recommended the articles to their friends until its fame was spread to become universal.

Catarrh Advice Free

At this season of the year when the severe winter weather is upon us and the treacherous spring approaching, we wish to warn our readers against the peril of allowing that common but really dangerous disease—Catarrh to run on unchecked, perhaps to end in consumption. We urge everyone who has catarrh, to turn at once to Specialist Sproule's announcement on another page of this issue, and read his generous offer.



Talking and Sleeping and Doll Dinner Set

WE are a large Chicago firm with \$80,000.00 capital and are anxious to introduce our house everywhere, and will give these beautiful premiums for a little help in your locality. The doll is 17 inches high, dressed in latest style from hat to shoes, satin finished waist and skirt trimmed with lace, Floradora hat elegantly trimmed, complete underclothing, open-work stockings and neat buckle low shoes. Dolly opens and closes her eyes and also speaks quite plainly, calling "papa" or "mamma" when you ask her to. Dolly is very pretty, with long curly hair and big brown eyes. Dolly's Dinner Set consists of 27 pieces as follows: 6 plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 teaspoons, tea pot, sugar and creamer. These dishes are handsomely decorated in colors. Send us your name and we will send you 10 art pictures which sell to your friends at 25 cents each, send us the \$2.50 collected and the same day remittance is received we will ship you this beautiful talking and sleeping doll, fully dressed as described, and the set of doll's dishes neatly and securely packed in box. Our pictures are new, large size, in many beautiful colors and finished with magnificent lithographed frames. They sell on sight. We run all the risk and take back pictures if they do not sell easily and quickly. GEORGE CLARK, President, 65 Washington St., Dept. 756, Chicago.

FREE



THE SWEETEST GIRL IN IOWA Has a REAL STEVENS RIFLE FOR YOU

SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address so I can tell you how to get this rifle absolutely free. I mean just what I say—it will not cost you a single penny of your money. All I want is one honest boy in each town to do a few minutes work for me which is very easy and pleasant. This is not a toy air gun but a real Stevens rifle with Fine Steel Rifled Barrel—Breech Loader—1/4 Cock Lock—Pin Fire—Take Down—Shell Ejector—Triple Reinforced Breech—Patent Drop Breech Mechanism—Loaded at Safety—Cock—Walnut Stock—V Sights—Each rifle stamped genuine "Stevens." Nearly 3 feet long. Be sure and write today for particulars. MAY WALTERS, 213 Tenth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE AS YOUR STAR REVEALS IT!

Would you like to know what is going to happen to you in the future?—What your health will be?—Who and when you will marry?—Whether you will be happy or unhappy? Would it help you to be forewarned in advance of sickness?—Financial loss?—or deception? Would you not thank anyone most heartily for showing you a favorable opportunity that might lead to happiness and riches?—If so, send your name, birth date and 2c stamp, and I will tell you the things by astrology which make up all this plain, and much more too. I want to send FREE a reading of your life which will show just what fate has in store for you. It will tell you the lucky and unlucky periods of your life. It will explain your character and capabilities. It will guide and assist you in business, love, marriage, society, etc. It will explain the influence of the planets under whose sign you were born. It will help you to secure perfect happiness and real success and avoid the dangers and pitfalls of life. Don't confound this with mere guess work fortune telling. It is as different as day is from night. To me your life is as an open book and I want to read to you from its pages. Simply send your date of birth, and a 2c stamp for this free reading of your life by the world's greatest astrologer. Address Prof. H. A. Astro, Box 3693, Philadelphia, Pa.

STOMACH Troubles Cured

NEW DEVICE CURES WHERE ALL DRUGS HAVE FAILED A Dollar's Worth FREE

PEPTOPADS cure Stomach and Bowel troubles of almost every form and stage, in either sex. They relieve soreness, strengthen weak stomachs and give you a keen, hearty appetite. If you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Catarrh of Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Nervousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, Belching, etc., just fill out the coupon below, mail it to me, and I will send you by return mail, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a full dollar's worth of my remedy. It will give you quick relief. No matter how long standing your case may be, cut out the coupon and mail it right to day.

DR. G. C. YOUNG, 116 National Bank Bldg., JACKSON, MICH. Please send FREE PEPTOPAD to

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FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE. An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold-Plated case, warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Filled Ring, set with a Sparkling Gem, are given free to any one for selling only 20 Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each. Send name and address for Jewelry. When sold, send us the \$2 and we send you the Gold Watch and Ring. Write today. Address EAGLE WATCH COMPANY, Dept. 67, East Boston, Mass.

A Ten Thousand Dollar Check signed with this New Idea Pencil will be honored as quickly as though ink were used. This indelible pencil is always ready to use and has a patented lead protector that prevents the point from ever becoming broken. Answers every purpose of ordinary pencil; but, having indelible lead, is a perfect substitute for pen and ink or fountain pen. Carried in the pocket same as stylus, graph, and always ready to sign checks, receipts or any papers where you want signature in ink. Marks Linen and Clothing. No stain or blot; also the best pencil in the world for women and school children. An ideal pencil for business men who want a new idea pencil with full nickel case, it is neat and attractive. As hundreds will be sold after introducing, we send one free if you will send 6 cents for part cost of advertising and mailing, including a copy of our new big, premium catalogue. Then we will give you 70% wholesale price (if further interested). Address: SUNSHINE, Augusta, Maine.

Liberty Bells For Washington's Birthday



In this glorious country of ours the Liberty Bell always rings. Freedom and liberty are our dearest heritage. No other people on earth enjoy the freedom or liberties of a progressive government, a rich country and a prosperity exceeding the ancient dreams of Midias. What more typical symbol of patriotism or expressive demonstration of appreciation can you imagine than the Stars and Stripes, unless it be a Liberty Bell, the Liberty Bell we now offer you and house or out of doors as well, anywhere and everywhere they should be hung for ornamentation, nothing in the decorative line can equal the beauty of these handsome bells. For Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays you should have one of more paper Liberty Bells in Red, White and Blue or plain Red, with loop for hanging from the window fastened. Hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually placed, they will add cheer and brilliancy to the room, particularly in the sick room as they are made of rich colored paper ingeniously folded into the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, as shown in our illustration, and being nearly sun proof, may be kept hanging for months. We have a special quantity of these Bells made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home. Send us only six cents for part cost of packing and postage and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just to interest you in our immense line of useful premiums all free. Address COMFORT, Box E, Augusta, Maine.

FREE! FREE! FREE! Beauties A Pair of Lace Curtains. Adjustable Reclining Chair.



It is made of the finest Oak and so arranged by a simple device in the back that it can be adjusted to either a lounging or upright position. It is the most useful and popular Easy Chair on the market. They seem to just fit the tired body after a busy day's work in fact it fits one's every mood. We are giving these Chairs away as Premiums for selling our Remedies. Lace Curtains Free. Sell only six Electric Plasters at 25c each, which we trust you will and we will send you a pair of these elegant Nottingham Lace Curtains, each curtain in nine feet long so you get six yards of Curtains in the pair, and as they are four feet wide for the two, they gather nicely and furnish elegant drapery for even the very broad windows; in fact in many instances one pair would do for several windows, and just what any one needs to adorn the home with. Every one of taste will tell you that there is nothing which dresses up a room so much as a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as six or eight dollars a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid. Don't fail to send for the six Plasters to-day, as soon as you sell them and send us the \$1.50 you get the Curtains and learn all about the Morris Chair inducement. It will surprise you in liberality. We do not give the \$15.00 Chair for selling only \$1.50 worth of goods as some firms profess to do, but we make you the most liberal, honest and straightforward offer ever put out. We are paying our agents over two dollars for selling only one dollar's worth of goods in order to get them advertised. We want to prove there is a sure prevention and cure for Lame Back, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Coughs, Colds, Pneumonia, Malaria, etc., etc. Send for the six Plasters to-day. Address The Great Plaster Co., Box C, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Comfort Postal Request

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

The following persons wish to receive *Comfort* Postals and agree to return all favors. Postage requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per order above.

Mrs. William Horst, Jr., Box 55, Santa Clara, Cal.
Mr. Fred Herman, 1337 So. Chipman St., Owsosso, Mich.
Blanche Whaley, Hopewell, Maryland.
Harry Umbaugh, Luckets, Va.
Mrs. Nellie M. Kelley, Estelle, Okla.
Florence Williams, 817 W. Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y.
A. C. McInturf, Box 14, Grand Junction, R. F. D., 3, Grand Junction, Col.
Mrs. Jennie Waters, Enoch, Ky.
Fred O. Jenkins, Atlantic Mine, Mich.
Miss Susie E. Harper, Luckets, Va.
Miss Arlie Smith, West Auburn, Pa.
Miss Irene F. Clark, Walla Walla, Wash.
Miss Elizabeth Dirksen, 187 Onderdonk Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nettie Anderson, Box 68, Valparaiso, Ind.
Hazel Green, 470 W. Main St., Newark, Ohio.
Julia M. Calkerson, Brownsburg, Ind.
H. J. Travis, Monument St., Newburgh, N. Y.
Florie F. Tolman, Box 75, Thomaston, R. F. D., 1, Maine.
Mrs. Will Justus, Garfield, New Mex.
Jennie Taylor, 9215 Central Ave., South Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. J. C. Bagg, Holland Patent, N. Y.
T. H. Dyer, Savage, Ky.

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

My Trundle Bed

As I rummag'd thro' the attic,
Listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles,
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Revolving in my mind's eye,
Saw I in the farthest corner,
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song;
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read—
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.

As I listen'd, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wonder'd back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently,
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter,
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in memory's riven—
Hallowed be thy name, "O Father!
Father! thou who art in Heaven."

This she taught me, then she told me,
Of its import, great and deep,
After which I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Then it was with hands so gently,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father!
Father! do thou bless my child!"

Years have pass'd, and that dear mother
Long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit,
Revels in the home of God;
But that scene at summer twilight,
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness,
When I see my trundle bed.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

"I have not felt as strong as usual, and it is a great treat to get away from the schoolroom and out into the open air, which is bracing and delightful. I believe I have enjoyed this outing more than any I have taken since I came North; and you must allow me to tell you how earnestly I thank you for your considerate remembrance of me."

"Miss Earl, what I am about to say will perhaps seem premature, and will doubtless surprise you; but I beg you to believe that it is the result of mature deliberation."

He paused and looked earnestly at her. "You certainly have not decided to give up the editorship of 'Maga,' as you spoke of doing last winter? It would not survive your desertion six months."

"My allusion was to yourself, not to the magazine, which I presume you shall edit as long as I live. Miss Earl, this state of affairs cannot continue. You have no regard for your health, which is suffering materially, and you are destroying yourself. You must let me take care of you, and save you from the ceaseless toil in which you are rapidly wearing out. To teach, as you do, all day, and then sit up nearly all night to write, would exhaust a constitution of steel or brass. You are probably not aware of the great change which has taken place in your appearance during the last three months. Hitherto circumstances may have left you no alternative, but one is now offered you. My property is sufficient to render you comfortable. I have already purchased a pleasant home, to which I shall remove next week, and I want you to share it with me—to share my future—all that I have. You have known me scarcely a year, but you are not a stranger to my character or position, and I think that you repose implicit confidence in me. Notwithstanding the unfortunate disparity in our years, I believe we are becoming mutually dependent on each other, and in your society I find a charm such as no other human being possesses; though I have no right to expect that a girl of your age can derive equal pleasure from the companionship of a man old enough to be her father. I am not demonstrative, but my feelings are warm and deep; and however incredulous you may be, I assure you that you are the first, the only woman I have ever asked to be my wife. I have known many who were handsome and intellectual, whose society I have really enjoyed, but not one until I met you whom I would have married. To you alone am I willing to entrust the education of my little Lila. She was but six months old when we were wrecked off Barnegat, and, in attempting to save my wife, my brother was lost. With the child in my arms I clung to a spar, and finally swam ashore; and since then, regarding her as a sacred treasure committed to my guardianship, I have faithfully endeavored to supply her father's place. There is a singular magnetism about you, Edna Earl, which makes me wish to see your face always at my hearthstone; and for the first time in my life I want to say to the world, 'This woman wears my name, and belongs to me forever!' You are inordinately ambitious; I can lift you to a position that will fully satisfy you, and place you above the necessity of daily labor—a position of happiness and ease, where your genius can properly develop itself. Can you consent to be Douglass Manning's wife?"

So entirely unexpected was this proposal that Edna could not utter a word. The idea that he could ever wish to marry anybody seemed incredible, and that he should need her society appeared utterly absurd. For an instant she wondered if she had fallen asleep in the soft, luxurious corner of the carriage, and dreamed it all.

Completely bewildered, she sat looking wonderingly at him.

"Miss Earl, you do not seem to comprehend me, and yet my words are certainly very explicit. Once more I ask you, can you put your hand in mine and be my wife?"

He laid one hand on hers, and with the other pushed back his glasses.

Withdrawing her hands, she covered her face with them, and answered almost inaudibly:

"Let me think—for you astonish me."

"Take a day, or a week, if necessary, for consideration, and then give me your answer."

Mr. Manning leaned back in the carriage, folded his hands, and looked quietly out of the window; and for a half hour silence reigned.

Brief but sharp was the struggle in Edna's heart. Probably no woman's literary vanity and ambition has ever been more fully gratified than was hers, by this most unexpected offer of marriage from one whom she had been taught to regard as the noblest ornament of the profession she had selected. Thinking of the hour when she sat alone, shedding tears of mortification and bitter disappointment over his curt letter rejecting her MS., she glanced at the stately form beside her, the mysteriously calm, commanding face, the large white, finely moulded hands, waiting to clasp hers for all time, and her triumph seemed complete.

To rule the destiny of that strong man, whose intellect was so influential in the world of letters, was a conquest of which, until this hour, she had never dreamed; and the blacksmith's darling was, after all, a mere woman, and the honor dazzled her.

To one of her peculiar temperament wealth offered no temptation; but Douglass Manning had climbed to a grand eminence, and, looking up at it, she knew that any woman might well be proud to share it.

He filled her ideal, he came fully up to her lofty moral and mental standard. She knew that his superior she could never hope to meet, and her confidence in his integrity of character was boundless.

After having read "St. Elmo" either in *COMFORT* or in book form you may then rely upon *COMFORT* to continue the literary feast, and to the pages you may always turn with certainty of finding the highest quality of bright moral fiction; stories have and are to be read in *COMFORT* that are unobtainable elsewhere—a series that make *COMFORT* a book to be read and its readers legion and loyal.

Not every story has the popularity of "St. Elmo," nevertheless there are one or two superior and it will be your delight that you embraced the privilege we

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neither the right to expect nor the presumption to dream of. My reverence and admiration are, I confess, almost boundless, but I find not one atom of love; and an examination of my feelings satisfies me that I could never yield you that homage of heart, that devoted affection which God demands that every wife should pay her husband. You have quite as little love for me. We enjoy each other's society because our pursuits are similar, our tastes congenial, our aspirations identical. In pleasant and profitable companionship we can certainly indulge as heretofore, and it would greatly pain me to be deprived of it in future; but this can be ours without the sinful mockery of a marriage—for such I hold a loveless union. I feel that I must have your esteem and your society, but your love I neither desire nor ever expect to possess; for the sentiments you cherish for me are precisely similar to those which I entertain toward you. Mr. Manning, we shall always be firm friends, but nothing more."

An expression of surprise and disappointment drifted across, but did not settle on the editor's quiet countenance.

Turning to her, he answered with grave gentleness:

"Judge your own heart, Edna; and accept my verdict with reference to mine. Do you suppose that after living single all these years I would ultimately marry a woman for whom I had no affection? You spoke last week of the mirror of John Galeazzo Visconti, which showed his beloved Correggia her own image; and though I am a proud and reticent man, I beg you to believe that could you look into my heart you would find it such a mirror. Permit me to ask whether you intend to accept the love which I have reason to believe Mr. Manning has offered you?"

"Mr. Manning, I never expect to marry any one, for I know I shall never meet your superior, and yet I cannot accept your most flattering offer. You fill all my requirements of noble, Christian manhood; but after today this subject must not be alluded to."

"Are you not too hasty? Will you not take more time for reflection? Is your decision mature and final?"

"Yes, Mr. Manning—final, unchangeable. But do not throw me from you! I am very, very lonely, and you surely will not forsake me."

There were tears in her eyes as she looked up pleadingly in his face, and the editor

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM and COMFORT One Year Only 65 c.

The publisher of *COMFORT*, always zealous of the readers' wishes and desires, is pleased to now announce the purchase of another tremendous issue of the wonderful story "St. Elmo" in a complete edition with illustrated cover of stiff binding with buckram and linen finish, a high cost book that we could only procure for you by having made it possible for you to enjoy by giving you the opportunity to get a bound copy of the greatest story ever told, with a year's subscription to the greatest home monthly magazine for but 65 cents, and we will be disappointed if you do not write us enclosing an order for the above complete edition, right now before the five thousand copies are sold, and recall that but 499 others of the probable six million readers of *COMFORT* must send their order when the edition is sold out, and then you will have but one chance of getting your copy of "St. Elmo."

We make it urgently imperative to you that you should do this immediately, as there are no further copies available at this ridiculous rate, and you may as well take advantage of *COMFORT*, and get a copy while you may. To the many thousands of *COMFORT* subscribers who have lately sent in their renewal or subscription to this magazine for a year and will thus receive the paper for the next year anyway, we suggest that you HAVE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXTENDED for an additional year by ordering this great book now, before the offer is withdrawn, for really EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO "COMFORT" should own at least one copy of "St. Elmo." As will be noticed elsewhere, we still hold the offer open where you can secure a copy of "ST. ELMO" FREE by simply securing a club of seven yearly subscribers to *COMFORT* at 15 cents each.

But 65 cents pays for a single yearly subscription to *COMFORT*, including a bound copy of "St. Elmo" mailed to your address.

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I believe that. I believe every drinking man can be DISGUSTED with liquor. That has been my experience. After twenty years of anxiety over my husband, who tried to quit and couldn't, I found out that the drink habit wasn't a vice at all, but a DISEASE, and that the hard drinker needed medicine more than he did lectures, and so, acting on that theory, I found the proper remedy and cured him.

Since then I have told scores of women about the simple, home treatment I used and they, too, have had splendid success, many of them with the most hopeless kind of drinkers. The remedy can be given secretly, is inexpensive, easy to obtain, perfectly harmless, and doesn't take long to do the work. I am sure it will help you, and I will gladly tell you all about it if you will send me your name and address. Mine is Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 279 Maple Ave., Hillburn, N. Y. Send no money; I have nothing to sell.

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Can Be Cured My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. Stop the itching and cure it today. DR. J. CANNADY, Sedalia, Mo.

Post Cards Free!

100 kinds as Everybody Wants but Father, Papa, Uncle, Brother, Sister, Friend, etc. etc. etc. Send 10c for 100 Post Cards. Send 25c for 250 Post Cards. Send 50c for 500 Post Cards. Send 1.00 for 1000 Post Cards. Send 2.00 for 2000 Post Cards. Send 5.00 for 5000 Post Cards. Send 10.00 for 10000 Post Cards. Send 20.00 for 20000 Post Cards. Send 50.00 for 50000 Post Cards. Send 100.00 for 100000 Post Cards. Send 200.00 for 200000 Post Cards. Send 500.00 for 500000 Post Cards. Send 1000.00 for 1000000 Post Cards. Send 2000.00 for 2000000 Post Cards. Send 5000.00 for 5000000 Post Cards. Send 10000.00 for 10000000 Post Cards. Send 20000.00 for 20000000 Post Cards. Send 50000.00 for 50000000 Post Cards. Send 100000.00 for 100000000 Post Cards. Send 200000.00 for 200000000 Post Cards. Send 500000.00 for 500000000 Post Cards. Send 1000000.00 for 1000000000 Post Cards. Send 2000000.00 for 2000000000 Post Cards. Send 5000000.00 for 5000000000 Post Cards. Send 10000000.00 for 10000000000 Post Cards. Send 20000000.00 for 20000000000 Post Cards. Send 50000000.00 for 50000000000 Post Cards. Send 100000000.00 for 100000000000 Post Cards. Send 200000000.00 for 200000000000 Post Cards. Send 500000000.00 for 500000000000 Post Cards. Send 1000000000.00 for 1000000000000 Post Cards. Send 2000000000.00 for 2000000000000 Post Cards. Send 5000000000.00 for 5000000000000 Post Cards. Send 10000000000.00 for 10000000000000 Post Cards. Send 20000000000.00 for 20000000000000 Post Cards. Send 50000000000.00 for 50000000000000 Post Cards. Send 100000000000.00 for 100000000000000 Post Cards. Send 200000000000.00 for 200000000000000 Post Cards. Send 500000000000.00 for 500000000000000 Post Cards. Send 1000000000000.00 for 1000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 2000000000000.00 for 2000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 5000000000000.00 for 5000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 10000000000000.00 for 10000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 20000000000000.00 for 20000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 50000000000000.00 for 50000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 100000000000000.00 for 100000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 200000000000000.00 for 200000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 500000000000000.00 for 500000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 1000000000000000.00 for 1000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 2000000000000000.00 for 2000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 5000000000000000.00 for 5000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 10000000000000000.00 for 10000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 20000000000000000.00 for 20000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 50000000000000000.00 for 50000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 100000000000000000.00 for 100000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 200000000000000000.00 for 200000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 500000000000000000.00 for 500000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 1000000000000000000.00 for 1000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 2000000000000000000.00 for 2000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 5000000000000000000.00 for 5000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 10000000000000000000.00 for 10000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 20000000000000000000.00 for 20000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 50000000000000000000.00 for 50000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 100000000000000000000.00 for 100000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 200000000000000000000.00 for 200000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 500000000000000000000.00 for 500000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 1000000000000000000000.00 for 1000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 2000000000000000000000.00 for 2000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 5000000000000000000000.00 for 5000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 10000000000000000000000.00 for 10000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 20000000000000000000000.00 for 20000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 50000000000000000000000.00 for 50000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 100000000000000000000000.00 for 100000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 200000000000000000000000.00 for 2000000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 500000000000000000000000.00 for 5000000000000000000000000000 Post Cards. Send 1

OXIEN REMEDIES

Help Old and Young. You Can Get a Lot FREE.



See this dear old lady, worn and bent, with colorless lips, sunken in the chest, a victim probably of consumption; her joints stiff and crooked, because her system is charged with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have saved her from all this and made her a strong, well woman. Even now, with the aid of OXIEN, she could bring the color back to her cheeks and be freed from the aches and pains that are making life almost unbearable, patient even as she is. OXIEN is the OLD FOLKS' REMEDY.

We know of hundreds, yes, thousands of cases, where elderly people have started on OXIEN remedies and have killed the germs of consumption, driven out every particle of rheumatism from their system, cured indigestion and lung complaints and been given rich, red blood and new life and vitality. It is never too late. (See Mrs. Cooper's Photo below.)

OXIEN helps many old people the same as it has Mr. Philip Knee of Shaw, Pa., who writes that he was 75 years old last December, and cured himself of Lame Back and other serious troubles by the use of OXIEN Remedies. OXIEN is also good for the young, as the same Mr. Knee writes that his grandson, a young man 20 years of age, was also cured of serious troubles by applying the OXIEN Plasters; and that he himself now works like a young man, owing to taking OXIEN. Mrs. Mollie Nelson of Baum, Indian Territory, says she was a perfect wreck in body and mind from La Grippe and Fever. The doctor, whom she quit three years ago, had given her no relief, but since she began taking OXIEN Remedies she has not been in bed a day or taken a dose of doctor's medicine. She does all of her own housework, and, thanks to OXIEN, can hoe and pick cotton as well as a young person.

Eighty-year-old J. J. Crockett of Marrowbone, Tenn., says OXIEN Remedies have done him so much good he cannot praise them enough; and Malise Crenshaw, Howe, Indian Territory, who is 59 years old, was so afflicted before taking OXIEN she cannot fully explain her deplorable condition. Catarrh of the head and lungs interfered with the working of her mind. She had torpid liver and kidney trouble and was so nervous she could hardly talk. After taking four boxes of OXIEN and two bottles of OXIEN Pills and Salve, she was so wonderfully improved that she is now able to run a large hotel, doing all her own work, and is a strong woman today. Mrs. Lou Lizerbee, Sikeston, Mo., is 46 years of age, and has a large family, but her nerves and stomach trouble of two years ago got the best of her. She could find no remedies to do any good until she used OXIEN. Today she writes that she is as strong as ever, and can do as much work as anyone. Mrs. Mason Brown, Riverton, N. J., is 70 years old, but says she feels very young since using OXIEN Plasters. She had pains in her back and also cured the severe colds on her lungs. H. T. Johnson says his poor, old mother suffered untold agony with Rheumatism for many years. She was so weak she could hardly do her work. After using two boxes of OXIEN, she now feels strong and well. Although 86 years of age, E. W. Condeley, Tag, Ark., says he is now as well as any man of his age could be. After suffering several years without finding help, OXIEN Remedies immediately cured him. He could not sleep and could only lie on one side and cough. He now rests comfortably at night, thanks to OXIEN. Miss Ida Johnson, King, N. C., says her father, who is now 71 years old, had Pneumonia and La Grippe, leaving him with a weak heart. He had night sweats and could not sleep, but after using OXIEN and OXIEN Plasters he feels completely well.

Now look into the strong—well—kindly face of 73 year old Mrs. Cooper, shown below, and you can fully appreciate reading her letter here given in full:

OXIEN is wholly original and unlike anything ever offered to the public. Its effects are original, and unlike the effects of anything else. It will give new strength, new life and new hope after everything else has failed. It is the only real Food for the Nerves ever discovered, and one trial will prove the truth of this. It contains a subtle something that cures. OXIEN differs from every other discovery in medicine as yellow gold differs from gray, lustrous lead, and its effects differ from the effects of other so-called foods and medicines as day differs from night. It is not a stimulant. OXIEN is not a drug or so called "tonic," which merely excites the nerves. It nourishes and feeds the nerves, blood, brain and heart. It infuses new vigor and vitality into the broken-down system, and its effects are as astonishing as they are lasting. It is absolutely pure, free from any harmful ingredients, and is sold under a written guarantee and the official endorsements of medical authority. The testimony of thousands whom it has lifted from a helpless and hopeless condition of suffering, and the praise of the thousands whom it has cured after medicines and doctors have failed, tell the tale of this wonderful discovery more effectively than words. This testimony is open to public inspection. OXIEN cures nervous prostration, the bane of the brain worker; indigestion, the forerunner

of dyspepsia and heart failure; chronic dyspepsia, the nightmare of existence; constipation, to which those of sedentary habits are predisposed; consumption, that dread malady which drags so many to untimely graves; catarrh, the parent of bronchitis, laryngitis, foul breath, and other disagreeable conditions; derangements of the pneumonic, so often fatal; rheumatism, so prevalent, so insidious, so excruciatingly painful; liver and kidney troubles, coughs, colds, headaches, asthma, hay fever, deafness, female disorders, neuralgia, and general debility. OXIEN has been submitted to the boiling-pot, the microscope, the spectroscopic, the X-ray, by those who would imitate it. Alchemy can reduce a diamond to vapor, but all the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with OXIEN. Its component parts can be separated, but the secret of bringing them into assembly is ours. See that our trade-mark is stamped on every article of the OXIEN REMEDIES that you call for. Physicians, statesmen, scientists, bankers, college professors, merchants, and men and women in every walk of life, endorse the OXIEN TREATMENT. Those who have once used these REMEDIES stick to them with religious zeal. If you suffer from any of the above named troubles, OXIEN REMEDIES will effect a cure if directions are followed.

THE ABOVE IS THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. A. F. COOPER, 73 YEARS OLD.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., Augusta, Maine.

Gentlemen—I am sending you my photograph, and, although 73 years old, thanks to OXIEN I feel like a young woman. Nearly 15 years ago, in 1891 or '92, my attention was called to an advertisement of OXIEN in one of the papers. As I had just been attacked by a severe case of La Grippe, I sent for a sample, and it helped me, and also my husband. I send for a supply almost like magic. I have not had attendance from a physician for all these years; and indigestion, and people always have of the GIANT OXIEN, which is all the doctor I need. Racine has a cold, wet, changeable climate, and people always have all had colds here, and I cannot speak too highly of your great medicine OXIEN, which not only keeps me well and free from all the ills, but my husband, too, who is also 73 years old. His friends in the shop all say they have been greatly helped by the OXIEN Remedies. Wishing you great prosperity, I remain, your friend. MRS. A. F. COOPER, 1530 Packard Ave.

That OXIEN is as good for the young as it is for the old, there can be no possible doubt. Thousands of letters are received giving testimonies about people of all ages, from two months to ninety years old.

Martha L. Kayes of Cottage Grove, Oregon, writes that she gave OXIEN to one child that had been affected from birth with muscle and nervous troubles. It was never able to walk a step until he used OXIEN. Mollie Marsh of Clifton, Ark., says her baby is only two months old and she gives her OXIEN, and she is getting to be a fine, strong girl. Mrs. Barney Philpott, Guston, Ky., says her boy was ruptured when three years old. Doctors said he would always have to wear a truss, but by using OXIEN and OXIEN Plasters he was cured of the rupture and is now ten years old, sound and well. Mrs. Chas. Balcom, Peach, Wash., says she realizes the power of the wonderful OXIEN. It cured her 14-year-old boy after he had lost the use of his left side from St. Vitus' Dance. Mrs. Laura O'Quinn, Jumbo Mines, Indian Territory, says doctor's medicine did not do her sick baby any good, but a box of OXIEN entirely cured it. Mrs. M. E. Sanders, Griffin, Mo., who has used a great deal of the OXIEN Remedies, says she has given the tablets to young babies as well as old people, and finds them good to quiet both old and young. Ira E. Graves, Boligee, Ala., writes that he has used OXIEN Remedies in his family for many years, and sold them to others. They all derive great benefit from their use. His wife gave birth to twins, one of whom was very ill. Although being afraid to give it doctor's medicine, a quarter of an OXIEN Tablet was dissolved in water and saved the child's life. He writes that his wife was very ill after the birth of her twins, and suffered all sorts of complications. The doctor could not relieve her nervous indigestion. The OXIEN treatment not only cured that, but heart trouble and other suffering as well. Sixty-five-year-old W. B. Renfro, Butler, Tenn., says he had been afflicted forty years—first by Typhoid Fever, then Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Gout and Dropsy. Specialists could not do him any good, but OXIEN has helped him where all doctors failed. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture

is printed here, also writes that OXIEN Remedies saved her daughter's life. She was nearly killed by being thrown from a car, but by the use of OXIEN Remedies she was brought back to life. Julia Bernhisel, Haskins, Ohio, says some 12 years ago OXIEN saved two of her girls from an early grave. She is happy to relate that, thanks to OXIEN, both are now married and well. Mrs. A. Killey, Whitmore, Mich., says that 14 years ago Rheumatism set in in her right leg, which was drawn up eight inches; her right hip was drawn out of shape, her head was turned to one side. She finally said she could doers to put her into shape. They finally said she could not live. Thus suffering she took \$5.00 worth of laudanum, and had to go on crutches five years. Seven years ago she heard of OXIEN, and after using \$5.00 worth of these wonderful remedies she was entirely cured. She is now 65 years of age, enjoys good health, and thinks OXIEN is a godsend. Mathews Words, Blaney, Mich., who is 69 years old, says OXIEN cured him of heart disease, from which he had suffered 20 years. He could not sleep and often had to sit up all night. He is now so well that he can sleep all night and work all day. Mrs. Anna Fry, Fredonia, Kan., writes that she and her husband, who are 67 years of age, she heard all hopes of getting well; but at 67 years of age she heard of OXIEN, which cured her. She says that this is the best medicine on earth for either old or young. Sixty-six-year-old Rebecca M. Williams of Maumee, Ark., writes that after 30 years of terrible suffering from kidney and stomach trouble, OXIEN was the only thing that she could find that would relieve her. She now feels perfectly well and has no aches and pains. Fannie Fowler of Paulkner, Ga., says she gained 17 pounds after taking OXIEN for Rheumatism, from which she had suffered for years. Mrs. A. Burtell of Edgewood, Ill., says she is 75 years old and since taking OXIEN her health is better than for ten years. She thinks there is nothing like OXIEN in the world to cure pain and disease.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

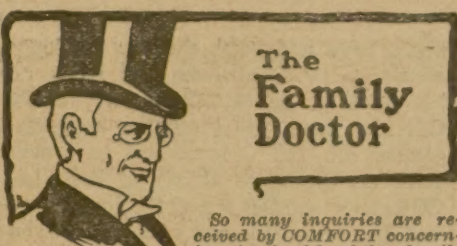
To those who will agree to test the powers of our Wonderful Discoveries, either personally or in their own homes, or in the home of some friend, and who will cut out and mail to us the following coupon, we will send, at all charges paid, a sample box of OXIEN Tablets, with a 25-cent Oxiem Porous Plaster and samples of our Wonderful New Oxiem Pills. As this offer is made exclusively to those who will make a PERSONAL TEST as here stipulated.

PERSONAL COUPON.

Name _____

Address _____

All communications in reply to this special offer must be addressed THE GIANT OXIE CO., 16 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Alice Schollert, New Salem, N. D., would like to hear from "N. V. H. Merritt," who sometime ago told of a sure cure for consumption in this column.

B. A. W., Charlton Depot, Mass.—A powder for excessive perspiration of the feet is composed as follows: Seven ounces carbonate of magnesia; two ounces powdered calomel; seven ounces orris root and half dram powdered cloves. Apply morning and night, after bathing the feet and drying them thoroughly. As the patient has always been troubled with too much perspiration you must not expect this remedy to bring a cure.

D. M. M., Elmira, N. Y.—There are no simpler remedies for biliousness than those you know of. Try a good one of them, and with it, try the advice you will find in Physical Culture magazine or book, as to the kind of exercise to take to give you good color and health. You can get a magazine or book at any bookstore. You will also find in that the best way to reduce your waist.

Isabella, Bay Fork, Mont.—There should be nothing harmful in uncooked oatmeal, but why take it uncooked? (2) You will have to consult a physician and find out what causes the trouble at night. It may be due to any one of several causes, which may or may not yield to treatment.

Mrs. E. H., Everett, Wash.—Your numerous ailments are altogether too much for us to undertake to give you advice. As you can not afford to consult a physician, why not go to the City Hospital in Seattle and get treated there as a free patient? At your age, you should, by a little care of what you eat, and keeping off indigestion, be able to live out your three-score and ten years. But you can not be cured through newspaper advice.

A. H., Augusta, Ky.—As catarrh is so much a result of climatic conditions the only real cure for it is a climate where it does not exist. That you will find in the cold, dry air of Colorado, or the hot, dry air of Arizona. Dryness of air is what is needed. Medicine may relieve it somewhat, but with bad weather it is pretty sure to come again, and the Ohio river valley has plenty of it in the fogs that visit you so frequently.

J. D., Cooley, Okla.—Just what causes the bad odor of perspiration we will not undertake to say. You can get at any drug store very good preparations which will kill the odor. These are especially prepared and are more or less expensive. A very simple disinfectant is a few drops of ammonia in the water you wash with.

W. D. J., Columbia, S. C.—We do not recall the advice. We think much more wiser for you to consult a physician than to take newspaper advice in a matter which is of so much importance for the future. Now is the time if ever, when personal advice is of the greatest importance.

A. Lorraine, Miss.—The trouble is either bronchial, or the result of the palate coming down until it tickles the throat and causes the cough. Have you ever asked a physician to examine for this cause? If not, you should do so, for a simple operation would relieve it almost at once. As you give the symptoms we are rather inclined to think that this is the cause? On the other hand, bronchial trouble is very stubborn, and sometimes will not yield entirely to the best treatment. No better remedy can be had for it than inhalation. But look after the other first.

E. G., Rockwell, Iowa.—Not at this distance. Better let some near-by physician have a look at it.

L. H., South Oseola, N. Y.—No simple newspaper remedy will cure as bad a case of nasal catarrh as you mention. What you should do with the child is to send her out of the climate she is now in. The cold, dry air of Colorado, or the hot, dry air of Arizona, are the only sure cures. There is much danger of catarrh going into consumption.

Discouraged, New York, N. Y.—Stop the physic and try simple diet and reducing your weight. In a city of so many hospitals where the very best treatment in the world is open free to you, you should be able to be made a well woman.

O. R., Talent, Ore.—You are mistaken about having seen anything concerning the drug in this column. We do not know of its use in removing scars. The authorities give it as used in lupus and kidney troubles. Better not try it on yourself except by prescription. Why didn't the druggist who sold it to you tell you how to use it?

A. C., Adairville, Ga.—Sometimes indigestion may be cured, and sometimes it does not come to stay. It depends upon the strength of the digestive organs and the treatment they have received. If you are a drinking man stop the liquor. If you drink coffee stop that. A little tobacco will not hurt, but do not use it to excess. Eat the simplest and most digestible food, and chew every mouthful thoroughly before swallowing. You can arrange your own diet by cutting out whatever you can not digest easily. After each meal take a half glass of hot water with a half teaspoonful of cooking soda dissolved in it. Breathe long breaths of fresh air, and give your body plenty of massaging. A dose of salts before breakfast, two or three times a week may be of advantage if your bowels are sluggish. If you will do what you are told to do, you may be cured or greatly relieved, but if you will not, what is the good of advice?

E. M. F., Noble, Okla.—For a while suppose you try no medicine of any kind and put yourself on a digestible diet. You have taken enough medicine to choke a horse, and as it does you no good, it might be advantageous for you to let it alone for a season. If you drink coffee stop it. Read the advice above for indigestion, and maybe you can get some good out of it. If you could get farther West, to the high and dry country of Colorado you might be benefited.

Remarkable Popularity of the World Famed Cornish Pianos and Organs.

The most popular instruments in the World seem to be the Cornish Pianos and Organs if we are to judge by the endorsements they have received during the last half a century from a quarter of a million of the best of the world. Recently one of the most notable firms of export merchants in New York City who have branches in India, Ceylon, China and Japan, in sending an organ for a new customer of theirs in the interior of China, informed Messrs. Cornish that the goods were intended to be transported a thousand miles after arriving in Shanghai.

Recently Messrs. Cornish received the following letter from the Superintendent Minister of the Missionary Board in Natal, South Africa:

"I have pleasure in stating that the organ manufactured by Messrs. Cornish for the new Wesleyan Methodist Church at Dundee is in every respect a most suitable instrument. The tone is rich and full and the compass as it can be desired."

In addition to an increasing domestic trade there is a steady demand for Cornish Pianos in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the East and West Indies and even in Iceland and Finland.

GREENBACKS \$100 IN STAGE MONEY FOR 10¢
Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeits) wrap them around your own roll and send them what is worth a lot of cash at \$100 for \$100 for 10¢. S. DRAKE, Dept. 55, 400 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.

ISICK OF TOBACCO

NEW REMEDY SENT FREE

Oh! what a pleasure to see your man or boy turn, with a wry face from tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, or snuff, disgusted and sickened by the very odor!

Here are a few of myriads I have helped. I believe all will verify me, if stamped envelope is sent: J. D. Dear, Deland, La.; E. M. Delap, Sunnyvale, S. Dak.; J. E. McAllister, Byrnside, W. Va.; Miss C. Windon, Penn Yan, N. Y. (father); Mrs. W. W. Blazer, Walland, Tenn. (aunt); Robt. P. Baker, Rockford, Wash.

My husband was a tobacco "head." This wonderful NEW REMEDY cured him, restored his broken health, and I am determined that the whole world shall know of this great blessing for women, who cure their loved ones; the powders being odorless and tasteless, may be

GIVEN SECRETLY in tea, coffee and food.

MEN CURE THEMSELVES

easily and gradually, by taking the remedy in TABLET FORM three or four times a day. They like this remedy because they don't have to quit; IT MAKES THEM QUIET. The Free Treatment has cured hundreds, although merely sent to show how harmless it is, how it may be used, etc. If you need more, it will cost less than tobacco, and thus you will save money and health and lose no pleasure. Send NOW: state if secret remedy is wanted; send two stamps and you will hear from me, in plain envelope, promptly.

MRS. K. A. DOWNING, 832 Victory Bldg., Dayton, O.

A Perfect Bust FULL INFORMATION FREE

Do you feel yourself deficient as to a plump, well-rounded figure? Is your bust measurement all that you desire? Are there hollow places above and below your collar bone? What ever you may lack in the way of perfect form or figure Nature will supply for you if you use the VESTRO method. A request will bring to you free of cost a sealed package in plain wrapper giving you full information how you can, in the privacy of your own room, increase your bust measure 8 inches in a short time and develop and perfect every part of your form. They also send free, new beauty book, showing photos with testimonials from many prominent society ladies, who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write today, enclosing stamp.

Aurum Co., Dept. 13, No. 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FREE to the RUPTURED A Quick New Cure

I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE. Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to DR. W. S. RICE, 242 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Age _____ Time Ruptured _____

Name _____

Address _____

Does rupture pain? _____ Do you wear a Truss? _____

WEALTHY Ladies and Gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. C. A., Box 7, Canon City, Colo.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos FREE (Sealed). Standard Cor. Club, 108 Avers Ave., Chicago.

MARRY Photos and addresses of rich and handsome people who want to marry, sent free, sealed. Write to day. THE PILOT, Dept. 19 168 N. Hamilton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH—BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE TO ALL. Pay when married. Entirely new plan. Send no money for particulars. Select Club, Dept. 15, Tekonsha, Mich.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

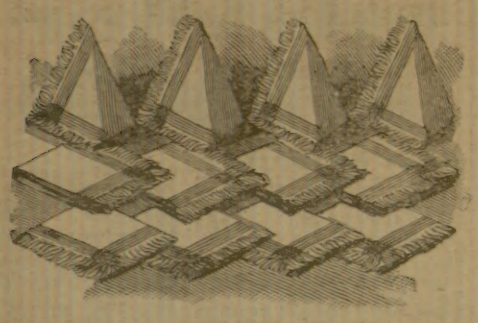
BED-WETTING CURED It is not a habit but a disease. Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE. Dr. F. E. May, Box 1126, Bloomington, Ill.

TALKING GIVEN MACHINE Reproduces the cylinder records used on the most expensive machines.

FREE

Has latest design motor, governor, springs and bearings. Wind the motor spring and move the start lever, and the governor regulates the speed. Absolutely the most valuable talking machine ever offered. We give it free for selling only 40 packages of BLUINE at 10 cents a package. BLUINE sells very easily. Send us your name and address. We will send you and your talking machine and Columbia record the same day that you return our \$4.00 received from the sale. We guarantee satisfaction. BLUINE MFG. CO., 604, Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

TABLE NAPKINS.



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than the wife's effort to have his meals tempting. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Right is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

Club Offer. We will send you postpaid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE SILVER SPOONS.

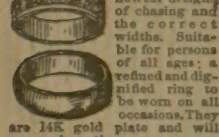


We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated silver spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these spoons is new and very attractive and we have forks of same design to match, also knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are making a liberal gift offer on these spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us 3 trial subscribers we will send the magazine one whole year to the addresses and to you we will send a free set of six spoons. For a club of 3 you can earn a dozen spoons. Address

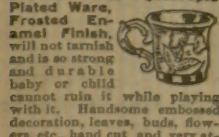
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CHASED AND PLAIN BAND RINGS.



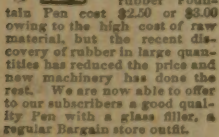
In the newest design of chasing and the correct widths. Suitable for persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring to be worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

A CHILD'S GOLD-LINED SILVER MUG.



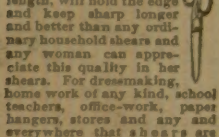
Plated Ware, Frosted Enamel Finish, will not tarnish and is as strong and durable as any other. A baby or child cannot ruin it while playing with it. Handsome embossed decoration, leaves, buds, flowers, etc., hand cut and very attractive. Fancy handle just large enough for baby's hands.

FOUNTAIN PEN.



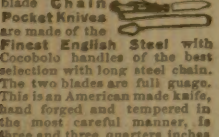
Until recently an all rubber fountain pen cost \$2.00 or \$3.00 owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a good quality pen with a glass filler, a regular fountain store cut.

A PAIR OF SHEARS.



Made of steel eight inches in length, will hold the edge and keep sharp longer and better than any other many household shears and any woman can appreciate this quality in her shears. For dressmaking, a home work of any kind, school teachers, office-work, paper hangers, stores and any and everywhere that shears are used these will fill the want.

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE.

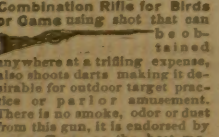


The two-blade Chain Pocket Knife are made of the finest English Steel with Cocobolo handles of the best selection with long steel chain. The two blades are full sized. This is an American made knife, hand forged and tempered in the most careful manner. It is three and three quarters inches long, fully warranted, and will replace if not found perfect in every way. We make this offer because we know the knives are free from flaws and will last a lifetime.

The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of five is a very popular quantity. Many send five subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only five yearly 15 cent subscribers to this monthly, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AIR RIFLE.



Pneumatic action. A New King Air Rifle Combination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be obtained anywhere at a trifling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or for amusement. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun. It is endorsed by army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chums for marksmanship honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.

WEDDING RING.



A suitable wedding ring and the most beautiful for the wedding occasion. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate that wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only ten yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We print here but a very few premium offers, although we publish for free distribution a large and comprehensive catalogue illustrating thousands of articles, all of which are free to our agents, who will solicit new subscription orders and renewals to this peerless home magazine, COMFORT, at the present and popular yearly rate of FIFTEEN CENTS. Send postal card for complete catalogue subscription blanks and try the easy, pleasant sub-getting work and be convinced of our sincerity in making this offer to you. Countless thousands of agents have been made happy through their connection with COMFORT and this is just the time for you to identify yourself with the good work and find every day and every year a happy one.

PERFECT STAMPING OUTFIT

Our new stamping outfit, gotten out by special arrangement with a New York importer late in the Fall, enables us to offer our lady patrons a very complete and elaborate variety of new designs, a great many of which were selected for undergarments which must now be embroidered to be in style. This outfit is made up of large patterns such as are used to stamp the ladies' new lingerie outfits. These patterns are used on most all kinds of fancy work. The designs and their uses are:

One beautiful Shirt-Waist Set (collar, cuffs, front and belt) shadow.

A Nobby Hat; can be on linen or lawn.

A Chemise for eyelet.

A Corset Cover in eyelet.

A Pillow Top for embroidery; daisies and ribbon.

A Child's Bib.

A Handkerchief.

A Heart Sachet.

A Stock Collar.

Collar and Cuff Set for eyelet work.

Alphabet of 26 Letters.

Borders and Scallop.

Tie Case.

Photo Frame; design in Holly.

Sprays of Chrysanthemums, Wild Roses, Morning Glories, Strawberries, Roses, Violets, Pepper Flowers, etc., Outline Figure Heads, Anchor and a few odd small designs that can be used in various ways.

HOSE SUPPORTERS. Six Elastic Web Hose Supporters for Ladies and Misses.

The band hose supporter made of flat elastic and a d w o r a about the limbs. These supporters are now in general use and are always recommended and worn by the best dressed women. The entire supporter is made of fine quality elastic with bright metal adjusting clasp.

MAGIC HARMAPHONE. Anyone can play on it. It is a complete Orchestra and Full Brass Band all in one. It is a delightful instrument to play upon. We send special instructions how to play it.

FREE GAIN. Through the failure of the large manufacturers of this style of silverware it was possible for us to get a quantity of these wonderful Gold-lined Dishes warranted quadruple plated silver, fitted top and beautiful and useful ornaments.

LADIES' GOLD FINGER RINGS. The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and design set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on each side. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections. Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest cut diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring.

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THIRTY MINUTES is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for the time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time simply because they cannot. This watch does not keep perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have each faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.

SIX TOWELS. Few words are necessary to acquaint our readers with the value and use of a supply of nice towels. They are an indispensable article in every home. We have selected as a gift for our agents, a set of six huckaback towels of good size, 16x20, made of high-grade material.

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OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT.

Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete and ready to use.

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58. Sturdy and Strong.
59. True to the Old Flag.
60. Under Drake's Flag.
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62. With Lee in Virginia.
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64. The Young Buglers.
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Robert Louis Stevenson.

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For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we send you any book in this list free, postpaid. For 4 subscribers, we send two books free, or for a club of 8 at 15c. each, we send any four books you may select. **REMEMBER.** We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select, by mail or express at our expense, and fully guarantee them to be in every respect as represented. Just think what an opportunity for Book Clubs.

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73. Dora Deane.
74. English Orphans.
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77. Bride's Fate, Sequel to No. 71.
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79. Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.
80. Magdalen's Vow.
81. The Queen of the Isle.
82. The Midnight Queen.
83. The Dark Secret.
84. Gypsy Queen's Vow.
85. The Heiress Castle Cliff.
86. The Rival Brothers.
87. Dora Thorpe.
88. Thrown on the World.
89. Repented at Leisure.
90. Her Only Sin.
91. Golden Heart.
92. Her Martyrdom.
93. For Another's Sin.
94. Weaker Than a Woman.
95. Wife in Name Only.
96. Woman's Temptation.
97. Belle of Lynn.
98. Charles Wagner.
99. Simple Life.

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100. Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.

The few items here offered as free premiums are but random selections from our big catalogue of gifts. As you are interested in first-class premium articles we invite you to send post card request for copy of our catalogue, which will be mailed you free of cost. In it you will find many attractive offers, and we feel sure you will send several good clubs to COMFORT during the winter. Address your request for catalogue to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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101. Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and per-

fectly to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

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102. Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.

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104. Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern

to aid you. To be done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the sweetest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

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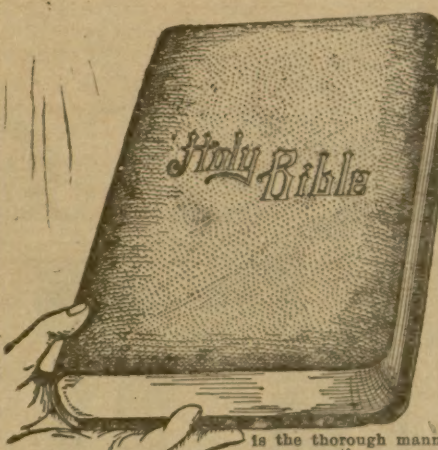
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Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidery shirt

Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN.

waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and per-



WILD ROSE PATTERN.

fectly to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

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CARNATION PINK PATTERN.

to aid you. To be done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the sweetest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done



WHEAT PATTERN.

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Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.



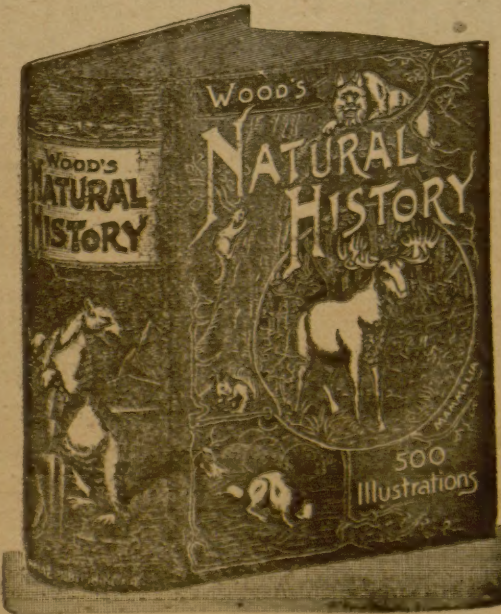
Perforated Shirt-Waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-Waist and Collar design, perforated upon fine Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one illustrated does not please you, Violet, daisy, forget-me-not, wild rose or chrysanthemum. Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-Waist patterns if you will send us but one yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c. and include 5c. additional, making 20c. in all.

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I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that. I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I *do* ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at **my own expense**—to pay the cost, **every penny of it myself**. I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you. Remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you.

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